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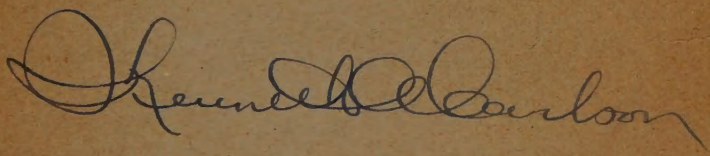

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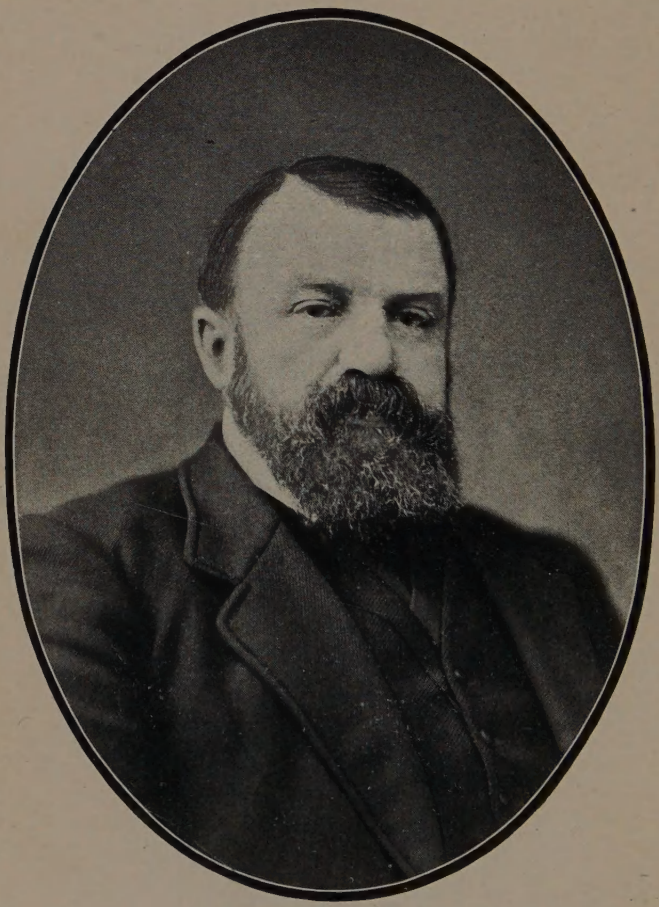

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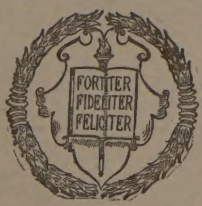

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DWIGHT L. MOODY

HIS LIFE; HIS WORK; HIS PERSONALITY.

Born at Northfield, Franklin County, Mass., February 5, 1837.
Went to Boston in 1854 and was employed in his uncle's shoe store.
Joined the Sunday-school of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church in the same year and was admitted to membership of the church.
Arrived in Chicago in 1856 and became salesman in a shoe store.
Joined the Plymouth Congregational Church in the same year and organized a Sunday-school class of his own.
Rented an empty saloon building and removed his headquarters to the North Side.
Founded the Mission of North Market Hall and worked among the depraved young men of the "North Market street gang."
Founded "Moody's Church" in 1863 and became its lay pastor.
Burned out by the great fire in 1871.
Met Ira D. Sankey in 1872 and made him his evangelical partner.
Went to Great Britain in 1873 and amazed that country with his work.
Founded the Northfield seminary for girls in 1875.
Founded the Mount Vernon school for boys in 1861.
Established the Moody Bible Istitute of Chicago in 1889, and the Northfield training school for women in 1890.
Died December 22, 1899.

DWIGHT L. MOODY'S name is coupled inseparably with the Town of Northfield, Mass., where he was born, in 1837. His Bible Training school, which he always looked on as his monument, is located there, and when the breakdown came at Kansas City he hurried home to Northfield to die. The attachment for the little town was formed many years ago, when Mr. Moody as a boy ran barefoot and hungry about the town to help his widowed mother support himself and his eight small brothers and sisters. Years afterwards he established his own family there, and it was to Northfield he always returned after his revival seasons.

Mr. Moody went away to Boston when he was 17 years old and began work as clerk in his uncle'sstore. He was given the place on condition that he would go regularly to church and Sunday-school. This was in line with what he always had done at home and was no hardship, but Mr. Moody in after years always told of his first months in Boston as if he had not then been possessed of a soul. From his standpoint the "light" did not come to him until, one day, after a call at the shoe store by his Sunday-school teacher, he was "converted."

Much has been written about how Dwight L. Moody came to give up what promised to be a successful business career and devote all his energy to evangelistic work. The story, as the great evangelist himself told it, is as follows:

"I had never lost sight of Jesus Christ since the first night I met Him in the store at Boston. When I went to Chicago, I hired five pews

in a church, and used to go out on the street and pick up young men and fill these pews. I never spoke to these young men about their souls; that was the work of the elders, I thought.

"After working for some time like that, I started a mission Sabbath school. I thought numbers were everything, and so I worked for numbers. When the attendance ran below 1,000 it troubled me; and when it ran to 1,200 or 1,500 I was elated. Still none was converted; there was no harvest.

"Then God opened my eyes. There was a class of young ladies in the school, who were without exception the most frivolous set of girls I ever met. One Sunday the teacher was ill and I took the class. They laughed in my face, and I felt like opening the door and telling them all to get out and never come back.

"That week the teacher of the class came into the store where I worked. He was pale and looked very ill.

"'What is the trouble?" I asked.

"'I have had another hemorrhage of my lungs. The doctor says I cannot live on Lake Michigan, so I am going to New York State. I suppose I am going home to die.' He seemed greatly troubled, and when I asked him the reason he replied: 'Well, I have never led any of my class to Christ. I really believe I have done the girls more harm than good.'

"I had never heard anyone talk like that before, and it set me thinking. After a while I said: 'Suppose you go and tell them how you feel. I will go with you in a carriage, if you want to go." He consented, and we started out together. It was one of the best journeys I ever had on earth. We went to the house of one of the girls, called for her, and the teacher talked to her about her soul. There was no laughing then! Tears stood in her eyes before long. After he had explained the way of life he suggested that we have prayer. He asked me to pray. True, I had never done such a thing in my life as to pray God to convert a young lady there and then. But we prayed, and God answered our prayer.

"We went to other houses. He would go upstairs and be all out of breath, and he would tell the girls what he had come for. It wasn't long before they broke long and sought salvation. When his strength gave out I took him back to his lodgings. The next day we went out again. At the end of ten days he came to the store with his face literally shining.

"'Mr. Moody,' he said, 'the last of my class has yielded herself to Christ.' I tell you we had a time of rejoicing. He had to leave the next night, so I called his class together that night for a prayer meeting, and there God kindled a fire in my soul that has never gone out.

"I was disqualified for busines; it had become distasteful to me. I had got a taste of another world, and cared no more for making money. For some days after, the greatest struggle of my life took place. Should I give up business and give myself to Christian work or should I not? I have never regretted my choice. Oh, the luxury of leading some one out of the darkness of this world into the glorious light and liberty of the gospel."

John V. Farwell had already become interested in the energetic young evangelist and given him free use of North Market Hall.

Mr. Moody, whose preaching ability constantly improved, located his mission there. Mr. Farwell himself acted as superintendent. The hall always was used for dancing on Saturday nights, and Mr. Moody would come down early Sunday morning and sweep out the place with his own hands.

After he had decided to give up selling shoes he devoted all his time to his mission. As he could find no one to pay him a salary, he slept on

a bench in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., which he had helped organize, and ate at the 10-cent restaurants. Before long his friends came to his aid with contributions, and on the strength of this increased pay he married, two years later, Miss Emma C. Revell of Chicago. Many times after his marriage, Mr. Moody was forced to borrow both food and money from his friends.

Mr. Moody's mission continued to grow, however, in spite of poverty. In 1863 a $20,000 church was erected in Illinois street, and the congregation soon numbered nearly a thousand. When the Y. M. C. A. began the agitation for its first building, Mr. Moody was elected President, and it was largely through his efforts and the financial support of John V. Farwell that old Farwell Hall was built. The night of the great fire of 1871, Mr. Moody was preaching there and had to flee with his congregation through the La Salle street tunnel. Within three months he had erected a huge frame tabernacle and resumed his services.

During the years when Mr. Moody was acquiring his reputation as a great preacher there was one interruption. Mr. Moody went to the war. He did not enlist as a soldier, but went to the prisons and worked on the battle fields. He was with the army in the Chattanooga campaign, was one of the first to enter Richmond, and his experiences served him afterwards for numberless themes for his sermons. In the same way, he became interested in the Spanish war, visiting the camps and addressing the soldiers before the invasion of Cuba began. He would have followed the army to Cuba if his physician had not forbidden him doing so.

Mr. Moody never lacked for a story or an idea. His sermons were in reality a series of anecdotes mixed with appeals in such a way that in hearing them people never stopped to inquire about logical sequence. He was fond of bringing strange objects into his meetings to serve as texts. During his last great revival in Chicago, held two years ago at the Auditorium, he appeared one morning with a tea cup and a pitcher of water, and preached on them one of the most eloquent sermons of his life. He was one of the few men who never had to stop to think what they were going to say next. His ideas seemed to come to him without effort, and apparently he never had to exert much effort in choosing. His illustrations always were apt and he would preach day after day without repeating a story or using an illustration a second time.

Mr. Moody's eloquence served him in raising thousands of dollars. It was his boast that he had given away over $2,000,000 paid him in contributions or in royalties on his books since he first came to Chicago. The bulk of the money derived from subscriptions and from sales of his sermons, went to support his Bible school at Northfield and the Chicago Bible Institute.

When he founded the school the Bible was the only text book. Afterwards other branches were added to the course. A scientific and a classical school were added. The girls' seminary which was founded two years before Mr. Moody purchased the farm-house, now has an attendance of 350, and applications are on file for two or three years in advance. Mr. Moody finally had to erect a big hotel to care for the patrons of the school. Since it was established nearly forty large buildings have been erected, surrounding the Moody homestead and forming the center of a busy town.

The church and Bible institute at Chicago and La Salle avenues were founded by Mr. Moody shortly after the fire. The money, $100,000. expended there was raised by him. The church is independent, but is closely modeled after the Congregational denomination for which Mr.

Moody always had close sympathy. He was the director of both the church and institute, although seldom in Chicago of late years.

Ira D. Sankey, the famous associate of Mr. Moody in evangelistic work, said in an article published recently in *Success:*

"I consider Dwight L. Moody the most remarkable man of the century, distinguished especially for his devotion to the cause of Jesus Christ and the betterment of the world. His character is marked by great common sense and by the utmost sincerity; his heart by singleness of philanthropic purpose, and his life by tremendous power of achievement. His work has resulted in the conversion of hundreds of thousands of men and women."

Mr. Sankey described the manner in which he met Mr. Moody. He was in Indianapolis in 1870. During a prayer meeting at which Mr. Moody presided the singing was poor, until Mr. Sankey sang the hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." After the meeting Mr. Moody asked him to leave the internal revenue service and join him in his Christian work. Six months later Mr. Sankey came to Mr. Moody at Chicago, where he worked for a year and a half. When Chicago was destroyed by fire Mr. Moody raised money to rebuild his church, and then accepted an invitation to go to England with Mr. Sankey.

"We sailed in June, 1873," continued Mr. Sankey. "At Queenstown we received a letter announcing that both of the men who had invited us to England had died. At Liverpool Mr. Moody declared to me that if the Lord opened a door to us we would go in; otherwise we would return to America.

"That night Mr. Moody found an unopened letter among his papers; it said that if we ever came to England we would be welcomed at York, to speak for the Y. M. C. A there. Mr. Moody said at once: 'We will go to York.' Our meetings there for the first day or two were not large, but at the end of the week no building in the city would hold all the people who desired to attend."

"No man ever paid a greater tribute to his wife than Mr. Moody paid to Mrs. Moody," said Mrs. William H. Holden. "I never met with a happier couple. In every way he deferred to her. She answered all his voluminous correspondence. She was the one to whom he always spoke of his plans and his work. No trouble was too great for him if he could save her any bother or everyday, ordinary little troubles. They were married in 1864, and Mr. Moody had already then started on his missionary work at North Market Hall. They were very poor, had hardly enough to live on and resided in a little house at Dearborn avenue and Indiana street, but they were happy, and this happiness has always continued through their lives."

Mr. Moody's life was that of a powerful Christian, reminding one of the early disciples wandering all over the world preaching the Word. His impress on millions of minds has been deep and durable, and when he surrendered his soul to his Maker, one of the greatest instruments of mankind's salvation stopped work for ever.

DWIGHT L. MOODY DRIVING OVER HIS NORTHFIELD FARM.

LOVE.

You can find my text to-night almost anywhere in the Bible. My text is "Love," the "Love of God." This fourth chapter of John's epistle that I have read to-night says, "God is Love," and I don't know of any truth that Satan is more anxious to blot out of the Bible than that one thing, that "God is Love." If I could convince the world that God loves them, I think I would not preach anything else but just the Love of God. I would go up and down this nation and tell it out in towns and cities and villages. The enemy of righteousness is deceiving the world upon this point. Man has a false idea about God. He has an idea that God hates him because he is a sinner; he has an idea that God is angry with him and don't love him.

I remember a few years ago we put up a church in Chicago—down in the heart of the city, where the churches had been moved away, and left a large class of people. There was a Christian man there that helped me put the building up, and he was very anxious that people should believe that God was love. He was so afraid that I would not preach it enough that he had it put up back of the pulpit in gas jets, "God is Love." He thought if I could not preach it into the hearts of the people he would try and burn it in.

I remember one night while I was preaching, a poor fellow was going by half under the influence of liquor. The door was ajar, and he looked in and saw that text, "God is Love," and he kept saying, "God is not love.

It is not true. It is a lie." He went on for a block or two and came back and took a seat away back by the door, and when I was preaching the poor fellow was weeping. After the sermon was over I went down and talked with him. I found that the spirit of God was working with him, and I tried to find out what part of the sermon had touched him, and he said he did not know a thing I said. "What were you doing here if you did not know a thing I said?" "Ah! sir, that text up there, 'God is Love,' melted my heart." And he got down on his knees with me and made a surrender to the God of Love.

Now, to-night you may ask me, "Why does God love those who are not worthy of His love? Why does He love the unlovely?" Well, I don't know that I can answer that any better than by saying, Why does the sun shine? Because it can't help it. Why does God love? Because he can't help it. That is his nature. He is love, and there is not a man on the face of the earth to-night that God don't love. God hates sin, but he makes a distinction between sin and the sinner. God loves the sinner, but He is at war with sin, because He knows that sin ruins our happiness. Because He loves us He wants us to forsake sin and turn from it. I think one reason we are so blind to the word of God is, that we are always measuring God by our rule. We love a man as long as he is worthy of our love, and when he ceases to be worthy of our love we cast him off. Not so with God. We must not measure God with our rule. God's love is unchangeable.

I will call your attention to the first verse of the thirteenth chapter of John. "Now, before the feast of the passover, when Jesus knew that His hour was come that he should depart out of the world unto the Father, having loved His own which were in the world, He loved

them unto the end." Now, that very night they were to forsake Him. That very night Judas was to betray Him for thirty pieces of silver. That very night Peter was to deny Him and swear he never knew Him. Yet we are told that on that memorable night Christ loved them. His love was unchangeable. I believe when Judas stepped up to Him in the garden and betrayed Him with a kiss, and Christ said, "Judas, betrayest thou the Master with a kiss?" that there was such love in the tone of His voice, such love in that look, that it drove Judas to remorse and despair. I believe it is that that is making hell so terrible to Judas. He trampled upon the love of God. He went down to perdition trampling that love under his feet. I know that is what broke Peter's heart; He turned and gave Peter one look, and there was so much love in that look he went out and wept bitterly. It took Satan hours to win his love from Christ; it took only one look of Christ to win it back again. Yes, His love is unchangeable. That is the difference between human love and Divine love. Human love is very changeable. Some people who thought a good deal of you and me a few years ago don't care for us now. Their love has died out. But not so with Him. His love is unchangeable. If there is one here to-night who has wandered away from Jesus Christ and is in a backsliden state, I want to tell you, backslider, that He loves you still, and wants you to return to Him.

But, again, His love is not only unchangeable but unfailing. I want to call your attention to a verse you will find in the forty-ninth chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah: "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold,

I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me."

Can a mother forget the little child of her bosom? Do you mothers forget your children? Now, that is perhaps the strongest love we know anything about on earth—a mother's love. There are a great many things that will separate a man from his wife; a great many things will separate a father from his son, but there is not anything in the wide world that will separate a true mother from her own child. They say that death has borne down everything in this world, but there is one thing stronger than death—that is a mother's love. Death has never been able to conquer that. Now, the prophet seizes hold of that.

"Can a mother forget the child of her bosom? Yea, she may forget, but I will never forget thee."

Now, love always descends. I love my children more than they love me. They very often say they love me the most. They think they do but it is not true. I used to tell my mother I loved her more than she did me. She would tell it was not so; that she loved me the most. Since I have become a parent I find that is true. I love my children more than they can love me. God loves us a thousand times more than we can love Him. The apostle says: "Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that he loved us;" so unlovable. so vile, so polluted. That is a love worth talking about—that God has fixed His love upon us, and that he loves us "with an everlasting love," as we read in Jeremiah.

There is no end to that love; it is everlasting. I do not know that we can illustrate God's love better than by examples of human love. Your mothers know that there is nothing in your power to do that you will not do for your children, that is for their good. There are some things you will withhold from them because you

love them too much to grant all their wishes; and they think you don't love them because you do not grant their wishes. So, sometimes, we think God don't love us, because He don't grant all our requests and don't answer all our prayers just in the time and place that we would have them answered. A mother's love may be very strong, but it is not to be compared with the love of God.

I remember of reading some time ago of a scene in a court in this country that impressed me very much. A young man had become reckless and had murdered a man. He was arrested and sent to jail. The father, a very proud spirited man, refused to have anything to do with that boy—refused to go to the prison to see him, and the other sons took the same course. They said they would not go to see that brother. But that mother went down to that prison cell, and every time she could get into the jail where that boy was she was there. When the time came for his trial she went into court and took her seat as near her boy as she could; and when the spectators came in she was not ashamed to be pointed out as the mother of that reckless young man. That is a mother's love. She loved him still. Her love was as strong as it ever was, and when the trial came on and the witnesses came and testified against the boy, it seemed to hurt the mother more than it did the boy. When the jury brought in the verdict that he was guilty, the mother, when she got a chance, threw her arms around the boy's neck there in court and wept over him. She did not give him up. He was sent back to his cell; and every time she could get into that cell she was there. That is a mother's love. A mother will not go to see her boy executed, but if she can get his body after he is executed she will cover it with her tears, and will go to the grave and plant flowers upon it, and drop tears upon

those flowers. That is a mother's love. It is far stronger than death. But that love is faint as compared with the love that God has for every soul here to-night. "A mother may forget her child, but I will never forget thee!" His love is unfailing.

I want to say to every man that is without God and without hope, don't be deceived in this matter; don't think for a moment that God don't love you because you are a sinner. It is not true. Christ died for the ungodly. While we were without strength Christ died. God gave His son to the world. The world is at war with Him. We are fighting against Him. The world took His son and put him to death. The world is at enmity against God. While this world was at enmity against God, He gave His son freely for us all.

There was a time when I thought a good deal more of Christ than the father. I thought Christ came in to act as mediator between me and an angry judge, and Christ seemed far nearer to me than the Father, but since I became a father that feeling is all gone. It must have taken more love for God to give up His Son than it did for Christ to come and suffer. It would be far easier for me to die than to see my son put to death before my eyes.

Think of the love God has for this lost world, when He gave Christ freely for us all! Think of the glory and honor He had in that upper world. Of his stooping from that throne, coming down into this world and suffering and dying that you and I might, through His death, enter into life eternal. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Christ not only laid down his life for his friends, but he laid down his life for his enemies.

But I can imagine some of you say, "Well, I believe that Christ loves Christians and those that love Him and

keep His commandments and statutes; but then I am a poor, miserable, vile sinner. I never loved him. I never recognized Him. I never kept his commandments, and I believe that God hates me. Don't it say in the Bible that God is angry with the sinner every day." That is one of the strongest proofs that God loves the sinner. If I have a boy who goes astray I get angry with him. But is that a proof that I do not love him? That is one of the strongest proofs in the Bible that God loves you —because he does not want you to sin and bring ruin and blight upon your life. The strongest proof of God's love is that He gave Christ to die for our sins. That cross testifies the love of God for this world. That cross on Calvary speaks out nothing but the love God had for this world.

When the Communists took Paris, they took the Roman Catholic Archbishop and threw him into prison, tried him and condemned him to death. In his little cell there was a window, in the shape of a cross. He took his pencil and wrote at the top of it "Heighth," at the bottom, "Depth," and at each end of the arm "Length" and "Breadth." Ah, that Roman Catholic had been to Calvary and had surveyed the glory of that cross. He had drank in its truth. That cross tells us of God's love. Height: it reaches to the very throne of heaven. Depth: it reaches to the bottom of a lost world. Length and Breadth: it reaches to the very corners of the earth. There was something stronger than those iron nails that held Him to that cross; it was the love He had for a perishing world. Paul prayed among those Ephesians that they might know the heighth and the depth and the length and the breadth of God's love. How are we going to know it if we do not go to Calvary and see how He died, that you and I might live, and hear that pierc-

ing cry on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." There is love for you.

I remember when I was in Dublin, Ireland, in 1867, I met what they called "the Boy Preacher." I had read in the papers about "the Boy Preacher," but I did not know this was the one. He introduced himself to me and said he would like to come to Chicago and preach. I looked at him; he was a beardless boy; didn't look as if he was more than seventeen, and I said to myself, "He can't preach." He wanted me to let him know what boat I was going on, he would like to go on the boat with me. Well, I thought he could not preach and did not let him know. I had not been in Chicago a great many weeks before I got a letter which said he had arrived in this country and that he would come to Chicago and preach for me if I wanted him. Well, I sat down and wrote a very cold letter—"If you come West, call on me." I thought that would be the last I should hear of him. But I soon got another letter saying that he was still in this country and would come to Chicago and preach for me if I wanted him. I wrote again, if he happened to come West to drop in on me; and in the course of a few days I got a letter stating that next Thursday he would be in Chicago and would preach for me. Then what to do with him I did not know. I had made up my mind he could not preach. I was going to be out of town Thursday and Friday, and I told some of the officers or trustees of the church: "There is a man coming here Thursday and Friday who wants to preach. I don't know whether he can or not. You had better let him preach, and I will be back Saturday.

They said there was a good deal of interest in the church, and they did not think they had better have him preach then, he was a stranger, and he might do more

harm than good. "Well," I said, "you had better try him. Let him preach two nights," and they finally let him preach. When I got back Saturday morning I was anxious to know how he got on. The first thing I said to my wife when I got in the house was, "How is that young Irishman coming on?" I had met him in Dublin and took him to be an Irishman, but he happened to be an Englishman. "How do the people like him?" "They like him very much." "Did you hear him?" "Yes." "Well, did you like him?" "Yes, I liked him very much. He has preached two sermons from that text in the third chapter of John: 'For God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' and," she says, "I think you will like him, although he preaches a little different from what you do." "How is that?" "Well he tells sinners God loves them." "Well," said I, "he is wrong." She said, "I think you will agree with him when you hear him, because he backs up every thing he says with the word of God. You think if a man don't preach as you do he is wrong." I went down that night to church and I noticed every one brought his Bible. "Now," he said "my friends, if you will turn to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse, you will find my text." He preached a most extraordinary sermon from that sixteenth verse. He did not divide the text into "secondly" and "thirdly" and "fourthly"—he just took the whole text, and then went through the Bible from Genesis to Revelation to prove that in all ages God loved the world; that He sent prophets and patriarchs and holy men to warn us, and sent His Son, and after they murdered Him He sent the Holy Ghost. I never knew up to that time that God loved us so much. This heart of mine began to thaw out, and I could not keep back the

tears. It was like news from a far country. I just drank it in. The next night there was a great crowd, for the people like to hear that God loves them. I tell you there is one thing that draws above every thing else in this world and that is love. A man that has no one to love him, no mother, no wife, no children, no brother, no sister, no one to love him, belongs to that class who commit suicide; he would go down here and jump in the lake.

Well, there was a great crowd Sunday night, and he said, "My friends, if you will turn in your Bibles to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse, you will find my text," and he preached another extraordinary sermon from that wonderful verse, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And he went on proving it again from Genesis to Revelation. He could turn to almost any part of the Bible and prove it. Well, I thought that was better than the other one; he struck a higher chord than ever, and it was sweet to my soul to hear it. The next night, pretty hard to get out a crowd in Chicago on Monday night, but they came. The women left their washing, or if they had washed they came, and they brought their Bibles, and he said, "My friends, if you will turn to the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of John, you will find my text, and again he followed it out from Genesis to Revelations to prove that God loved us, and he just beat it down into our hearts, and I never have doubted it since. I used to preach that God was behind the sinner with a double edged sword ready to hew him down. I have got done with that, I preach now that God is behind him with love, and he is running away from the God of love.

Tuesday night came, and we thought surely he had

exhausted that text and that he would take another, but he said, "If you will turn to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse, you will find my text." And he preached the sixth sermon from that wonderful text and that night he struck a higher chord than ever. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have"—not going to have when you die, but have it right here, now—"eternal life." By that time we began to believe it, the whole of us, and we never have doubted it since; and if a man gets up in that pulpit and utters that text there is a smile all over the church to-day. Although twelve years have rolled away; they never have forgotten it.

The seventh night came and he went into the pulpit. Every eye was upon him. All were anxious to know what he was going to preach about. He said, "My friends, I have been hunting all day for a new text, but I cannot find one as good as the old one; so we will go back to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse," and he preached the seventh sermon from that wonderful text. "God so loved the world." I remember the closing up of that sermon. Said he: "My friends, for a whole week I have been trying to tell you how much God loves you, but I cannot do it with this poor, stammering tongue.

"If I could borrow Jacob's ladder and climb up into heaven, and ask Gabriel, who stands in the presence of the Almighty, if he could tell me how much love the Father has for the world, all he could say would be, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.'"

Since then I have been preaching the love of God,

and I tell you, my friends, God loves you, and He does not want you to perish.

"Say unto them, as I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death, of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel!" Drunkard turn! Turn from your cups! Give them up to-night! Say, "By the grace of God, I will hurl them from me. I will live a sober life." The God of love, will if need be, send legions of angels to help you to fight your way up into the kingdom of God. God has power enough. What we want is the power of God in our hearts. But we cannot have a God of love, a pure God, a holy God in a heart full of vice and crime and sin. We have got to forsake sin, and God will turn and have mercy upon us. "He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love."

There is a story told of a man that left England a few years ago and came to this country. He became dissatisfied and went off to Cuba. He had not been in Cuba very long before the Cuban war broke out in 1867, and he was arrested as a spy. He knew nothing about what he was arrested for and could not understand a word of the Spanish language. They court-martialed him and ordered him to be shot, and when it was told to him that he was going to be shot as a spy, the man began to wake up and sent off to the American and English consuls and laid the case before them. He was perfectly innocent. He could not understand a word of the language. The consuls looked into the case and found he was perfectly innocent. They went to the Spanish officers and said, "Look here, this man you have ordered to be shot is not guilty, he is perfectly innocent." But the Spanish officers said, "He has been tried by our

law and found guilty; the law must take its course, and the man must die." There was no submarine cable then and they could not telegraph to their governments. They had no time to write and get an answer back. The morning came. They brought him out to the place of execution. They had a grave dug and they put his coffin down beside the grave and the man took his seat upon it and they were just pulling the black cap over his head. There stood the Spanish soldiers and in a few minutes they would receive orders to fire, and at that moment who should ride up but the American and English consuls, and jumping from the carriage they ran and wrapped the Star Spangled Banner and the Union Jack around the man, and turning to the Spanish officer said, "Fire on these flags if you dare!" They did not dare. There were two great governments behind those flags. Oh, my friends, what are this government and the English government compared with the government of heaven! "He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." Let God wrap around you the banner of heaven to-night. Just come under that banner to-night. God loves you. God wants to bless you.

I can imagine some of you say, "Well, if God loves me why does He afflict me so?" He does not chasten willingly. I don't think we have had the rod unless we have deserved it. I don't think you mothers punish your children unless they deserve it. They may not understand it at the time. We may not understand all of God's dealings, but we will by-and-by. Paul's platform was a good one, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." So God gives us affliction now and then that we may know that this is not our abiding place. We don't belong down here. We are pilgrims and strangers journeying over the earth,

and our citizenship ought to be up there. If we are living for God our hearts will be set upon things above, and not down here. I had a child taken down some time ago with the scarlet fever. I am afraid of that disease, and I went to the very best physician I could find in Chicago, and when he wrote a prescription I went to the best druggist in Chicago. I didn't go to any of the clerks; I went to the head man who was a very careful man, and I watched him. He took down one bottle and then another, and another, and he just poured that medicine out into a bottle and mixed it all up, and it happened to be the very medicine that child needed. Perhaps any one of the ingredients alone might have been rank poison and killed the child, but all worked together for good. So it is a little affliction here and a little prosperity there, all working together for good to them that love God.

Now, let me say, my friends, if you want that love of God in your hearts, all you have to do is to open the door and let it shine in. It will shine in as the sun shines in a dark room. Let him have full possession of your hearts. Some people have an idea they have something to do to bring about reconciliation. God is already reconciled. There is not anything for you to do but to believe that God is reconciled.

An Englishman was telling me this story of a father that had a wandering son, and you know those only sons are very often spoiled. They are humored and petted. The result is, their wills are not broken, and if their wills are not broken, generally some one's heart is broken. This young man had grown up a very head-strong, willful boy, and he and his father were constantly getting into trouble. The mother acted as a mediator between them. One day they got into trouble and the father got angry and told the son to leave. The son left and said

he would never come back until his father asked him to come back. The mother tried to bring about a reconciliation. She wrote to the boy and plead with him to come home. But in every letter he wrote he said, "I never, never will come home until father asks me." She worked with that father to ask him to come home, but his proud, stubborn heart said, "No; I will never ask him back." For long years that mother tried to bring that father and son together. It was their only child. But she utterly failed. And when she lay upon her dying bed, and the doctors had given her up to die, that father, standing by the side of the bed, said to the wife, "Is there not anything that I can do for you?" anxious to gratify her last wish. "Yes, there is one thing you can do; you can send for my boy. I would like to see him before I die, and I would like to see you and him reconciled. If you don't love him after I am gone there will be no one to look after him." The proud heart revolted. He said, "I can't send for him." "Yes, you can if you will." "I will send in your name." "You know he will never come for me. If that boy ever comes back you must invite him. You know he will never yield until you yield." The father could stand it no longer, and at last he went down to the office and sent a despatch in his own name asking that boy to come home. The moment he received it he started for home. As he went into the room the mother was sinking rapidly. The father stood by the bedside. He heard the door open, and saw it was that boy. Instead of going to the door to meet him, and receiving him with open arms, he turned and went away to another part of the room. The mother took her boy's hand. O, how she had longed to press it. She kissed him, and kissed him. She then said, "Just speak to your father, and it will all be over. You say the first word." "No," he said,

"I will never speak to him until he speaks to me." She urged, but in vain. Then calling her husband to her bedside, she took him in one hand and the boy in the other, and that dying mother spent her last moments in trying to bring about a reconciliation, but she failed. Neither one of them would speak. At last she sank away into the arms of death. The husband looked at the wife and he saw she was gone. The boy looked at the mother and he saw she was gone. At last the father's eye caught the boy's eye, and his heart relented. He took that boy to his bosom, and there by that death-bed they were reconciled.

O, sinner, that is not a fair illustration in this respect. God is not angry with you, but he sent Christ into the world, and he died to reconcile the world. With that exception it is as good an illustration of reconciliation as you could have. I bring the body of the Son of God, and I say, Look at Him wounded, Look at Him dying, that you may be reconciled. Wonderful love! Matchless love! The world never saw love like that. Will you spurn such love? Will you trample it under your feet? I beg of you to-night be ye reconciled to God. Do not sleep until you are reconciled. Let this be the night of your reconciliation. "We beseech you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

WHERE ART THOU?

Where art thou?—Gen. iii. 9.

This was the first question put to man after his fall. It was not said to a congregation like this. There were only two in that congregation, the Lord himself was the preacher. Satan had been in Eden and had been doing his work. Adam had been listening to the lies of Satan, and had been tempted and had fallen; and we find God coming down that very day to seek him out. And this was a call of love; it was a call of grace; it was a call of mercy. If God had dealt with him according to his deserts he would have hurled him from the face of the earth.

Six thousand years have rolled away since God put that question to our parents in Eden, but it is a question in my mind if there have been any of Adam's sons and daughters that have not heard that question sometimes in their lives. It may be in the silent hours of the night, it may be while they are busy at work or in the midst of their pleasure—at some time the question has come stealing home upon them, "Who am I, what am I, and where am I going?" It has come rolling along down the ages.

Now, my friends, it is of very little account where you and I are in the sight of our neighbors—where we are in the sight of the public. It is of very little account what people around us think of us. They will soon go away. Their breath is in their nostrils, and God will change their countenances and send them away by and

by. But it is vastly more important to know what God thinks of us, and where we stand in his sight; and that is the question I want to press home upon each one. It is a personal question.

I hope this text will be sent home by the Spirit of God to each heart here to-night. I hope the oldest and the youngest person in this house will ask the question, "Where am I? Who am I? What am I, and where am I going?

Now I am going to divide this audience into three classes. I think we will all come under three heads. I would like very well if each person would take the portion that belongs to him. Of course I cannot read your hearts. I want to talk to the professed Christians, to those who have backslidden, and to those who are strangers to the graee of God. I want to ask each one, Where art thou? To all in this audience to-night that profess to be disciples of Jesus Christ, I would ask, Where art thou? Where is your influence? Who claims you? Think a moment. You may be a member of some church. You go to the communion table. You profess to be disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. But where is your influence? "He that is not for me is against me." Is your influence felt for Christ in your business? Is your influence felt in the circle in which you move, in the fashionable circle, it may be—is your influence felt for Christ? Where art thou, O, professed child of God!

You know, I am one of those that believe we are living in the days of sham. It don't mean anything to be a Christian now in the estimation of a great many.

I firmly believe to-day that the world is stumbling over us professed Christians. We are so conformed to the world that people do not see Christ in us. Many of them say that Christianity is a myth, that it is a fable, that it is a thing of the past, that it is not true. Do you know

that where one man reads the Bible a hundred read you and me? They do not read the Bible—I would to God they did. They do not look to your Master and mine, but they look to us; and that is what Christ meant when he said, "Ye are the salt of the world; ye are the light of the world. Ye are my witnesses. I leave you down here to testify for me." As I heard some one say the other day, "If our Master represents us up in heaven as we represent him down here, we would have a very poor representative, wouldn't we?" Ah! how we misrepresent him down here! How unlike Christ we are! Mr. Sankey and myself went into a place in this country not long ago, and there was a lady there that had a son, and she said, "I am not going to have that boy of mine under the influence of these meetings." She was a wealthy lady, a lady of position. She wanted her boy to move in fashionable society, and she was afraid he might be converted and taken out of that society. I believe when a man is truly born of God he has lost his taste for that kind of society. A godless, christless, fashionable world is the thing that the true child of God abominates. She said, "I will take him out of town." The day we went into town she went out with her only child. We were thirty days in that city, and the afternoon we had our farewell meeting I missed one of the prominent ministers that had stood by my side, and just as I was closing up and leaving the building he came and said, "I am sorry that I could not be here at your last meeting, Mr. Moody. I want you to understand it is no want of interest, but," said he, "I have had a very solemn duty to perform." Then he went on and told me that that mother who had taken her son out of that city had brought him back there that day in his coffin, and he had just attended the funeral, and while we were closing

up our work there that mother was there laying away her only child. And she a professed Christian!

My dear friends, do you know that we have a great many of those people to-day that profess to be children of God and yet stand right in the way of their children coming into the kingdom of God?

A friend of mine was talking to a young man some time ago about his soul. The young man turned up his nose, and throw up his head, and said, "Christianity is all a farce." "Why?" said my friend, "Are you in earnest?" "Yes," said he, "I believe that Christians are hypocrites." He knew that he had a mother that professed to be a Christian, and he said, "You would not call your own mother a hypocrite, would you?" "No, sir, I would not; that would sound very disrespectful. But I will say that my mother don't believe what she professes. If my mother did, don't you think she would talk to me about my soul? My mother never got down and prayed with me. If my mother believes what she professes don't you think she would be concerned about my eternal welfare?" I tell you there is no reality in it. And that young man had reason to think so.

O! professed child of God, where is your influence in your family? While you are sitting in this building tonight, where is your boy? can you tell? Where is that daughter of yours? Is she growing up to hate Christianity? Is that young man growing up to despise your God? If he is, I think the fault lies not with God but with ourselves. There is one thing that I have been more anxious for than anything else--that my children should have confidence in my piety. What we want at this present time, I think, is more piety in our homes—more of Christ in our daily life. We want to carry this blessed religion of Jesus Christ into every day life —into our daily walk and conversation.

I saw an account some time ago going through the press that made an impression upon my mind, of a father that took his little child out one day into the field. While he was lying down under a shade tree, the little child was picking wild flowers and little blades of grass, and carrying them to its father, and saying, in its child-like way, "Pretty, pretty." The father fell asleep, and, while he slept the little child wandered away. When he awoke from his sleep he looked all about him for his child, and lifted up his voice and shouted, but all he could hear was the echo of his own voice. Going to a precipice some ways off he looked down, and there upon the rocks and briars he saw the mangled form of his little child. He rushed to it, took up its lifeless corpse, pressed it to his heart and accused himself of being the murderer of his own child.

O! how many are sleeping in the church of God to-day while their children are falling over worse precipices than that! O! let me press the question home upon every professed child of God here to-night: In the sight of God where are you?

But there is another class I want to speak to—that is the backslider. Now, I will venture to say in this congregation there are scores, may be hundreds of men and women that once knew the Lord; that were once in fellowship with Him; once delighted to go to the house of the Lord and sit down at the communion table; once had a family altar; once delighted to be with His people. All that is gone now. Perhaps I can tell you how you got away from Him. It may be that you were converted down here in some little town in this State and identified yourself with the church there. You knew every one that belonged to the church; they knew you and helped you. At last perhaps your business brought you to Cleveland, and you were among strangers. You

went into this and that church, and they did not seem exactly like the churches in the country. There was no one to shake hands with you or take any interest in you; and you began to think you didn't like the Christians here in Cleveland. They were not so warm-hearted as they were down in the country where you came from. You can't find a church like that where you were converted. The trouble was you went to the churches, but didn't make yourself known. You didn't tell them who you were, and where you came from. If you had done that they would have gathered around you and took your hand and given you a warm welcome. You went to the public services; no one spoke to you and you thought they were very cold. I have always noticed when a man is himself cooling off he always thinks other people are cooling off likewise. When he is cold he thinks every one else is cold. Before you came to Cleveland you had a family altar, You prayed to the Father to protect you from sin; but the family altar has been broken down. O, backslider! I want to ask you to-night where art thou? If God should summon you into eternity what would become of your children.

I never saw a man that could give a reason for leaving the Lord. A backslider is one who has backslidden from the Lord. It is not backsliding from the Church, because the church don't save us.

In the second chapter of Jeremiah the prophet is pleading with Israel. They had backslidden. They had gone away from the God of Moses. They had gone away from the God of Abraham, of Isaac and Jacob. They turned away to the gods of the nations around them. Here is a prophet raised up by God to plead with them and woo them back to the fold they had wandered from. Now, backslider, listen; this is for you: "Thus, saith the Lord, what iniquity have your fathers

found in me, that they are gone far from me, and have walked after vanity, and are become vain?" What has the Lord done to you? Can you find any iniquity in him? He is unchangeable. He has been in all these years, the same true and best friend you have had. "Wherefore I will yet plead with you, saith the Lord, and with your childrens' children will I plead. For my people have committed two evils. They have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water. Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride attire? Yet my people have forgotten me days without number. You do not forget those diamond rings. If you lost a diamond to-night you would be around here to-morrow morning early searching for it diligently. Think of of your soul. It is worth more than the world. See what He tells Jeremiah to tell them: "Go and proclaim these words toward the North, and say, Return thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord; and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you, for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep anger forever. Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God, and hast scattered thy ways to the strangers under every green tree, and ye have not obeyed my voice, saith the Lord. Turn, O, backsliding children, saith the Lord, for I am married unto you." Think of the Lord Almighty using such an illustration. It shows what love he has for the backslider. I want to say to the backslider to-night there is one thing you haven't lost. You have not lost the love of God; He loves you still. You gone so far you have lost the benefit of it, but He loves you still. The most touching most tender and most loving words in Scripture are words that have been sent to the backslider.

O, backslider, hear the voice of the Shepherd this

night calling to you from the dark mountains of sin, and say as the Prodigal did, "I will arise and go to my father." You know Peter backslided. He denied the Lord, I will tell you what won him back. It was the loving look of his Master. It broke his heart when Christ turned and looked at him. O, may the tender, loving look of Christ fall upon your heart to-night, sinner, and may you go out and weep bitterly, as Peter did.

Now, if you listen to what I tell you, and carry out my instructions, you will never backslide. Treat the Lord Jesus Christ as you do any other friend. If you have an intimate friend in Cleveland and were going away you would not think of going without bidding him good bye. Did you ever hear of a backslider bidding the Lord Jesus Christ good bye when he went away. Did you ever hear of a backslider going into his closet, closing the door, and getting down on his knees and saying to the Lord Jesus Christ, "I have now been with you these ten years; I have been serving you, but I have got tired of the service and want to go back to the world. I am craving for the fleshpots of Egypt. I will have to go now, Lord Jesus I bid you good bye. Farewell, I am never going to call on you again." Did you ever hear of a backslider leaving the Lord in that way? Never. You run away. You desert him. There is one peculiarity about the backslider's ditch—you have to get out the way you got in. How did you get in? You ran away. Now just get out the way you got in. Go into your closet and lock the door. "Only acknowledge thine iniquity," He says, "Just confess your sins, and He is just and faithful to forgive us our sins."

O, may the backslider be brought home to-night. It would be a terrible thing if you should die in your backsliding state.

Now to the third class I want to speak. You may find a good many flaws in our characters—a great many things that are not right. I admit that professed Christians are not what they ought to be. I want to ask every unsaved man "Where art thou?" As Christ said to Peter when he asked the Lord what John should do, "What is that to thee. Follow thou me." We do not ask you to follow us. If we did you might bring up these excuses. We came here to preach Christ. We invite you to Him. You cannot find fault with Him. For eighteen hundred years the devil and man have been trying to find a flaw in Christ's character. Thank God, they can't do it. He is a lamb without spot or blemish. We do not ask you to-night to follow us, but follow Him.

If the righteous are scarcely saved, where shall the sinner and the ungodly appear. I want to say to you men that are hiding behind the failings of us Christians, you have got very poor stuff to feed on. You never heard of a soul getting very fat on that kind of food. So I want to ask every unsaved woman and every unsaved man in this hall to-night, "Where art thou?" Just think a little while now. Ask yourself, "Where am I, what am I, and where am I going?"

I am a man in what is called middle life, and the last four or five years have been the most solemn years of my life. Life does not seem like a fiction now. Life seems real to me. I have got up, you might say, on the top of a hill, for life is like a man going up hill and then down. Three score years and ten is the time allotted to man. There is one here and there that is living on borrowed time. A great many are taken away before they get to the top of the hill. Men do not average three score and ten. As I look upon this assembly to-night I would like to ask every man and woman on

the top of the hill, or you that have just passed over it, as I have, to just pause with me on the top of the hill and look around; forget all about things around you and just think, "Where am I in the sight of God." As we stand on the top of the hill of life let us look back on the cradle from whence we came; let us look down the hill of life. Perhaps, as you look down part way, you will see a grave. The grass is growing upon it to-night. It may be that some flowers have been planted on that grave. It marks the last resting place of a loved mother. Let your mind go back to the night you bid her farewell. It was perhaps at the midnight hour that she called you to her bedside, and then she took you by the hand, and that night you promised you would meet her in the kingdom of God. You told her you would be a Christian, and follow her into that land where she was going.

I would like to know how many in this audience, to-night, have made vows. Won't you, to-night, pay your vows? Long years have rolled away since you made that promise. You promised yourself you would settle the question then, but you did not. Then you said, "Well, I will do it a little further on." That time has come again, and you have not done it.

I may be talking to some that made a promise in their childhood that they would become Christians. Childhood is gone and you are now not only in manhood, but you are passing over that hill. A sermon that would move you to tears ten years ago makes no impression on you now. Time has rolled on. Here and there you see a gray hair in your head. Your eyes are growing dim. Come back with me, my friend, and as we look down the hill again we may see a little short grave. It marks the resting place of a loved child. The night death came into your home and took away that child, don't you remember that then you made a vow that you would

see your child again in the kingdom of God. Oh! my dear friend, won't you to-night make good that promise before you sleep, and let the news go up on high that you are coming up there.

Last night a fine looking young man came upon this platform. He had been a skeptic, He was inclined to believe that the Bible was a myth. But he had a godly sister who believed in that book. She used to pray for him. A few days ago that sister died. Then his infidelity did not comfort him. Ah! how cold infidelity is in the time of affliction, when we stand by the open grave of a loved friend. Ah! atheism don't comfort us then! Infidelity don't comfort us then!

That young man wants something besides skepticism now. He wants something besides cold, hard infidelity now. That loving sister has passed within the vale. He wants to go and meet her. He has stood by that grave, and dropped tears upon it. While I am standing in this house talking I will venture to say his mind is upon that sister, and he says, "I want to meet her." Well, young man, you can. Christ says, "I go to prepare a mansion." He is up there fitting up the mansions and by and by you shall meet the loved one with the Master and be forever with Him. Thank God for the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. It is downright madness, it is the height of folly for a man to turn a deaf ear to the gospel of the Son of God. Come again and stand on top of this hill and look down on the grave. It is very short after all, from the cradle to the grave. Look down the hill of life to-night. It may be that the shroud is already woven that shall be wrapped around these bodies. It may be the coffin is already made that you and I shall be laid in. It may be that while I am talking here to-night death may be on your track—we know it is on the track of each one of us, and it may be a good

deal nearer than you think; and the time may come a great deal sooner than you expect that you shall be cut down; and if you die without God, without hope, what excuse will you have? Here you are in a Christian land where you hear the gospel preached. You are invited to come to the gospel feast. Here is another invitation. What will you do with it? Oh! my friends, to-night be wise and accept of salvation as a gift from Him who came into the world to bring life and immortality and light.

When I was in England in 1867, there was a young French nobleman came to consult Dr. Fox Winslow, that celebrated Doctor that had a great deal of experience and practice with the human mind. He brought letters from the French Emperor, Napoleon III. and the great leading men in Paris, asking the Doctor to do all he could to save the man's reason. When the Doctor examined him he found the man was troubled about something—had great trouble that was weighing upon his mind, and he went to work to find out the cause. He says, "Can you tell me what is weighing upon your mind? What is the trouble?" The young nobleman said that he could not tell. "Well," says the Doctor, "I must first find out the cause of this disease, before I can do any thing." Says he, "Have you lost any friends." "No sir, none lately." "Have you lost any property." "No sir." "Have you lost any reputation or standing in your country." "No sir." "Well, sir I want to have you tell me what it is that is weighing upon your mind?" The young nobleman hung his head as if he was ashamed to tell, and at last he says, "Well, Doctor, my father was an infidel, and my grandfather was an infidel and I have been brought up an infidel, and for the last two years this question has haunted me day and night: Eternity, and where shall I spend it? I try to get

to sleep at night and if I sleep an hour or two and I wake up that question comes up to me—'Eternity and where shall I spend it.'" "Well," the Doctor says, "You have come to the wrong physician." The young nobleman sprung to his feet and says, "Doctor, is there no help for me? Have I got to be haunted day and night with this question? Can't you help me?" The Doctor says, "I cannot help you, but I can tell you of a physician who can;" and the doctor went on to tell his own experience; he said that he was once an infidel and had been blessed by reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and he commenced to read that wonderful chapter, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." He gave Him the remedy for sin. He held up a crucified Savior and the young nobleman said, "Doctor, do you really believe that Jesus Christ was in heaven and that he voluntarily left heaven and came down here and suffered and died for this world?" "Yes," says the doctor "I believe it, and by believing that I got rid of my infidelity, and by believing that I got rid of my sins." Says he, "and I have no doubt about where I am going to spend eternity. It is all clear in my mind." "Well," says the nobleman, "if that is true, I ought to believe it." "Well," says the doctor, I don't want you to believe it unless it is true. There is a way of finding out whether it is true or not. Let us get down and ask the God that created us, to teach us if it is true." And down the doctor went and he prayed for the nobleman, and he asked the nobleman to pray for himself. He went back to the doctor day after day for about ten days or two weeks, and then went back to Paris as a Christian man, and when I was there in 1867, he was writing back to

the doctor [redacted] Christian writes to another. He had got that question settled.

Young man, I would like to ask you to-night where will you spend eternity? That is the question to-night. We are free agents. God allows us to choose. He has set before you life and death He set before you a blessing and a curse, and it is for you to choose. Where will you spend eternity? Will you spend it with Christ in yonder world of light? Will you spend it in those mansions He has gone to prepare for you, with that sainted, godly mother, with that praying, godly wife? Will you spend it with that lovely child that has gone on high? Ah, my friends, it is in your power. You can settle this question to-night; or will you be banished from God and heaven? I wan't to give you one word that the Son Jesus said, "If ye die in your sins, where I am ye cannot come." Away with this doctrine that a man is going into heaven with all the sins of life upon him, a man that is polluted with sin—a man that has fought against God all his life. Why, heaven would be hell to him.

Yes, my friends, if you ever see that kingdom you must believe on His Son. Say, skeptic, what are you going to do? Are you going on in your infidelity? Are you going to hold on to unbelief and die in your sins, and be banished from God and from heaven? or will you this night believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved?

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

What think ye of Christ?—Matt. xxii. 42.

I would like, if possible, just to hold your attention right to that one question for a little while, forgetting everything else. It is not what you think of the Bible. It is not what you think of this denomination or that denomination. It is not what you think of the church. It is not what you think of this preacher or that preacher, but "What think ye of Christ?"

I would like to have time to take Him up to-night as a teacher; the most wonderful teacher that ever came into this world. No man taught as He did. He did not teach like like the Scribes and Pharisees. He taught as one who had authority. But that is not the object to-night.

I would like to have time to take Him up as a preacher. You talk about your great preachers, but this world never saw such a preacher as He was. He stood at the head of the list. There never has been, there never will be, another one like Him. Very often ministers preach their opinions. He taught no opinions. He taught the truth, and it was so deep that the greatest theologians have not yet been able to fathom the depths of His teaching; and yet they were so simple and so beautiful that the little children understood them, and they liked to hear Him. In fact, there is not a book in the world now that will interest the children like the Bible. If you want a book that is full of beautiful stories for the children, that is the book.

And He had a faculty of teaching and preaching the

truth so that men could not forget it. There is not a prodigal on the face of this continent, in my opinion, that is not familiar with the fifteenth chapter of Luke. He drew that picture so vivid and so clear that men cannot forget it. They know about that younger son; they know about that far country. I seldom talk with a prodigal that he don't refer to it. We can never forget that story of the Good Samaritan. It kind of hooks into your memory. You can't get it out if you try.

I am told by Eastern travelers who have been through Palestine, that there is not a solitary thing you can see there but that the Lord used it as an illustration—hung the truth right about it. The first parable that he uttered was that of the sower. I can imagine that, as He was teaching there upon the hillside, He looked down, and upon the bank of that lake was a sower going forth in the spring to sow, and He said, "behold a sower!" and He drew a lesson there that you cannot forget. There are four kinds of hearers. We have had them here in Cleveland for the last four weeks, and they will remain till the end of the time. There are the wayside, the stony ground, the thorny ground, and the good ground hearers. Would to God there were more good ground hearers, that should bring forth thirty, sixty and a hundred fold. Those four kinds of hearers will remain. He taught the truth. Men cannot get around it. They may say there are not four kinds of hearers, but that don't make it so; and any man that talks much to the public and mingles with them will find those kinds of hearers. Many a man has been in this tabernacle, and the devil has been outside and caught the seed away before he could get home, and before he could cross the street. He thought when he left the tabernacle that he would step over and let some one talk with him. Before he got over there the devil caught him.

I would like to talk to you about Him as a physician. Why, they say they have got some wonderful physicians in New York, in London and in Paris. Their fame is known throughout all the country. But did you ever hear of a doctor that never lost a case? They say you have some very fine doctors here in Cleveland, but have you get one that never lost a case? He never lost a case. He had some pretty difficult cases, but He was a match for every case that came. Even if they were dead when He got there they lived. He never preached any funeral sermons. A dead body would come to life when He came.

I would like to have time to take Him up as a Comforter. As some one has said, he wiped away more tears in one day than all the infidels in eighteen hundred years. He has bound up more aching hearts, He has comforted more people, than all the infidels put together have ever done. He came for that purpose. "He sent me," He says, "to heal the broken-hearted." That is what He came for.

I have not come here to-night to take Him up as a Prophet; not to speak to you about Him as a Priest, or as a King. I have not come here to talk to you about Him as a Preacher and a Teacher, or as a Physician, or as a Comforter. That is not the point to-night, I have got another point in view, and the point I want to cal your attention to is this. Who was He? Was He what He claimed to be or not?

Now, I am one of those that contend that Jesus Christ was either God-man—He was both human and divine—or else He was a great imposter, and He passed Himself off to be more than He was. Now, you and I have great contempt for a man that is assuming to be more than he is. If a man tries to make you believe that he is a

greater man than he is, he goes right down in your estimation at once.

Now, to-night I want to ask you to settle this question in your minds: Was he God-man? Was He with God the Father before the world existed? He said He was. Before the world existed He existed—before the morning stars sang together. "Before Abraham was I am." Now, it is a very important question. It is one of the most important questions that can come before man down here in this world. We will not know how to treat Christ if we have not made up our minds who and what he is. I was talking to a man not many hours ago, and he said it made no difference what he thought of Jesus Christ. I was pressing that point upon him. It makes all the difference in the world what we think of Him. It is of very little account what you think of General Grant. It is of very little account what you think of the public men of this country to-day. It is of very little account what you think of Queen Victoria. It is of very little account what you think of the Emperors and rulers of other nations. It is of little account what we think of other men in comparison with what we think of Jesus Christ. This is *the* question; and I believe it is a proper question. I think I have a right as a preacher of the Gospel to press this question home upon my audience; and I want those young men up in the gallery, I want every person in the house to-night, just to put the question home to himself. "What do I think of Christ? What is my opinion of Him?" We are very free to express our opinion about public men. There is hardly a person in this house that has not made up his mind about the public men of this nation. Jesus Christ is a public character, and we have a right to ask you what you think of him. There has been more written and more said about Jesus of

Nazareth in your day and mine than of any hundred men that ever lived; and it is time for us to make up our minds what we think of Him. Was He an impostor? Was He what the Jews claimed Him to be—a deceiver and a fraud? Or was He God-man?

I am thoroughly convinced that men have got to take one side or the other. This idea that Jesus Christ was a very good man, as some people tell us, but He was only man, is false. It seems to me you could not utter a greater falsehood than that. If Jesus Christ was mere man, then he has been guilty of one of the worst sins in the whole Bible. All through the Bible God has said, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." Christ comes and says, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He invites the world to come to Him. Not only that, but He tells us that we cannot come to the Father except through Him and by Him. "I am the way." "I am the truth." "I am the life." "I am the resurrection and the life." That is what he says. Now, if that is not true, then he was an impostor, and if He was an impostor, the Jews ought to have put him to death. By their Jewish law they were obliged to put him to death; and we either ought to ratify the act of Calvary and say they did right, or else we ought to come out and own Him as our Lord and our Master.

But to-night I am going to ask you all to imagine that you are on a jury. Perhaps some of you ladies will say, "I never was in a jury box in my life." I suppose you never were, and perhaps there are a good many men here that never were in a court on a jury; but to-night I would like to have every one of you just keep awake and keep your mind right on the case we have before us. Let us examine a few witnesses and make up our minds on their testimony. If a man has a case in court he

brings in the witnesses. Both sides are brought in, and after they have heard the testimony on both sides, the jury make up their minds.

Now, to-night I want to call in the witnesses, and we will just imagine that this is the witness box right here. Now, you know the worst enemies that Jesus Christ had while he was down there were the Pharisees and the Sadducees. They were constantly trying to entangle Him. They were constantly trying to find something against Him that they might put Him to death. They made one attack after another and they failed. The most serious charge they could bring against Him was this: "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." That is what we glory in. It is a good thing he does. That takes us in.

But we will not take the public. We will just take up the individuals. Now, Caiaphas was president of the highest ecclesiastical court of that day. There was no higher tribunal. He really sat in the place of Aaron. Jesus Christ was brought before Caiaphas. It was Caiaphas that gave sentence of death. It was he that gave orders that Christ should be crucified. Now, suppose to-night we could bring that priest in here with his flowing robes upon him. Let him stand here, and let us ask him what he found against Jesus Christ. Let us ask him what Christ was guilty of, and let us hear what he says. He it was that put Jesus Christ under oath. You know if a man goes into court now, they make him hold up his right hand and solemnly swear that he will tell the truth the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Well, he put Christ under oath. After the witnesses had come in and testified, then he put Him under oath. "I adjure thee, by the living God, tell us plainly, art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" Christ said, "I am, and ye shall see me at the right hand of God, and com-

ing in the clouds of heaven." What further testimony do we want?" says Caiaphas. "We have heard blasphemy from His own lips." And he took his mantle and rent it, and said to the Sanhedrim, "What think ye?" And they said, "He is guilty of death." If Jesus Christ was not God-man, then they ought to have put Him to death, because there in that council he said, "I am," when the question was put to Him, and He was under oath. It was that very thing that caused Him to be put to death. It was His own testimony. He bore testimony to that very point—that He was God-man; that he had come from heaven, and they should see Him at the right hand of God, and coming in the clouds of heaven.

But we have a good many witnesses to examine, and I will have to pass on. The next witness we want to bring into court is Pilate. Pilate was no Jew. He was prejudiced really against the Jews. He was put there by the Roman Government to keep peace in that city. Now let us bring Pilate in here and examine him. The Jews brought Jesus before Pilate and Pilate examined Him. And now hear what Pilate had to say after examining Him and talking with Him. This is his testimony: "I find no fault in Him." If there could have been a flaw found in His character, do you think the Jews would not have found Him out and told Pilate? Do you think that Pilate would not have found it out in that blood-thirsty city? If there had been something wrong in His character; if He had been a fraud; if He had been a deceiver, do you think they would not have found it out? "I find no fault in this man. I will chastise Him and let Him go." "If you let Him go, you are not Cæsar's friend." Poor, vacillating Pilate. He did not have the moral stamina to live up to his conscience.

He sent Him away to Herod, and Herod could find no fault in Him.

But we have another witness—a lady. We will bring in Pilate's wife. We have her testimony on record. She sent word to her husband, and this was her testimony: "Have thou nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him." People talk against Pilate now, but there have been a good deal worse than Pilate right here in Cleveland. They can find fault with Jesus Christ, but Pilate, that heathen Governor, could find no fault with him. Pilate's wife could find no fault with Him.

But here is another witness. Now, you know, Judas knew a good deal more about Jesus Christ than these witnesses that we have had in the witness box. Judas knew a good deal more about Jesus Christ than Caiaphas did. Perhaps Caiaphas never met him but once, and that on that memorable night when he was on trial. Pilate probably had never met him until he was brought before him. Pilate's wife perhaps never had seen him. But Judas had been with him for three years. He had heard those wonderful sermons. He had heard those wonderful parables uttered by Him. He had seen Him perform those mighty miracles. He was with Him when Lazarus came forth. He was with Him on all occasions nearly when he performed those wonderful miracles. Now let Judas come in. He has sold him for thirty pieces of silver. If there is anything against Christ he will certainly know it. Look at him! Look at the remorse! Look at the despair that has settled upon his countenance. Let him step into the witness box. "Come, now, Judas, tell us what think you of Christ? You have been with him for three years; you have been associated with him; you have been the treasurer of that little band. What think you of Christ?" Hear him, as he throws

down those thirty pieces of silver, "I have betrayed innocent blood." Even the very prince of traitors knew that Christ was innocent. That is what Judas thought of him. Men sit in judgment on Judas now; but how many men will say that Christ was not what he claimed to be. Judas knew it. "I have betrayed innocent blood." That is his testimony.

It is a very singular thing that every man that had anything to do with the death of Jesus Christ left his testimony. God made every one of them testify that His Son was innocent. Not one of them was permitted to speak against that Son. Their testimony has been put on record, and preserved and handed down to the present time.

Now, you know, if there is a criminal in this county that is to be executed, the sheriff has charge of the execution. The next witness we want to bring in is not a man that bore the name of sheriff, but really the man that held the same position that day—the centurion who had charge of the execution. He was there at Calvary, and it was he that gave orders that those nails should be driven into His hands and His feet. It was he that gave orders that those soldiers should take that cross up and let it fall into that hole that had been dug.

Now, let the centurion be brought in here. Let him stand here in the witness box. "Come, now, centurion, you had charge of that execution. You saw Jesus nailed to the cross. You saw Him hanging between heaven and earth. What think you of that person? What think you of Jesus of Nazareth?" "Truly this was the Son God." That is what he says. He was convinced right then and there. That is what the sheriff said. Never was there such a scene on earth as that witnessed there at the cross, when Jesus cried with a loud voice, "It is finished," and heaven took up the cry, and the rocks

were rent, and the earth shook. This earth knew its Creator, although man did not, and the centurion was obliged to say, "Truly, this was the Son of God."

But I have other witnesses. Do you know the testimony of the devils is on record? They bear testimony. It has been put on record and it has been kept on record for us. "Thou Son of the most high God, hast Thou come here to torment us before our time?" Even the very devils knew Him. And yet men dont't know Him; yet men don't think well of Him; and there are men going up and down this nation talking against this Jesus, with all this testimony on record.

Now, these were not friends of Jesus. These witnesses that we have been examining were men that lifted up their voices against Him. They were the bitterest enemies that He had.

But now we will bring in his friends. You know, if you want to get the truth of a case you want to hear both sides. We have heard the side of the enemies of Christ; and we have tried to be fair. We have brought in all their testimony that we can find. We challenge any skeptic or infidel to bring in any more testimony. Bring in your witnesses. Let them come and testify against the Son of God, if you can find them.

"There was a man sent from God." That is the way it begins. I like that. He was sent to introduce this Christ. He was no fanatic, and he was not biased by the world. The world had no power over him. Flattery did not have any weight with him. Position did not have any weight with him. If he had been living now you would not find him up here on your fine avenues. He was one of the poorest of the poor. His food was that of locusts and wild honey. He did not wear a broadcloth coat. His coat was made of camel's skin, and he wore a leather girdle. But he came out as

the banks of the Jordan and began to cry to that nation, "Repent, repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!" And the nation began to be moved. Strange rumors went from town to town about this wonderful wilderness preacher, and thousands began to crowd to the banks of the Jordan to see him. What must have thrilled the audiences was that he said that he was just the forerunner of a coming One. One whose shoes' latchet he was unworthy to unloose. He was just the herald of a coming One. At last Jesus of Nazareth, the village carpenter, came down to the banks of the Jordan, and when John saw him he seemed to quail before him. He drew back and refused to baptize him. But the Lord commanded him, and he knew nothing but obedience—he did what the Lord told him to; and from that hour John, that mighty preacher, changed his text, and he had but one text after that: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!" That was his cry. That is what he thought of Him. John was just a mere guide-post, pointing toward Him. He turned his disciples away from himself, and turned them toward this Galilean Prophet. "Behold the Lamb of God!" In another place he says, "I bear record this is the Son of God." "I must decrease, but He must increase." He began to preach down himself and preach up this wonderful Christ. I would take a long time to tell you what John thought of Him. I cannot examine this witness as I would like to. It would take all night. I am afraid you would get weary.

We will pass over and take up another. Bring in Peter. We could not have a better witness, perhaps, than Peter. Peter denied Him. Put Peter in the witness box, and say, "Well, Peter, you once denied this Christ and said you did not know Him. You swore that you never knew Him. Was that so, Peter?" I

can see the tears trickling down his cheeks. "That is the greatest lie I ever told in my life. Know Him! I think I do know Him." "What do you think of Him? What is your opinion of this Christ?" "God hath made this same Jesus whom ye have crucified both Lord and Christ." That is what he thought of Him. As he stood there on the day of Pentecost that was his testimony.

One day Christ seemed to be just hungering and thirsting for some one to confess Him, and he said to his disciples around him: "Who do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" "Some say you are Moses; some say you are Jeremiah; some say this prophet, some that prophet." "But who do you say I am?" "Thou art the Son of the living God," says Peter. "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona; flesh and blood never revealed that unto thee." Peter knew him. So when he preached on the day of Pentecost, he called Him the Christ. "God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

But let us call in that thief now. He was a notorious character. They punished only the most notable criminals by the death of the cross. That thief is a good witness. Let us bring him in. We are told by Matthew and Mark that those two thieves, when they went out that morning, from the prison to the cross, went out reviling, and when the crowd began to mock Christ, it says the two thieves also "cast it in his teeth." They, too, mocked. But all at once a strange thing takes place there. The heart of one of these thieves seemed to be touched. I don't know what touched him, but I can imagine it was Christ's prayer, "Father; forgive them, for they know not what they do." That thief says,

"He has a different spirit from what I have. He must be more than human. That must be the cry of the God-man." He seems to have been convicted right there. Hear what he says: "We indeed suffer justly, but this man hath done nothing amiss." That is what the thief thought of him.

But here is Thomas. Thomas has a good many representatives to-day. He has a good many descendants living here in Cleveland. Thomas belonged to the doubting school. There are a great many people like Thomas. They doubt what they cannot see. They can't take things by faith. After the Lord had arisen, Thomas, like a good many people now, did not believe He had arisen, and I will venture to say Thomas was the most unhappy man in Jerusalem the first week after Christ came out of the sepulchre. That first Sunday, when he appeared to his disciples, Thomas was not there. They had a little prayer meeting, and he was missing. Perhaps he thought the whole thing was over, and that they would never hear of him again—that he would never rise from Joseph's sepulchre. But I can imagine Monday morning, as Thomas goes walking down the street, whom should he meet but John. John says: "Thomas, have you heard the news?" "What news?" "The Lord is risen." "O," says he, "I don't believe that. His spirit may have arisen, but his body is not." "O, yes, His body is. Why, I saw Him last night, and I talked with Him." "O, no, you must be mistaken; it must have been a vision." "No, it was the identical Jesus; I talked with Him." "O, I can't believe that."

Thomas starts down the street, and has not got more than half a block before he meets Peter, and Peter says, "Thomas, the Lord has risen indeed." "Oh, no, John just told me back here He had risen, but I don't believe

a word of it." "Well," says Peter, "but I had an interview with Him. He has forgiven me all my backslidings." "Oh, well, you just imagine you saw Him. You must be mistaken. I don't believe He is risen at all." "Well, but we went to the sepulchre, and it is empty. And there were two angels there and they said, 'Come and see the place where the Lord lay,' and they said He had risen, and then afterwards we saw Him." "Oh, well, I couldn't believe that. I couldn't believe it unless I shall see the prints of the nails in His hands, and put my fingers in them, and thrust my hand into His side." Before the week is over he has met more than a dozen who have seen Christ, but he will not believe them.

The church is full of Thomases to-day. They stay away from the prayer-meeting, where Christ meets His disciples, and they go out into the world and live among skeptics and infidels so much that they doubt everything from one end of the Bible to the other.

But the next Sabbath came, and Thomas was there that day; and while they were talking, and perhaps trying to convince Thomas that the Lord had risen, who should stand there but the Lord of Glory, and He says, "Thomas, reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side, and put thy finger into these wounds." And Thomas cries out, "My Lord and my God!" That is what he thought of Him. He owned Him as his Lord and his God.

Oh, may God scatter our unbelief to-night, and may we say like Thomas, "My Lord and my God!" I don't want any other Lord but Jesus Christ. I don't want any other master but Jesus Christ.

Oh, this miserable unbelief that is keeping back God's blessing from this world! Let us say with Thomas to-night, "My Lord and my God." That is what Thomas thought of Him. His unbelief is gone now. He never

doubted from that moment that the Lord had come up out of the sepulchre.

But here is another witness. Ah, what a witness we have in John! He was a little nearer the heart of the Savior than any of the rest. He is that lovable disciple that laid his head upon the bosom of the Son of God. He heard the throbbing of that heart.

How He loved him. It would take all night to examine John, the beloved disciple. Oh, how much he thought of Him! In the sight of John, He was the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star, the Root and Offspring of David. John says He was the Light of the world. He says He was the Life of the world. He says He was the Resurrection and the Life. It would take a good while to go through John. We would have to go all through this gospel, then through the Epistles, and then through Revelation to find out what John thought of Jesus. Yes, he thought a good deal of Him. If you want to get a good idea of Jesus, read what John wrote, you need not get any of these infidel books. Read John. John was with Him all through His ministry. You could not have a better witness than John—that Galilean fisherman.

Here is another witness, and this witness ought to convince every skeptic. When I was in Baltimore, there was an atheist persuaded to come into the meeting by some friend. Said he, "just come in. I would like to have you come in. Of course you don't believe anything that is said, but just come in and see the audience." I happened to be preaching that night on this very subject, "What think ye of Christ?"

That atheist began to listen when I began to talk about Saul. "Now," said he, "I would like to hear what Saul has to say, because there was a time when Saul did not believe in Him. There was a time when Saul was

His bitterest enemy; and I would like to hear what that witness has to say." And he listened, and, thank God, he was convicted and converted, and I correspond with him now. He is one of the brightest lights in the whole city of Baltimore. I hope there will be some atheist converted here to-night.

Now, let us hear what this little tent maker of Tarsus has to say: "Paul, what think you of Christ?" Hear what he says: "I count all things but dung that I may win Christ." What did he care for this world? The fashion of it passes away. He had his eye fixed upon the Man on Calvary. He left the city of Jerusalem, where he was brought up, and where he held a high office. He left Gamaliel, and the whole of them, and he says, "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? . . . I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

Yes, that little tent maker thought a good deal of Him! The moment he got a glimpse of the Man who died on Calvary his heart was taken captive. From the time Christ met him at Damascus until he met his death at Rome, he was all in all for Christ. Every hair in his head was true for Christ. Every drop of his blood was for Jesus Christ. Every time his pulse beat, it beat true to the Man that is at the right hand of God. If you want to find out what Paul thought of Him, read some of his epistles. He thought every thing of Him. He thought nothing of himself. He had a good opinion of himself till he met Christ; but Christ was so much bet-

ter than he was, that he sank down and was nothing. When a man sees Jesus Christ, he will have something then to feed upon. He will not think what a great man he is. He will think what a mean, contemptible wretch he is in comparison with the Man that is at the right hand of God.

Well, I have other witnesses. There are a good many that would like to come and testify. This Bible is full of them. I might call up Zaccheus of Jericho. He could tell you a good deal about Christ. I might call up Mary Magdalena. She could tell you some wonderful stories about Jesus. I might call up Martha and Mary of Bethany, and their brother Lazarus. I would like to call up that man he met over there among the Gadarenes, out of whom he cast legions of devils. But we have not time to examine these witnesses. I think we have examined enough, haven't we? Isn't the jury satisfied that He was more than man; that he was God manifest in the flesh; that He was all He claimed to be?

But if you will pardon me, I would like to call your attention to this: We have something besides men. The angels were once, and only once, permitted to bear witness. A friend was telling me to-night that the angels have not the privilege of working that you and I have. Gabriel has not the privilege of coming down here and saving a soul to Christ. When Cornelius wanted to know the way of life, the angel had to tell him to send to Joppa, thirty miles away, and get Peter. But the angels had a chance once to tell what they thought of Jesus Christ. Those shepherds were, perhaps, half asleep there on the plains of Bethlehem, when all at once there came down a heavenly host all around, and the shepherds began to rub their eyes and look up. What a strain it must have been! What was it? "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all

people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." That is what they thought of Him. "A Savior." And then there was a great company—I don't know but the whole choir of heaven was down here right out on those plains, and they burst out, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Blessed gospel, my friends! Good tidings! Who will believe it to-night? Unto you—every soul in this house—unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior. And now the question is, What will you do with Him?

John, you know, says he was caught up once, and he heard a loud voice in heaven. It was a voice like the voice of many waters. It was "the voice of many angels round about the throne. The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, and they cried, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." That is what they think of Him up there.

Oh, let earth join with heaven to-night! Let all in this assembly join with that crowd around the throne, and let us say, "Worthy, worthy is the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world!" Oh, poor, vile sinner, come out from the world and join the hallelujahs of heaven to-night, and let us all shout together, "Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!" Isn't he worthy? What do you ministers of the Cross say? Isn't he worthy? Let us up and publish it! Let us out and tell the world of Him! The devil has been deceiving the world. The world does not know this Christ. And who shall publish Him if we don't? The world is perishing for the want of Jesus Christ. Let us go out into the world and tell it out.

Now, God forbid that I should speak in any careless

or any flippant way, but with all reverence let me say that there is one more witness that I want to bring in here to-night, and that is God the Father. As John stood on the banks of Jordan—and I can imagine there was an audience twice the size of this audience gathered around that wonderful preacher there on those banks, and he just held them breathless—when Jesus came forward and was baptized, as he came up out of that water there was a voice heard. Bible students tell us that the Jehovah of the old testament is the Christ of the new, and it is supposed by the best Bible students that for four thousand years, God the Father never broke the silence. From the time that Adam fell from the summit of Eden until Christ came at Jordan, God the Father had not broken the silence. But it is written in the book that He came to do God's will, and the moment he began his ministry God broke the silence of four thousand years. As Jesus came up out of the water a voice was heard saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Oh, if God is well pleased with Him, let us be pleased with Him. If the God of heaven is well pleased with Jesus, let us be pleased with Him.

Then on the Mount of Transfiguration, when Peter wanted to build three tabernacles, one for Moses, one for Elias and for Christ, putting Christ on a level with Moses and Elias, God Almighty came in a cloud and snatched Moses and Elias away, and left Christ alone, and he broke the silence again: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him." Hear Him.

Oh, may we hear the voice of the Son of God to-night calling us from the world and from ourselves, and may we think well of Him! Oh, let us think well of Christ, and let us go out and publish His name, and proclaim salvation to a perishing world!

PREACH THE GOSPEL.

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.—Mark xvi. 15.

I notice one young lady who is not paying attention. I have a text to-day that means everybody. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." That takes in that young lady that is thoughtless and careless. I am afraid she has not come here to hear the Word.

Now, the best part of the service, you know, is the text. There is really more power in this little text than all the hymns in the hymn book. There is more life, more power, in one word that Jesus Christ has said than in tons of the traditions of men and in all the sermons that may be preached.

Now, just let me call your attention to that text again. "And He said unto them, go ye into all the world." That means Cleveland. He might have had Cleveland in his mind when he said it. And the next verse says: "And he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

These are not the words of any prophet. He was a prophet, but he was more than a prophet. They are not the words of a man. They are the words of the God-man. Christ had faced the world and had conquered it It was resting under his feet. He had triumphed over the world. He had met Satan and had conquered him. He had met the cross and had conquered it. He had faced man's enemy, which is death, and conquered him. He

had gone down into the grave and had robbed the grave of its victory. Joseph's sepulcher lay behind him now, empty. It is the captain of our salvation sending out his warriors. Around him was gathered that handful of men that had been with him in his three years of ministry. You can see the tears tickling over their cheeks. He is now going to leave them. For three long years—three short years they must have been—they had been in his company; they had associated together. But now his work on earth was finished, as far as he was concerned. He must now go up on high and commence and carry on the glorious work that he had begun on earth.

In the sight of the world, these men he had around him were very weak and contemptible. There was not a mighty man among them. In the sight of the world there was not a great man among them. In the sight of the world they were unlettered, unlearned fishermen from Galilee, nearly all of them, and yet he sent them out as lambs among wolves. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Don't leave out one. Although the Gospel has been proclaimed now for upwards of eighteen hundred years and has been proclaimed in this country as in no other country under the sun for the past hundred years — there is hardly a child but has heard the Gospel proclaimed—yet I will venture to say there is not a word in the English language so little understood as the word gospel. I venture to say if I should ask this audience what that word means, there is not one out of ten that could tell. If I should say I was going to get off this platform and begin with this man there and go through the congregation and ask every one what it means, many of you would get up and run out of the house; you would not want to expose your ignorance. I think I had been a partaker of the Gospel ten years before I knew what the word meant. A great

many have an idea that the Gospel is the most doleful message that ever came into this world; and when you begin to proclaim it some men put on a face, as though you had brought a death warrant or an invitation to attend some funeral, or witness an execution, or go into some hospital where there is some plague. A great many people act as if they were to be struck with a plague the moment you begin to talk to them about the Gospel. The Gospel of the Son of God is the best news that ever came from heaven to earth—the best news that was ever heard by mortal man.

Now, if men really believed it, we should not have to preach and preach and beg and coax them to believe it. It don't take men long to believe good news; but the fact is that the god of this world has blinded us, so that what is good news men think is bad news. When the angel came to the shepherds upon the plains of Bethlehem, the angel said unto them, "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord." That is the Gospel. God has provided a Savior for man. When the world was lost and ruined, when there was no eye to pity, no hand to save, none to deliver, in the fullness of time God sent his own Son to redeem the world. That is the Gospel. The word Gospel means God's spell. It is a time God is not imputing unto men their trespasses and sins, but seeking to forgive them, bringing good news, glad tidings of great joy. Who will believe it to-day and be saved? In the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians Paul says: "I declare unto you the Gospel," and he goes on to tell what the Gospel was. "Christ died for our sins, according to the scriptures." That is what Paul called the scriptures. Christ died, not as a mere martyr, as some people tell us. He did not die just

to exhibit the love he had for the world. He did not die that he might convince men that He loved them. There was a deeper meaning in his death than that. He died, not as a martyr, as some people tell us, to show that he was willing to seal with His blood the principles and doctrines that he taught. Christ didn't die as Stephen did—a martyr—didn't die as that long line of martyrs have died—to defend the truth that Christ brought into the world. He died as man's substitute. Said he, "I lay my life down and I take it up again." This idea that some people tell us—that Christ could not help but die! For eighteen months before he died he was telling us that he was going up to Jerusalem and he should be delivered into the hands of the Gentiles, and he should be put to death, and on the third day he should rise again. For that purpose he came into the world—not only to live, but to die for the world—that through his death we might enter into eternal life.

I want to tell you why I think the Gospel is good news. It has taken out of my path four of the bitterest enemies that I have ever had, and not only my enemies, but the enemies of the whole human race—just swept them right out of the way, and they are gone.

The first enemy I want to speak of is sin. Now sin makes life bitter; sin makes our lives dark. Men may discuss about it, and they may deny it and talk as much as they are a mind to, but it don't change the fact. Sin has made your life and mine bitter. Not only your own sins, but the sins of your children, the sins of your friends, have brought you into many a dark hour and many a sore conflict, and when you take a look into the future and remember that it is written, "The soul that sinneth it shall die," and then read again, "That all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," there is not ing very sweet in the future with that in view. But the

Gospel comes and tells me that Jesus Christ came and died for sin; that Jesus Christ met the penalty for sin; that Jesus Christ came into the world for that very purpose, to put away sin; that "He was manifested to take away the sin of this world." "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Why, the prophet says, as he looks forward to that time, "Out of love to my soul he hath taken all my sin." I like that word "all"—not a part of them. If I had committed a hundred sins, and God only had forgiven me ninety-nine, I would be just as bad off as if he had not forgiven me any. I have got to have all sin put away before I can have peace and rest. "Out of love to my soul He hath taken all my sins and cast them behind his back." Not behind my back. Satan would get at them if they were there and bring them before me and torment me with them. But the prophet says, "Out of love to my soul He hath taken all my sins and cast them behind *His* back." How is the devil to get at them? He has got to get behind the Almighty's back before he can get at them. They will not trouble me if He has put them out of the way. That is good news, isn't it? That is what the Gospel tells me, that He has put away sin.

Another Bible illustration is that He has blotted them out as a cloud. Now, last night there were a great many clouds; you could not see a star some of the time. But if you look around this afternoon you cannot see a cloud. Can you tell me what has become of those clouds? Can any of your modern philosophers tell me where those clouds are? What has become of them? They are gone. You cannot find them. But the gospel tells me if I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ he will blot my sins as a thick cloud. That is good news, isn't it?

But, better still, we read over here in Ezekiel that

not one of them shall be mentioned." They are gone for time and for eternity. When God forgives it is thorough work. We talk about one forgiving, but we very often say, "Well, I will forgive you, but I won't forget it. I want you to remember that I will forgive you, but I won't forget it. I will remember that against you after all." That is not the way the Lord forgives. He says, "When I forgive I will not remember." To me that is one of the sweetest thoughts in the Bible. If the blood of Jesus Christ has atoned for my sins, they are covered for time and eternity; they are blotted out for time and for eternity; not one of them shall be mentioned. Is not that good news—to get sin out of the way?

Another Bible expression is, "I will remove them as far as the east is from the west." I don't know how far that is; can't find out—just as far as you can get them.

Another Bible expression is, "He will cast them into the sea of forgetfulness." A minister was telling me of his preaching from that text, and his little boy, ten years old, who heard the sermon, after they came home, said, "Pa, when you were talking about the Lord casting sin into the sea, you ought to have told them that sin was heavy like stones, and that it would drop out of sight, or they might think it would float about like corks on the top." But he casts them into the depths of the sea.

I think it was John Bunyan who said he was glad it was not a river, because a river might get dry. But He casts them into the sea, and into the depths of it. Ought we not to lift up our heads and rejoice to think that sin is put out of the way? It is gone for time and for eternity, for God has put it away.

Then another enemy is death. That has been conquered. When I was a little boy I used to look upon death as the most terrible thing in this world. I never

thought of it that I did not tremble, and the cold chills used to roll over me. In that little village in Massachusetts where I was born and brought up, it was the custom when a death occurred to toll the age of the person. If a man was ninety years old when he died, there were ninety strokes of the bell. I always used to count the strokes of that bell. When a person very old died I used to think, "Death is a good ways off." But sometimes death would come down into the teens, and then death used to seem nearer. Those times used to be times of darkness to me. Some nights I was afraid to go to bed—I was afraid of death. People may say I was a coward, but nevertheless I was afraid of death; it was so terrible to me. I remember the first time I put my hand on the face of a corpse. A cold chill went through me.

I remember once acting as pall-bearer to a schoolmate of mine, and I did not get over it for days and days. I used to look forward to that period as the darkest time of my life. But that is all gone now. As I go on through life I can say, "O death, where is thy sting?" and I hear a voice rolling down through the centuries, coming down from the cross of Christ, saying, "Buried in the bosom of the Son of God." He tasted death for every man. He took the sting of death in His bosom. Now, I can say, "O, death, where is thy sting?" If a hornet or a wasp should fly on your hand, you would be afraid it would sting. But if the sting was gone—if the sting was taken away—you would not be any more afraid of it than you would of a fly. That is just what Christ did. He took away the sting of death. Now, I have not got to die. This Adam life will pass away; this house I live in will be torn down; but I have "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The grave may get this Adam coil,

may get this house I live in, but I have got a new life as lasting as God himself. I have become a partaker of the divine nature. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." How is death going to touch that? Death has had his hand on Christ once; he never will again. Death may steal up on to this platform and lay his icy hand on me and take me away out of this body, but I shall be clothed with immortality; I shall see Him and be like Him. Instead of getting a body that is subject to sin, I get a body that sin cannot touch—a resurrected and glorified body. It is the Gospel that brings me such news. My friends, you had better believe it and get the benefit of it.

Then there is another enemy out of the way. I used to think the grave was the most dark and gloomy place in the world. But that gloom is all gone now; and when I lay away a friend in Christ, I go to the grave and lay him down there, and I can hear a voice coming up from the grave, "Because He liveth ye shall live also." Jesus Christ conquered the grave. He went down into the grave and measured its depths, and they laid him in Joseph's sepulchre; but on the third morning, the glorious resurrection morning, he rose again. He conquered the grave. The grave has no victory; it has lost its victory. So we can say now, "O, grave, where is thy victory?" The Son of God has robbed the grave of its victory. That is what the Gospel tells me That is good news, isn't it?

The last enemy is the judgment. I used to think it would be terrible to have to go up there before the great white throne and have all the sins I ever committed blazed out before the assembled universe. But now I find not one of them is to be mentioned. Not only that, but the judgment has already passed to the believer, and I was judged in Christ. Christ took my place. He died

in my stead. He suffered for my sins. He became the sinner's substitute. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." If Christ was punished for me, I am not going to be punished. God is not going to demand payment twice, is he? If a man owed me and some one else paid it I could not collect it from that man, could I? Now, Christ has paid the penalty. Christ has suffered for the sins of the world, and when I believe that, I need not fear the judgment.

But I can imagine some of you say, "What will you do with that passage where it says, 'Every one must give an account of the deeds done in the body?'" I think that is very plain. Paul there is writing to the church, and writing to believers, and that is an account of stewardship—a judgment for rewards. Every man will be brought into judgment for rewards. And some of you Christians that come into the church and live ten, fifteen or twenty years, and never lift your hand for Christ—hearers of the word, not doers—you don't think there will be much reward for you, do you? Some people want to know if there are degrees of reward in heaven. I think every cup will be full, but I think there will be some very small cups there. I think Paul will enjoy more than some Christians will. I think he will have greater capacity for enjoying than some of us Christians. But I think there will be a great many people who will just barely get into heaven. They have hardly lifted their voices for the Son of God. And yet if a man believes on the Lord Jesus Christ with his heart He has promised to give him eternal life. That is the beginning; that is the first step; and we cannot do a thing to please God until we do that—until we believe on His Son; and the

moment we believe with all our heart on His Son the new life begins, and it does not begin until we take that step; and if a man says, "I will not believe; I will not receive Jesus Christ as my Savior; I will not take Him as my way; I will not take Him as my truth; I will go and find some other way." I believe that man is making the mistake that we read of where it says: "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." The only way into the kingdom of God is this one way, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

Now, there is a universal offer. If any man says: "I don't like your Gospel, because it is too narrow,"—and I very often hear people say that—I just meet them with that text: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." There is a universal offer. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, all are to have the Gospel preached to them. And preach what? Why, that Christ died—that is the Gospel. I do not believe He wants us to come and preach to you the Gospel, and then does not give you power to believe it; do you? Do you think the Lord sends his messengers out all over the earth to preach his glorious Gospel and then has constituted man so he cannot believe it? That is what many people tell us. It was not many hours ago that that very thing was brought up—that some men are so constituted they cannot believe. Away with such doctrine! A man comes to me and wants to have me go to his house and take tea with him to-night. "I would like very much to go with you, sir, but the fact is, I can't go." "Have you got some other engagement?" "No." "Why can't you go then?" Well, I don't feel just like it." "What is the matter? Are you sick?" No, sir;

never was any better than I am now." "Well, what do you mean?" "Well, the fact is, I am so constituted I can't believe you want me." There is a good deal of sense in that, isn't there? So when the Gospel of the Son of God is preached, people say they are so constituted they can't believe it. Away with such doctrine! "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth"—and there the line is drawn. Men can believe if they will. It is not because men cannot believe; it is because men will not believe. "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." Some one has drawn the picture of Peter saying, "Lord, you don't really mean that. You don't mean that we should go back to Jerusalem and preach the Gospel to those men who murdered you." "Yes," says Christ, "I want to have you tarry in Jerusalem until the power comes, and preach to those Jerusalem sinners first. Let those men that murdered me have the Gospel preached to them first." "But, Lord, they may be so constituted they can't believe." "But you are going to preach the Gospel. That is your work. Go ye into all the world, and proclaim the Gospel to every creature." "What!" says Peter, "preach the Gospel to that man that drove those nails into your hands and feet?" "Yes, go and hunt up that man that drove those nails into my hands and my feet, and tell him that I forgive him freely; that I love him with an everlasting love; that I will give him a seat in my kingdom if he will believe on me. Go hunt up that man that drove that spear into my side, and tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that. Tell him that there is nothing but love in my heart for him, and that if he will believe on me, he shall have a seat in my kingdom. Go hunt up that man that brought that cruel crown of thorns and put it on my brow. Go tell him that if he will

believe on me I will put a crown on his head, and there shall not be a thorn in it. Go hunt up that man that spat in my face and tell him that I love him and that he can be saved if he will believe the Gospel and repent from his sins and turn unto me. Preach the Gospel to every creature." John Bunyan describes the scene, that when Peter stood up there on the day of Pentecost preaching and the crowd was flocking around him, one came up and said, "Peter, Peter, can I be saved? I am the man that spat in his face." "Yes," says Peter, "He told me to preach the Gospel to every creature, and that means you." Another comes pressing up through the crowd, "Peter, do you think there is any hope for me? Do you think I can be saved? I am the man that took that rod out of his hand and brought it down over that cruel crown of thorns. Can I be saved?" "Yes," says Peter, "He told me to preach the Gospel to every creature." Then comes the centurion, and he says, "I am the man that put Him to death. I had charge of the execution. I gave orders that those nails should be driven into His hands and feet. Peter can I be saved?" "Yes," says Peter, "He told me to preach the Gospel to every creature, and he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

My friends, is not that a universal offer? Is not that invitation extended to every creature? If a man in this gospel meeting is lost, whose fault is it? Is it God's fault? What more can He do for us than he has done? He sent His prophets, and we killed them. He sent His own Son, and we murdered Him. And after He had gone up on High, He sent the Holy Spirit to convict us of sin; and the Holy Spirit is here on the earth at the present time

So, my friends to-day you can believe the gospel if

you will. And the gospel is this: that Christ has come to meet your need. There is not a need that you feel in your heart to-day but that Christ can meet if you let Him. God sent Him here to meet man's need. "He healed all them that had need of healing." Do you need it? Is the heart heavy and sad on account of sin? Let Jesus Christ come to meet your need. He is so anxious to save men, you have not got to ask Him; He stands at the door of your heart now offering you salvation, and all you have to do is just to take it and live.

When I was in Glasgow a lady came to me and said, "Mr. Moody, you are all the time talking about take, take, take—all you have to do is to take—as though we were to take a gift. Is that word take in the Bible? I have been hunting through the Bible, and I can't find it anywhere." "Well, I am very glad to tell you it is here. I don't have to manufacture texts. It would take a lifetime, it would take a thousand years, to just begin to touch the texts in that book. We can't begin to use what we have got." She said, "I wish you would just show it to me." So I turned over into the last chapter of the Bible and read: "The Spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that heareth say, come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him *take* the water of life freely." That is broad enough, isn't it? I can imagine after the Lord got up to glory, He could see that after Paul wrote a few of his Epistles, some one would say, "I can't be saved, because I don't belong to the elect." He saw that some one was going to stumble over the doctrine of election. So the Lord came down one Sunday—John was in the Spirit on the Lord's day there on Patmos; and John and his Master got together;—can't tell whether it was in Patmos or in heaven. The Lord came to John and said, "Now, John you just write these things." And he began to

write; and he kept on writing. "Now," says he, "before you seal it, put in one more invitation so broad that there shall not be a man in the world that will think he is left out." He might have seen some one down here in Cleveland stumbling over the doctrine of election. So He worded the invitation so that every man would be included. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come." The church is the bride; and the Spirit of God unites with the church and says, "Come." "And let him that heareth say, Come." If you have heard it, take up the cry and ask others. "And let him that is athirst Come." Some people say, "I am deaf and I can't hear." A great many people say they are not thirsty enough. They say they are anxious to be anxious. Isn't that a strange statement. "I am anxious to be anxious." And so they think they are not thirsty enough. "Let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst Come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." And if God Almighty, maker of heaven and earth says, "Let him Come," who is going to stop him? All the devils in hell could not stop that little boy there from coming and taking the water of life to-day if he will. There is nothing to hinder you if you will. The Lord will give you legions of angels to help you take the water of life if you want it. You can take the water of life to-day. You can be blessed to-day if you will. You can have every sin of your life swept out of your way, and get victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil to-day if you will.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to *every* creature." That means every one of us here. The question is to-day, What will you do with the gospel of the Son of God? What will you do with this offer? He comes to every person here and says, "I want to forgive you. I want to bless you." Now, you can

spurn the offer, you can refuse it, or you can let Him bless you.

I read an account some time ago of a man in Russia who became a wild, reckless prodigal. His father was very rich, and his father got him a commission in the army. He thought if he sent him away from his old associates he might reform. That is a mistake a great many people make. They think if they can get them away from their old comrades they will break off from their sins. You can't get away from the sin that is in you. Christ is the only one that can give you victory over sin. This father put his boy in the army in the hope that it might do him good. But he went on a great deal worse in the army than when he was out. He gambled and spent all the money he could get hold of and all he could borrow. The laws of that country are very rigid about the payment of debts. If a man can not pay his debts he has to go to prison. This young man had been gambling and got in debt, and he had got to the end of his rope, as we would say. He could not go any further. And one night he sat in the barracks—he had to meet that day, and there was only one way he could meet the debt. He could sell his commission; but if he sold his commission he would have to go home in disgrace, and meet his old associates and that loving father. His heart was broken. He was coming to himself, and beginning to see what he had brought himself to. So he sat down there in his barracks that night and took a piece of paper and a pen and began to put down his debts, and reckoned up to see where he was. He put down a long column and footed it up. It was a large amount; and one of the largest debts had to be met the next day. He wept like a child over that account, and wrote underneath, "Who is to pay the debt?" and then laid his head down upon his desk and

wept, and at last he went to sleep. That night the Czar of the Russias, dressed in disguise, passed through the barracks to see what the soldiers were doing, and he came into this man's barracks and found him asleep. His candle was burning very faintly. It was very late in the night. The Czar took up that paper, and he suspected what it meant. He could see the marks of dissipation upon the young man. He took up his pen and wrote right underneath, the word "Nicholas," and passed on. When the young man awoke from his sleep, what was his surprise to see that signature,—"Nicholas." What does this mean? That is the hand-writing of the Emperor. How came it here? He could not make out what it meant. But early the next morning the Emperor sent the money around and the debt was paid.

I simply tell you this as an illustration. You can just put down all your sins from childhood up that you can think of, and write right underneath, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son cleanseth from all sin." That is the gospel. His blood was shed for that very purpose, and your sins can be covered to-day if you will have them covered up. You can be saved this hour if you will. You can believe the gospel and be saved to-day if you will.

HEAVEN.

A great many people have an idea that we know nothing about the future state, and that we are to be left in darkness. A great many professed Christians will talk as if it was all speculation the moment you begin to talk to them about the future, and about Heaven.

Now, I firmly believe if the Lord had wanted us to be in darkness about the future, there would not have been anything in Scripture about it. If the Lord had not wanted us to study the Scripture and find out anything about Heaven, it wouldn't have been recorded. I believe that all Scripture is given by inspiration, and that all is profitable from one end of the Bible to the other; and if persons that are in darkness about heaven would just take up a concordance and the Bible and go from one end of the Bible to the other, and see what is in scripture about heaven, I think they would be perfectly amazed.

When I was in Dublin I heard of a man there who never had looked into the Bible, but he had lost his only son, and every night after that that man could be seen in his little cottage with a light searching the Bible. Every hour he could get away from his business he was looking into the word of God. Some one asked him what he was doing it for, and he said he was trying to find out where his Johnny had gone.

I suppose all this congregation have departed friends, and I think we ought to be interested enough to know where they have gone. When I was in Great Britain

I met fathers and mothers that had sons in this country, they were very anxious to hear about this country, they would listen for hours if I would talk to them about this country, because they had loved ones here.

A minister lost his child and a brother minister came to the funeral to officiate, and when he got through the father got up and said that years ago he used to look out across the river that flowed in front of his house. He looked over on the other side of the river and he said there were people there he did not know; he took no interest in that community because they were strangers to him; but one day his daughter went over there to live; she left the home and was married and settled down, and he said when that child went over there to live he became suddenly interested in that community; and said he "Now I have got another child who has gone over another river, and heaven seems dearer to me to-day than it ever has before."

The trouble is we are so busy in this world; we have so much to think about, so many cares, so much pleasure, so much of the world, that we don't stop to think about where we are going or what our future state is to be.

Now, to-day let us remember that it is not all speculation—that it is not all fiction. We have associated with skeptics and unbelievers so much that we even doubt the existence of heaven. We don't believe that it is real. I don't think we would have to urge men to let go of the things of time if they really believed that these things were eternally true, and that Christ has really gone to prepare a place for us.

I remember, soon after I was converted, an infidel got hold of me, and he wanted to know how it was that when I prayed I always addressed my prayer as if God was above me. He said that God was in every place as

much as in another—that God was everywhere. I did not know much about my Bible then, and I must confess I was a little confused the next time I went to pray, and it seemed as if I was praying to space—just to the air; it seemed as if I hadn't any one to pray to. I could not locate God. But since I have got better acquainted with my Bible, I find that it is right for us when we approach the throne of mercy to locate God. Heaven is a location. This idea that heaven is everywhere and nowhere is coming from the evil one. It is a doctrine that has been taught by those that believe that there is no heaven.

Now just turn for a moment to the twenty-sixth chapter of Deuteronomy, and fifteenth verse: "Look down from thy holy habitation, from heaven, and bless thy people in Israel, and the land which thou hast given us, as thou swearest unto our fathers, a land that floweth with milk and honey."

Heaven, I believe is as much a place as Cleveland is. I believe that it is located, and that God has a dwelling place. To be sure we say that God is here with his Spirit, the same as we say the sun has been shining in Cleveland; but the astronomers tell us the sun is ninety-five millions of miles away. But we must bear in mind that God is a person, and if He is a person, He must have a dwelling place. Now, we find here in this chapter we just read that Moses prayed that God would look down from heaven.

Then we find in the prayer of the Lord Jesus, "Our Father which art in heaven"—not on earth, but "which art in heaven."

Then we find in Revelation that it is called a city, and we finding Abraham looking for "that city which hath foundation, whose builder and maker is God." He believed that was real. The well watered plains of Sodom did not have any attractions for Abraham. Why?

Because with the eye of faith he saw a better country—a city that has not any cemetery. Think of that! There is no such city as that on this continent. If there could be a city found in this world that had not a cemetery, what a rush there would be to it. Not only that, but it is a city where sin cannot enter. Think of that! Nothing that defileth shall enter that city. It is a city where sorrow is a stranger, and where tears never flow. A city without tears—think of that! Think of the tears that have flowed in this city! Think of the sorrow that is represented by this audience to-day! If each one could open his own heart and tell out his own sorrows what a dark book it would make, wouldn't it? How filled with sorrow and with burdens! In that city there shall be no sorrow; there shall be no tears, and there shall be no death there. Death will be a stranger. Ah! What a city! Is not that worth living for? Some general said when he came in sight of Damascus, and the people fled and left the city, "If they will not fight for that city what will they fight for?" And if men will not live for heaven what will they live for?

Let us look a moment at John's description of that place—Revelation xxi. 21: "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl. And the street of the city was pure gold, as if it were transparent glass, and I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it; and the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there." On a little gravestone in a cemetery where a blind child was buried was put these words.

"No night." She lived in perpetual night here—in perpetual darkness; but the thought that filled her mind, that animated her and lifted her up out of her troubles and sorrows was that she was going to a land where there was no night. "And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth; neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie, but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

There is a great difference between the heaven's and the earthly paradise. In this earthly paradise we find Adam driven out, but we shall go no more out forever. We find Adam driven away from the Tree of Life, but in this city we shall have a right to the Tree of Life, and we shall eat of that Tree and live forever. We cannot be tempted there. In this earthly paradise Adam was tempted and lost all. The tempter will be shut out of that city. Nothing that defileth can enter there. Thank God for what is in store for those that will put their trust in him!

But I have had this question raised: What does Paul mean about the third heaven? Are there three degrees? Now, the Hebrews in their writings acknowledge three heavens. The first was where the showers come and where the birds fly. The second was the firmament where the sun, moon and stars are. The third was the dwelling place of God. When Paul spoke about the third heaven that is what he meant.

Now turn for a moment to Second Chronicles seventh chapter, twelfth verse: "And the Lord appeared to Solomon by night and said unto him 'I have heard thy prayer, and have chosen this place to myself for an house of sacrifice. If I shut up heaven that there be no rain, or if I command the locusts to devour the land, or if I send pestilence among my people, if my people,

which are called by my name, shall humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and forgive their sin and will heal their land. Now mine eyes shall be open, and mine ears attent unto the prayer that is made in this place.'" We find that God says here, "I will hear prayer that is offered in this place." If he brings famine and pestilence upon the land on account of their backsliding and on account of their sins, if they will humble themselves and confess their sins and turn from them, then, He says, 'I will hear in heaven, my dwelling place, and I will answer their prayer and I will turn their captivity." I believe that God has done that all these thousands of years. Every time we have wandered away from God, and the heavens seem to be shut, and we seem to have no communion with God, it is because some sin has come in and God has hid his face. And what we want in the church to-day is to turn from our sins back to God and he will hear our cry; and he will give us abundance of rain. God is not so far away but that he can hear prayer. There has been a good deal of speculation about the distance from this earth to heaven. People often try to find out something about it. If we don't know just the distance there is one thing we do know, and that is that it is not so far but God can hear a poor sinner pray. There is never a tear shed on this earth but God has seen it. There never has been a sigh but God has heard it. When Daniel besought that he might understand his vision, Gabriel appeared in his presence to interpret it before he had finished his prayer. Heaven is not so far away after all. If we are living right, we will be so near heaven that we will get communications from there very often. We find the publican going up into the temple made a very short prayer, but it was long enough to

reach heaven, and he went down to his house justified. We find again, when Solomon dedicated the Temple—First Kings eighth chapter, thirteenth verse—he prays, "Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling place."

If I was going off to Australia, or Japan, or some other foreign country, to spend the rest of my days, I would want to know all about the climate and all about the society. I would want to know all about the advantages of that country if I did not expect to live there more than ten, fifteen or twenty years. We know we do not live but a little while. Life is but a vapor. It is but an inch of time as eternal ages roll on. A few more rolling suns and we are landed into an other world.

Now, the question is, who are we going to have for society there? We are clearly taught in these passages and a good many others that God the Father is there, and that he is a person, that he has a location, that he lives in Heaven, and that we shall see Him and be with Him, because we find all through the scriptures that Christ is with the Father, and They are one, and His prayer was that His disciples might be with Him.

In the seventh chapter of Acts and the fifty-fifth verse you will find that Christ is there. The disciples saw Him when He went up. People say we should not look upon God as being above us. Christ went up. A cloud received Him out of their sight; and those men of Galilee stood there gazing up into Heaven. Two men came down, and they said, "Why stand ye gazing up into Heaven, for this same Jesus whom ye seek was taken up from you into Heaven, and so shall he come in like manner.

Now, we find in the seventh chapter of Acts that Stephen, the first martyr that laid down his life—that was willing to seal his testimony with his blood—when they were stoning him and he was fighting, as it were,

the battle of life single-handed and alone, he was testifying and there could not any one resist his testimony—it was so perfectly overwhelming, so powerful; the mighty Spirit of God resting upon him, they could not resist his testimony; and while he was giving a clear testimony for the Son of God, standing up here in this dark world for Christ, he saw heaven opened and he saw Christ sitting at the right hand of God. I can imagine, as I see Stephen fighting, single-handed and alone, the Son of God stood up to give him a welcome. He had not forgotten his disciples down here. He is still interested in His church on earth, and when Stephen gave such a good confession, I can imagine that the Son of God stood up to watch the conflict and to give him a welcome. Heaven is not so far away, is it? It was not so far but that Stephen could look from Jerusalem right into heaven. Some people think that this was his imagination, but it was a glorious imagination, was it not? Many men were fired by Stephen's zeal to go and lay down their lives for the Gospel. Would to God we had men in these days that had such courage for Christ that they would be willing to die, if need be, rather than give up the truth?

Now, we have Christ there. I believe that is what is going to make heaven so attractive. It will not be the jasper walls and the pearly gates, and its streets paved with transparent gold. We know nothing about the kind of gold they have up there. It is transparent gold, and it is very common. But that is not what is going to make heaven so attractive. What will make heaven so attractive will be the loved ones that are there. What is it that makes your home and mine so dear? Is it because we have them well furnished? Ah, that is not it. You go up on this avenue into the most gilded palace there, and you take one, two or three out of the family,

and it becomes a gilded sepulcher, and men say; "I don't want to live there any longer; I have got tired of it." It is not your beautiful grounds and your beautiful pictures on the wall, your beautiful works of art, that make home. That is not it. It is the loved ones that are there. I remember after being away from home sometime, I went back to see my widowed mother and found her not at home. I had longed to get there but home had lost its charms. What did I care for home if mother was not there? She was the loved one. And what is going to make heaven so attractive are those that are there. We shall see God who gave up his son and see the Lord Jesus himself. It seems to me, if God will permit me to get just one look at Him it will pay me for all I have done down here.

There was a friend telling me when I was in Brooklyn of a father whose wife was very sick, and their little child was not old enough to understand about the sickness and it was troubling the mother, so they took the child away to one of the neighbors. The child never had been separated from the mother before that, and it kept teasing to be taken home. The mother kept growing worse and they could not take it home. At last the mother died, and they talked it over and thought it best to let the child remember the mother as she saw her alive, and the mother was buried without the little child seeing her. They then took the child home, and the moment the child got into the house she ran into the parlor and cried "mamma, mamma." But mamma was not there. And she went from one room to another, all over the house. Went to the closet where her mother sometimes took her to pray, looked in there. Then she began to weep and said, "take me back." Home had lost all its sweetness, all its attraction. What would heaven be without Christ? What would heaven be without God,

who gave up Christ for us? It is the loved ones that are there. That is what will make heaven so attractive.

I think, if we thought more of heaven and those that are there we would not be so earthly minded. We would remember that we are merely passing through this earth; we will only be here a night, as it were; we will soon be in another world.

But not only are we going to see God the Father and Christ the Son there, but we are told that angels are there. I have not got time to call your attention to many passages, but we find in the eighteenth chapter of Matthew and the 10th verse, that Christ says "that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." We will have good society when we get there. We will have the society of the angels, not fallen angels, but those angels that are pure and holy. Then in another place it says that the angels of heaven do not know the time that God has appointed. And then Gabriel, when Zachariah doubted his word—Gabriel had never been doubted before; he had come from a world where there were no lies, no deception, no fraud; and I suppose he did not understand Zachariah when he doubted his word. Zachariah could not believe that he was to be the father of John the Baptist, and he wanted some token. "Why," says Gabriel, "I am Gabriel, who standeth in the presence of the Almighty." He had never been doubted before. "You want a token do you? Well, I will give it to you: You shall not speak until that child is born." Struck dumb for nine months! Some people want some other token, some other evidence that God's word is true besides the Bible. Let us not ask for any other token. God has said it, that is enough. Has he not said it and shall he not make it good? Take away the Bible from the earth and the earth becomes dark as midnight.

Then not only are the angels there, but I believe that

the saints, those that have died in Christ, are there. There is a class of people who say that the soul becomes unconscious and sleeps until the resurrection. I cannot believe that. There is another class of people who tell us that in fact there is no hereafter at all, and that when we die that is the last of us. I will not take up those things now, but I just want to call your attention to a few passages of scripture that I think will help us. A great many people are anxious to know where their loved ones are and whether we shall know them when we see them again. There is one passage of scripture that always settles that in my mind: "I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness." If I want to know my friends I will know them because He will satisfy me. There will not be one solitary want that God will not gratify then. Moses and Elias were known on the Mount of Transfiguration. They had not lost their identity. I think there is no doubt about our knowing our friends there, and I think we shall love them better there and we shall be forever with them. No separation takes place in that city.

But now let us look at the twelfth chapter of John and the twenty-sixth verse: "If any man serve Me let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be; if any man serve Me, him will My Father honor." Now, I not do think that death is going to separate us. I do not think that I am going to be with Christ and work for Him for twenty, or thirty, or forty years and then be separated from Him. I believe the Apostles are with Him. They may not be satisfied yet, because they have not got their resurrected bodies.

Let us turn to the 17th chapter of John and the 4th verse, that wonderful prayer, the last prayer that he made here with his disciples: "Father, I will that they also whom thou has given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me,

for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." Now if a man receive eternal life when he is converted, and that is what God says he receives, how are you going to bury eternal life in the grave? All the undertakers in the world could not build a coffin big enough to bury eternal life. That life cannot go into the grave. That life cannot sleep until the resurrection. It is life without end—eternal life, and that cannot die. Death has had his hands on Jesus Christ once; he never will have his hand on Him again. He tasted death once. He conquered death. He bound him hand and foot. He went down into the grave and overcame him. Now, if I have got Christ's life in me, how is death going to touch that life? It does not say I am going to get eternal life when I die, nor at the general resurrection. "He that believeth on the Son hath life." I have not got to wait. "He that believeth on the Son hath life"—H-a-t-h; hath—present tense.

I think Paul did not have the idea that his soul was going to be in the grave eighteen hundred years. His body has been in the grave now eighteen hundred years. Do you think that a man that lived with his Master as Paul did, and went through what he did, has been away from the Lord and in an unconscious state these eighteen hundred years? It don't sound like it when he wrote to those Philippians, "For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be"—in the grave eighteen hundred years? The idea of his soul going down into the grave with those worms never entered his mind, "For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." Absent from the body, present with the Lord. The day that Nero took his head the Son of God took his soul into glory with him. There is no doubt about that. "If this earthly house is dissolved I have a building not made with hands, eternal in

the heavens." This idea that death is going to separate [redacted] from the Master we want to dismiss now and forever.

I got [redacted] card some time ago from a friend of mine in London that lost [redacted] very dear mother; and instead of putting on the card [redacted] black border, [redacted] most of those English people do, he put on gold. They talk about that city being paved with gold. Why shouldn't we put on gold instead of black. I think it is [redacted] great deal better. His sainted mother had gone up on high. It says here on this card:

O! call it not death, 'tis life begun,
For the waters are passed, and home is won:
The ransomed spirit hath reached the shore,
Where they weep and suffer and sin no more.

She is safe in her Father's house above,
In the place prepared by her Savior's love,
To depart from the world of sin and strife,
And to be with Jesus; yes, this is life!

In that same letter he sent [redacted] another little card, "The Voice from Heaven," as if his mother had spoken back from that world. I suppose many of you have seen it, but it is worth reading [redacted] good many times. I have read it [redacted] number of times

I shine in the light of God;
His likeness stamps my brow.
Through the valley of death my feet have trod;
I reign in glory now.

If we have friends that have gone over the river, let us not be mourning, but let [redacted] go out and work for the Master.

No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek where the frequent tear,
Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have reached the joys of heaven;
I [redacted] one of the sainted band:
For my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

I have heard the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath [redacted] free.

Ah, think of that new song! the song of Moses and the Lamb! I am afraid, Mr. Sankey, they will not want to hear you, that song will be much sweeter than any you sing—that chorus of a hundred and forty-four thousand. We must learn to like music down here. I pity a professed Christian who does not like music. It is the only thing we know of their doing up there. It is the occupation of Heaven.

I have heard the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath set free;
And the glorious walls of heaven ring
With my new born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain,
Safe in my happy home,
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph is come.

O, friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
Ye are watching still in the valley of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? O, no,
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below
Till they meet and touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war
And the storms of conflict die?

Then why should your tears run down,
And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Savior's crown,
Another star in Heaven?

When that man sent me those little cards I said, "Really he has got the right idea. It is life after all. She has just gone up there to live forever—gone into a world where death can never come."

So if we take this idea of it, that a new life is simply

that we cannot die, cannot perish, that we are going to live forever with him, then we see that enemy is out of the way. I had a little child in my Sunday-school district, whose father and mother were infidels, and they said to me the last time I was talking with them, that they didn't know where it was that child heard the name of God, unless it was when the father blasphemed. The little child was so young it could not speak its own name. Its name was Julia. The friends were gathered around its couch and the little child, as they thought had died and they stood there weeping. Its eyes were closed, but all at once the little child opened them, when a beautiful glow was noticed in them, and reaching up both hand, she said, "Dulia is tumin', Dod, Dulia is tumin'," and passed away. Who taught that little child there was a God? I believe the Lord Jesus lifted the curtain and that little child saw God, saw God the loving Father ready to take it to His bosom. So, my friends, let us believe that when our loved ones, our little ones pass away, the Savior has a place for them and He will take better care of them than we can, and they are with Him.

A friend was telling me some time ago, and it burned into my heart as a father, he said a man had a son that was sick, but he did not consider him dangerously ill. He went down to the store as usual and when he came home at noon he found his wife weeping, and he said, "what is the trouble?" She said, "There has been a great change in our boy, since you left this morning. I am afraid it is death. I wish you would go in and see him, for if it is death I can't tell him." The mother thought the little boy would be afraid of death. The father went in and sat down on the edge of the bed and placed his hand upon the forehead of the boy. He could feel the cold, damp sweat of night gathering and

he said to him, "My son, do you know you are dying?" "No, father, is this death I feel stealing over me?" "Yes, you are dying." "Will I die to-day?" "Yes, my son you cannot live until night." The little fellow smiled and said, "I will be with Jesus to-night, won't I father?" The father said, "Yes, my boy, you will be with the Savior to-night." The father turned his head to conceal the tears. The little boy saw the tears trickling down his father's face, and he said, "Father, don't weep for me, when I get to heaven, I will go right straight to Jesus and I will tell Him that ever since I can remember you have tried to lead me to Him."

Oh, how sweet to have our children go away from earth feeling that there is one that will take care of them and provide for all their wants and keep them safe until we get home! Oh, may God help us to live for Heaven, so that our children shall have confidence in what we profess! That they may believe there is a future state; that there is a Heaven for them. And let me say, if there is a father or mother here to-day that is without Jesus Christ, that has no hope beyond the grave, won't you just seek Him to-day, and set you heart and affections on things above?

HEAVEN.—No. 2.

We find in the tenth chapter of Luke and twentieth verse that the names of all the disciples are recorded above. He sent out two by two "other seventy also." They went into the different towns and villages. They were elated with their success, and rejoiced, for the very devils were subject to them. They were gifted with the spirit of Almighty God. But Christ seems to have objected to this spirit of rejoicing in them. He says, "Rather rejoice that your names are written in heaven." Some say, "If we are not saved until the judgment day how can our names be already written in heaven." A friend once told me that in China they had two books in their courts, one that they called the book of death and the other the book of life, and whenever a criminal was sentenced to death and executed, his name was put down in the book of death, and when he is found not guilty his name is recorded in the book of life.

Every man, woman and child in this audience to-day have their names written in the book of death and the book of life. When we are born of God we pass from death unto life. Now as I said the other day, it is the privilege of a child of God to know. Where there is doubt about any important question there can be no rest. If you have a child sick, hanging in the balance between life and death, there is no rest, no peace, as long as you are uncertain whether it will get well or not. If I get on a train to go to a certain city, and I can not tell whether the train is going to that or some other city,

there is no rest, no peace. And this idea that we can not tell whether we are going to heaven or hell is a false idea. The moment you begin to talk to some people about names being written up in heaven they turn up their noses and say, "Don't talk about that stuff to me —about names being written in heaven as if they kept books there." When a man cavils I always go right to the Word of God and take my stand right on scripture. There is considerable in scripture about names being written in the Book of Life. I was amazed when I came to hunt it up to find a passage in the prophecy of Daniel about the Book. If you will turn to the twelfth chapter of the prophecy of Daniel and the first verse you will find: "And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people, and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time; and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the Book."

Then I find Paul writing down to those Philippians at Philippi, that town where they had given him such cruel treatment. "And I entreat thee also, true yoke fellow, help those women which labored with me in the Gospel, with Clement also, and with other, my fellow-laborers, whose names are in the Book of Life."

It is not only our privilege so to live that other people may know that our names are written in the Book of Life.

I had a friend coming back from Europe a few years ago, and as the party were coming down from London to Liverpool, they made up their minds to go to the Northwestern Hotel. When they got there they found the hotel had been full for days, and they could not accommodate them. My friend found all the company taking up their satchels and starting off, and they said to

her, "Are you going with us over to this other hotel? No," she said, "I am going to remain here." "Why,' they said, "there is not any room, the hotel is full.' "O," she said, "I have got a room." "How did you get it?" "Why, I sent my name on ahead." That is just what Christians are doing. They are sending their names on ahead, They are giving a little thought to the other life. There is another life beyond this, and what Christians are doing is taking a little thought about the future and not spending all their time and energy upon things of time. Everything that we seek, everything that we handle down here is transitory, but the things of the world to which we are going will endure forever.

Now, I want to call attention to a few more passages about names being written in the Book of Life, Revelation thirteenth chapter, eighth verse: "And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him"—that is, anti-Christ—"whose names are not written in the Book of Life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." That dividing line is going to be drawn by and by. Then it will appear who is for God, and who is against Him; and every man whose name is not written in the Book of Life will bow down to the anti-Christ, the Beast, and worship him. The quicker that time comes the better. I am tired of seeing people trying to be on both sides of this question. I believe we are suffering more to-day from people inside of the church, unconverted, than from any other class of people—people who profess to be disciples of Jesus Christ, and yet are living in the world, like the world, and for the world, and who care for nothing else.

There is another passage I want to call your attention to, Revelation twentieth chapter, twelfth verse: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and

the books were opened, which is the Book of Life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." That is a judgment of stewardship. One shall be made ruler over five cities and another over ten, and I am afraid, some will not have any; they will just barely get into the kingdom of God and get life; that is all you can say. They will get into heaven as Lot got out of Sodom, by the skin of his teeth. His works were all burned up. There are a good many Lots and Sodoms at the present time. You will not have to go out of Cleveland to find them. Everything they have done, everything they do, is going to be lost. They are time servers. They cannot look beyond this life.

Then again in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, twenty-seventh verse, we read: "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie." It is astonishing to hear people talk. Only yesterday I heard people say they were going to heaven without regeneration, without being born of the Spirit, without being converted. In other words, they might just as well say, "I am going to heaven whether God will have me there or not." If a man does not give up his skepticism, his unbelief, his sins, he cannot enter that city. These are almost the last words in Scripture—the last chapter but one, "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life." It is a very important question. It is a question we ought to have settled in our minds. "Is my name written in the Book of Life?" "Oh, well," you may say, "my name is on the church record." I think a good many people have their names on the church record that have not got them in the Book of Life. You

may have your name on twenty church records and not have it in the Book of Life. The question is, Have I been born of the Spirit? Have I been born again? Have I been born from above? Have I passed from death unto life? If I have not, it is clearly taught that I will not enter into the kingdom of God. "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of God." That is what Christ said to the moralists of his day. "Except ye become converted, and become as a little child"—that is really nothing in your own sight—"ye cannot see the kingdom of God." Heaven, some one has said, is filled with twice-born people—born of the flesh and born of the Spirit.

We are told in this blessed book what causes joy in heaven. What causes joy in heaven is one sinner repenting—one sinner being born into the kingdom of God. Only think that a man or woman, or even a little child, that is here in this audience to-day may cause joy in heaven by repenting and turning to God.

The next thing we have got in heaven is the treasures. We will turn now to the Sermon on the Mount. You will find out what Christ says about treasures: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where your treasure is there will your heart be also." If our treasures are earthly, we will be earthly minded; if our treasures are heavenly, we will be heavenly minded. It does not take more than ten minutes to find out where a man's treasure is. Talk to a man who has his heart set on money and tell him about some business that he can go into to make a few hundred dollars, and

how quick his eye will light up. Talk to a politician; tell him how he can get a seat in the United States Senate, see his eye light up. It does not take long to tell where a man's heart is. His heart is where his treasure is. If his treasure is down here you can soon tell. Talk to a lady of fashion—one of what they call the upper ten—that is, the world's idea of the upper ten. The upper ten, the best circle, is really up there around the throne. It is not down here on your avenues. The best people that ever trod this earth are in heaven; they are with the King. Take this so-called upper ten and talk to them about the latest fashion, the latest style of dressing the hair, the latest fashion of dress and clothes, and see their eye light up. They will talk about these things for hours; their hearts are there. But the fashion of this world passes away. If a man sets his heart upon anything on this earth he is going to be disappointed. The reason this country to-day is so full of disappointed people is because they have been building for time instead of for eternity.

A bedridden saint, one of those saints that God is polishing up for his temple, was lying upon her bed watching the birds as they came in the spring to build their nests, and one bird came and built its nest so very low that every day she said, "Oh, bird, build higher, build higher." But she could not make the bird understand, and it went on and built its nest very low. After the little birds were hatched she watched the mother bird feed them. One morning she looked out and saw that the nest was torn to pieces. The cat had destroyed it and killed the old bird and the young ones. What you and I want to do is to build higher.

Let us look at the first four verses of the third chapter of Paul's letter to the Colossians: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above,

where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." That is what Scripture teaches. When our soldiers were in the army, they never thought of building palaces down there in the South. A tent was good enough for them. Now, you and I are pilgrims. We are travelers; we are only here a little while, and a tent is good enough for us. That is all Abraham had. The well watered plains of Sodom had no temptation for him. He had something better. I pity those men who are building these very fine mansions and laying the foundation so deep and broad, as though they were to live forever. About the time they get ready to move in they are called away. Some of them are called away before they get in. They have gone to another world.

When I was out on the Pacific coast, the first Sunday I was there I went to Sunday-school. It was a very rainy day and but few children were there. The superintendent said to me that as so few were there he thought he would dismiss the school, and asked me if I didn't think it was a good idea. I told him I thought not; that we ought to make it interesting for those that did come. Then he said the teachers were not there. I told him to put them all in one class. He asked me if I would teach it. I asked him what the lesson was, and found it was this passage: "Lay up treasures for yourselves in heaven." I thought anybody could talk upon that, especially in California. There was a blackboard there, and I had written upon it, first, a list of earthly treasures as they were named by the school. I asked what the people of California thought most of. They said "gold," so we put down gold. "Anything else?" "Land."

"Put down land." "What else?" "Houses." "What else?" "Pleasure." "Put down pleasure." "What else?" "Honor." "Yes, that is correct. Put down honor. Any others?" Some one said "business," and that was put down. "Anything else?" One little fellow said "rum." I said, "Put that down," You laugh at it, but there are many men that will sell heaven with all its glory for a rum bottle. They worship a rum bottle. You will not have to go out of Cleveland to find men who bow down to a rum bottle. Then they went on naming other things—fast horses. That is a treasure. Some men think more of fast horses than they do of the kingdom of God.

"Now," I said, let us look at the heavenly treasures and put them opposite. What is the very sweetest thing there is in heaven?" One little boy with his eyes dancing in their sockets said "Jesus." "That is right." I said, "we will put Him at the head of the list." "What is the next?" "Angels." I said: "Put that down. What next?" "The river of life, the crown, the crown of righteousness, the crown of glory, mansions," and so on, naming the many treasures. There was one teacher in that Sunday-school that was there who was an unconverted young man. He said he had come to California to make a fortune, and he said after we had all those treasures written down on the blackboard: "How blind I have been! I have been seeking for earthly treasures, and neglecting those heavenly treasures." And he was converted that very hour.

Some time ago when I was going to New Orleans, two ladies got on the same train I did at Chicago, and took seats behind me. One of the ladies lived at Cairo and the other at New Orleans; and the Cairo lady became very much attached to the New Orleans lady, and when we arived at Cairo she said, "I wish you would stop

over at Cairo and spend a few days with me." "Well," the other lady replied, "I would like to, I would enjoy your society very much, but my trunks have all gone on the train ahead of me, and I haven't got clothes I would like to appear in society in. These clothes are good enough to travel in, you know." Ah, I took a hint. These clothes are good enough to travel in any how. I am on my way to heaven, and took in Cleveland on my route. We only stay here for a night, and pass on. We are traveling to the New Jerusalem. On a tombstone there was a beautiful thought. "The inn of a traveler to the New Jerusalem." We are travelers to the New Jerusalem, and if we don't find everything down here just as we want it we shall be satisfied then. We can afford to wait. We need not borrow trouble about life here. We want to lay up treasures in heaven.

People make a mistake when they think the church is a place of rest. We are going to rest by and by. We don't want to be talking about rest down here.

I want to call your attention next to the fact that our reward is in heaven, and not here. God's people make the great mistake of looking for a reward down here. They are still looking for a reward down here. Let us remember that the reward is beyond. I have noticed that that is the case with almost every one of God's people—they look for reward down here. God does not propose to reward his children here. He is to reward them up yonder. We are to work here. When we are done he will say: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." You will then have a seat at His right hand. The reward will be great, he says. If God calls the reward great, what kind of a reward will it be? If the great God says so, won't it be a wonderful reward? Instead of looking for reward and honor here, let us look beyond for it. See what Paul says

to Timothy, "For there will be for me a crown." He did not look for his crown here.

When I read the life of Paul, it makes me ashamed of the Christianity of the present day. Talk about what we have suffered! Talk about what we have done! I think it would do every member of the church good to spend six months reading the life of Paul, and to see what he had to go through. He had been beaten four times, and received thirty-nine stripes upon the bare back. If one of us should get even one stripe now, how many volumes would be written on the martyrdom? What a whine there would be! It was nothing for Paul to be beaten with thirty-nine stripes. Did any one say to Paul: "You have been beaten already four times before, and now they are going to bring that scourge upon your back as many times again perhaps; had you not better go off down to Europe, and rest for six months until this persecution dies out?" The appeal would pass him by unheeded. "I have but one aim, one thing to hope for. I press toward the mark of my high calling in Christ Jesus." These earthly afflictions, what were they? He never complained of them. Instead of giving up his opinions and his hope, he was willing to stand his stripes and his miseries, again and again. And it was no trifling matter, these beatings he received. Yet he received them all, and would not deny the faith that the mercy and power of God had wrought in him. If you allow me the expression, the devil had his match when he got hold of Paul. Not all he could do would give him the upper hand of Paul, and separate him from the love of God. He had his reward in view; and he always, scorning what the world could do to him, pressed toward that reward. He knew that all his sufferings here would be wiped away, and joy and peace be his when he wore the crown for which he had so

bravely fought. And how many are working for these crowns at the present day? How much would they suffer now for a like reward that awaited this mighty warrior? His enemies one time took him out and stoned him like the martyr Stephen. Think of the torment he experienced, the pain that he must have suffered, as these stones were hurled at him. So great was the anger of those who were thus around him that they left him for dead when they got through with him. See his head all swollen up; see the bruises upon his body and his limbs; see the ugly scars and the gaping wounds that he carried. He was hardly brought to life again; and for a long time thereafter you could see him with his injured head and black eye on the corners of the streets, and yet not frightened by any means, but preaching the glorious gospel of his God and Master Jesus Christ. He went to Corinth, was not afraid, but preached there for eighteen months; and in all his ministrations, and in all this, he had to rely upon himself. He had no influential committee to meet him on his arrival at the station, and conduct him to a fine hotel, and make all arrangements about his expenses. There was no station in those days; when he did arrive, he came unannounced and on foot. And instead of a splendid hotel to go to, his first care was to go himself, walk around all the streets and find cheap lodgings, in some alley, where he could go after he had left off preaching for the day to make tents, to which trade he had been brought up. And then, after all his preaching, and all his labors, what reward did he receive? Well, there was a sort of a committee, and they said they would pay him off. Did they give him some testimonial and a large sum in money then? What they did do instead of presenting him with, say a thousand dollars in gold, this committee that I speak of took him down to a cross street

and gave him thirty-nine stripes. That is the way they paid him off. That was the way they treated this mighty fighter, a preacher that turned the world upside down.

Talk about Alexander making the world tremble at the tread of his armies! Talk about Napoleon shaking the world to its centre, when the powers knew he had gathered his army round about him! Why these have all passed away; but the words of Paul, of the despised tent-maker, make the world tremble even to this day. He talks about being in peril among robbers. Well, what did the robbers find on him? No money, no jewelry—nothing. What treasures he had, he had placed them above their reach, he had put them in heaven, where thieves do not break through or steal. The robbers got nothing from him, though he was richer than any man at the present day. Not a man who has lived since Paul is richer than he was. Three times, again he says, he suffered shipwreck; also a day and a night he was in the deep. He had been subjected to perils by water, to perils of robbers, to perils brought about by his own countrymen. Besides these, he experienced perils of the wilderness; perils among false brethren—ah! that must have been the hardest. He was weary, he was in pain; but none of these things moved him. Thank God the apostle was a warrior; and would to God the church had a thousand like him at the present day. Nothing was able to battle him down. Not even the newspaper of the day, if they had one, pitching into him every day, would have caused him a moment's thought. It might have called him a poor, deluded man, might have said to him, "Oh, you poor fool." For none of these things did he care. He looked above and beyond them. He knew there was a glorious reward awaiting him.

And so the mighty warrior went on to fight for his Master. But at last he had to flee; and to escape, he was let down the walls in a basket. He goes to fight elsewhere. Driven out of one place, he does not despair; and that is the spirit we want to-day. He was always willing to receive the stripes and the torments, and to suffer everything the world could heap upon him for the cause of Christ. His enemies again gave him thirty-nine stripes. Well, he was used to it. His back had not perhaps got well before he received this punishment. After they had got through with him, they cast him and Silas into prison. No sooner had they got in, instead of being frightened at what they had received, they began to worship the God for whom they had suffered. Paul says to Silas: "Come, Silas, let us praise God and have prayers." And they opened their worship by singing, perhaps, the forty-sixth Psalm. After that they had prayers and called upon God for his protection. And as soon as they had said "Amen," their God responded to their cries of help, and the whole prison shook, and there was a great commotion. Yes, that was a queer place to sing praises in—a prison; and it was just after he had received the stripes. Why, I dare say if Mr. Sankey should have only one stripe upon his naked back, he would not feel much like singing! But this man had received thirty-nine. He was as much at home with his God in prison, as he was out of it. He could praise him as well behind bolts and bars as he could in the synagogue. He knew what his reward would be. He knew the grave would be his immediate reward; but he had faith in the great hereafter; he had a crown and a reward that would not pass away. Yes, do you think that God would let him suffer like that without rewarding him? If we suffer persecution for Christ's sake, great will be our reward. Paul's sufferings were

the cause of the conversion of the Philippian jailor. I suppose he was the first convert in Europe.

Look at him again in Rome. The time had come for his departure; Nero had signed the order for his execution, and he is being taken out to be beheaded. Ask him now, at this moment, when death is but a little way off, if he is sorry that he has suffered for the Son of God. Ask him if he would like to recant to save his head. I can imagine how he would look if you should ask him such a question as that. They are going to take him two miles out of the city to the place of execution. He walks with a steady, unfaltering step. He wavers not, nor looks aside. His gaze is fixed upon the reward of his high calling in Christ Jesus. And he writes to his friend Timothy, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown." You could not shake him in his faith. Thank God, at this dread moment, he kept his word with Jesus. He had never preached any false doctrine. He had only preached Christ crucified, and had manfully fought under his banner like a faithful soldier, to this, the end of his life. "Good-by," you can imagine him saying to Timothy; "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown, and I am going to win it." As he walked through the streets of Rome, I tell you Rome never had such a conqueror. Not all her mighty men of war, nor all her generals and statesmen and orators, had risen to the supreme height that Paul had reached at this moment. He was going to receive a prize that would eclipse all the trophies of war, and wit, and learning. But at last he approaches the fatal spot. He is placed in the position that he had to take; the executioner makes him ready, and at the given signal the blow descends, his head comes off, and his spirit is lifted into the golden chariot, and is borne to the pearly gates of heaven. As he approaches the celestial portals, the battlements of

heaven are crowded with the saints that Paul by his preaching had sent before him. Ah! how they welcome him. He is borne on toward the great white throne to receive his reward. The bells of heaven are set a-ringing, and hosannas are chanted by the choir of paradise. He comes near the throne, and he hears the great voice saying: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," and the saints now gather around him, and greet, and bear witness for him to the Master he had so faithfully served. One would say: "That sermon that you preached to the Galatians wrought a change of heart in me, and I have been chosen to take my place among the elect." Another would say, "That lecture that you delivered at Thessalonica converted me." Another: "Paul, that appeal that you made at Corinth touched my wicked soul; I began to worship the Jesus whom you preached, and here I am among the angels." Oh, what a reward was that. Was it not worth all the cares, troubles, anxieties, sufferings, torments, and death he had gone through? Men murmur at the little crosses they have to endure here; but they forget that if they be faithful the Lord will reward them by-and-by.

WHAT SEEK YE?

I have for my subject this afternoon a question, a command and an invitation. In the first chapter of John and the 38th verse, it is related that Christ turned to two of John the Baptist's disciples, about four o'clock in the afternoon, who were following Him, and said to them: "What seek ye?" The first words that fell from the lips of the Son of God, as he commenced his ministry—that is John's account of it—were: "What seek ye?"

There were all classes of people following Christ while he was upon earth. There were some that went to see Him just out of a morbid curiosity—they had no other motive. There were some who went for the fishes and the loaves. There was another class that followed Him that they might get mere temporal relief; that they might get some friend healed. Then there was another class followed Him that they might entangle him in some conversation; they were constantly putting difficult questions to Him in hopes that they might get Him to say something against the law of Moses that they might condemn Him and put Him to death. There were some that went just to see, and others that went to be seen. Here and there were some that followed Him for just what He was to them, and they always got a blessing.

Now I contend that all the men and women in Cleveland are seeking something. The question that I want to press home upon you to-day is, "What seek ye?" What brought you out here this afternoon? I venture to say if this audience could be sifted to find out who had come

to get a blessing, it would be found to be a very small number; there would be vacant chairs enough; there would be no trouble about room for the people that wanted to come.

Although eighteen hundred years have rolled away since Christ put that question to those disciples, human nature has not changed. You will find the same classes now. There are some that have come just out of curiosity —just merely to see and to be seen. Some have come because they have been persuaded by a godly mother to come. They do not come because they wanted to, but because a mother, or a wife, or a little child had persuaded them, and they have come just to please them.

One man in Philadelphia got up at the young converts' meeting and said he did not come to hear the preaching or the singing. He said that a friend of his got there one night at the opening of the depot building, and he said he thought it was a remarkable scene to see eleven thousand chairs all vacant. He said he would like to see eleven thousand chairs in one building. So he went up late in the afternoon or early in the evening. He was the first one there, and the moment the doors were open he rushed in to see the empty chairs. That was what brought him there. Pretty high motive, wasn't it? He was a drinking man. The text that night was, "Where art thou?" and he saw something else before the meeting was over. He saw himself a poor, blind, miserable, wretched sinner. I hope some one that has come here to day out of curiosity will get his eyes opened, and if you do you may get something you did not come for—something worth more than all this world to you.

When we were in London a man was going by Agricultural Hall, and it was raining pretty hard, and he dropped in just to get out of the rain, and the word

reached him where he stood, and he was convicted and converted.

It is astonishing what motives bring a class of people together. You know and God knows what brought you here. What is the motive? Have you come merely to gratify curiosity. Have you come to gratify some friends? "What seek ye?"

I can imagine some of you say, "I did not come here to hear you preach. I came to hear the singing. I am very fond of music, and I would like to hear the singing, and I just wish that I was out of here; I don't like sermons; I just hate them." Well, I am glad you came for that motive, and I am thankful there is gospel enough in some of these hymns to save you. So if you did not come for any higher motive than to see or be seen, or hear the singing, we are glad to see you. But if you just change the motive and say, "I want a blessing. I want God to bless me. I want Him above everything else," this will be the happiest day you ever spent on earth.

Now, let us take the question home. What brought us here? "What seek ye?" Have you come to get Jesus Christ? If you have you can find Him. You have not got to go up to bring Him down. You have not got to go down to bring Him up. He is right here.

I want to tell you another thing: It is a command for you to seek him, and I want to lay that command right across every man's path here to-day. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things else shall be added." What man puts first God puts last; or reversed, what God puts first man puts last.

If I should ask a good many of you to-day why you do not seek the kingdom of God, you would make me

this answer, "Well, I have a good many other things to attend to. My business has got to be looked after; times are hard; times have been hard for the last five years; and don't you know, Mr. Moody, a man is worse than an infidel if he don't provide for his family?" So he is; no doubt about that, but then here is a command. God never makes any mistakes. He does not command us to do something that He does not give us power to do. If He commands all men now everywhere to repent, He means it. If he commands me to seek first the kingdom of God, I am to seek it first; I am to do that above everything else.

I am one of those that firmly believe that a man is just as good a business man in whom the kingdom of God is set up, as a man that goes on serving the world, living for the world. I believe a man is not fit to live—is not qualified for business—until he has obeyed God. I believe God turns the ways of the wicked upside down, and hedges up their way. Some one will say, "I have seen some of the wickedest men in this country get very rich." So have I. But then a man may get very rich and not be very prosperous after all. All is not gold that glitters. A man may have great wealth and not have contentment. A man may have great wealth and not have peace of mind. A man may have great wealth and be a stranger to rest. If I wanted to find a skeleton, I would go up here on your fine avenues, into some of those palaces there. You have not got to go down into your brothels and dark dens of iniquity, and your wretched homes, made dark by sin. You will find them there, I admit; but you will find them also in the homes of the fashionable, and in the palaces of the wealthy. There is hardly a family in the city that has not a skeleton in it. I believe that the reason that there is so much darkness and misery in

this world is because men and women go contrary to what God tells them. About the last thing a man thinks of seeking is the kingdom of God. If you talk with a great many they will say they must attend to their business. They will tell you that when they get settled in life and have time, then they will attend to their soul's interests.

Now, when we start out in life, it is better that we start right. When God tells me to run, I am to run. When He tells me to walk, I am to walk. If He tells me to believe, I am to believe. If He tells me to seek first the kingdom of God, I must do it. No man or woman is justified in going out of this hall to-day without seeking the kingdom of God. If you go out of this hall without doing it, you trample one of God's commands under your feet. Some people think they never break a commandment. We have something besides the decalogue. This commandment is just as binding as the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." It is a command from God, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." Man says, "I will not do it. I will seek for pleasure. I will seek for wealth. I will seek for honor. I will seek for fame. I will seek for everything else before I will seek the kingdom of God." Is not that true? Don't we see that all around us? They are just living in disobedience. You know if you have a child that disobeys you, you will not want that child to prosper. You do not want your child to prosper in disobedience. But when a child is obedient, then you love to see the child prosper. Now, as long as we live in disobedience to God, how can we expect to prosper? I do not believe we would have had these hard times if it had not been for sin and iniquity. Look at the money that is drank up! The money that is spent for tobacco! That is ruining men—ruining their constitutions. We live in a land flowing with milk and honey. God has

blessed this nation; yet men complain of hard times. I tell you there is nothing so extravagant as sin. If a man would seek the kingdom of God first you would not be troubled much about the things of this world. You would not be troubled about your clothing and about what you would eat. That is about all we need. You may have the wealth of this world, but you can't take a penny away with you. You hear it said that a man died worth millions. The fact is when he dies he is not worth anything. The wealth that a man may have then is not of this world. Lay up treasures in heaven, not down here. You may have millions here and enter eternity a beggar if you have not become rich toward God.

I remember, a number of years ago, I was working out in the field. It was before I left home, and I was a little wild in those days. A man told me something I did not understand; it was a mystery. We were hoeing corn, and I noticed he was weeping. Says I, "What is the trouble?" and he went on and told me. It sounded strange then. I did not understand it. He said when he left home to make his fortune it was a beautiful morning when he left his mother's door, and she gave him this text of Scripture: "Seek first the kingdom God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." He said he paid no attention to it. He said there were no railroads in those days, and he had to walk. He walked from town to town, and the first Sunday he was away he went into a little country church, and the minister got up and preached from the text, "Seek first the kingdom of God." He said to himself, "That is my mother's text. I wonder if that man knows me." He thought he was preaching it for him. But he said to himself that he was not going to seek the kingdom of God yet; that he was going to get rich, and when he got rich and was settled down in life he was

going to attend to his soul's interest—just exactly what God told him not to do. He said the sermon made a deep impression upon him, but that he had made up his mind that he would not seek God then. He could not get any work in that town, and he went to another, and another, and at last he got some work, and he went to church in the town, and he hadn't been going there a great while before he heard a sermon from the text, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteouness." He thought God was calling him, and the sermon and the text made a deep impression on his mind; but he calmly and deliberately said: "I will not seek the kingdom of God now, I will wait until I get rich." He said he finally got through working in that town and he went to another, and another, and at last he got work in another town. He said he went to church—he went because his mother had taught him; he said he didn't feel easy when he stayed away; he said he did not go to get any blessing; just went because he had been educated to go. What was his surprise, he said, when the minister got up in the pulpit and preached from the text, "Seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." He said he thought surely God was calling him; and he said the Spirit strove mightily with him; but he just fought it—made up his mind that he would not become a Christian until he had become settled in life; and he said that all the sermons he heard since made no more of an impression upon him than on that stone, and he struck it with a hoe. It seemed to him as if the Spirit of God had left him. But I could not talk to him. I was a stranger to Christ. But soon after I went off to Boston. When I was converted, almost the first man that came into my mind was that neighbor, and I made up my mind when I went home I would talk

with him and tell him about the Savior. When I got home I made inquiries, and my mother said, "Why, didn't I write you about him? "Write me what?" "Why, he has gone to the insane asylum, and if any of the neighbors go up to see him he will point his finger at him and will say, "Young man seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness."' Reason had reeled and tottered from its throne, but the text was still there. God had sent that arrow down into his soul. Long years had rolled away and he could not draw it out of his soul. The next time I went home they told me he was up on his farm, that he was idiotic. I went up to his house, and found him in the rocking chair; he was rocking backwards and forwards, and as I spoke to him he gave me that idiotic look—that vacant look; and I called him by name, and said, "Don't you know me?" He pointed his finger at me and said, "Young man, seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." He did not know me—mind all gone, but the text still there. A little while after he died. He lies slumbering in the cemetery where my father is buried; and when I go to visit that cemetery, as I go by that grave, it seems as if I could hear that text coming up from that grave, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." My friends, you and I cannot afford to disobey God. We cannot afford to calmly and coolly and deliberately say, "I will not obey." Look around us. Men are snatched away suddenly, and they just pass into eternity. Look at that accident only a few hours ago on the Michigan Central—that night train passing on with great rapidity, and in a moment they passed into eternity.

My friend, if you sleep to-night without seeking the kingdom of God, you are disobeying God. It is a command from God Almighty to every soul here. We have

no right to defer it; no right to say that we will seek the kingdom of God to-morrow. To-morrow does not belong to us. To-day—now—is the day of salvation.

You will find in the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call ye upon Him while He is near." It is not to seek feeling. It is not to seek a sentiment, nor some dogma, nor some creed, but it is to seek the Lord Himself. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call ye upon him while He is near." That is the exhortation. God exhorts you to seek Him while He may be found.

Some one may ask, "How seek Him?" Seek Him with your heart, not with your head. The trouble with a great many is, they seek him with their head, and they never find Him. It is not a new head, but a new heart, we want. What do you mean by seeking God with your heart? I will tell you: When a man goes into a thing with his heart you can soon tell it. He will be in earnest. Go into the gold regions, and you will find that the miners down in the mines have their hearts there. They are terribly in earnest. Go learn a lesson of the world. See how men seek for wealth! Look at these politicians over the State of Ohio. They can hardly wait until the Sabbath rolls away to begin their work to-morrow. We want men to seek their soul's salvation as they seek for wealth. There is one thing that the Lord hates, and that is half-heartedness. No man ever found God with half a heart.

I said to a man some time time ago, "I will tell you when you will be converted. I can tell you the day and the hour." "Well, I would like to have you. I didn't know that you were a prophet." "Well," says I, "I am not a prophet, but I can tell you when you will be converted." "I would like to have you." "Well," says I, "when you search for God with all your heart you

will find him, and not before." O, my friends, if God is worth having He is worth seeking for with all our hearts, and when men seek Him with all their heart they find Him.

I am tired of hearing people talk about not having any objection to being saved. I said to a man some time ago, "Are you a Christian?" "No." "Well, wouldn't you like to be?" "Well," said he, "I have no objection." "Well," said I, "you will never find him with that spirit. God never adopts men with that spirit." I tell you that if we are going to get into the kingdom of God we have got to be in earnest.

I read an account some time ago of a vessel being wrecked at sea, and there were not enough life boats for all on board of the vessel, and some were swimming around in the water trying to get into life boats, and one man with a great effort swam to a boat and reached out his right hand. They said they did not dare to take any more in. They begged him to let go but he would not. You know how a drowning man will grasp at a straw. A man took a sword and cut off the man's hand, and the man swam up a second time and he laid hold of that boat with his left hand and they cut off the left hand; and with both hands cut off he swam up to that boat stern and seized it with his teeth. It touched their hearts. They could not cut his head off and they drew him on the boat. He saved his life because he was in earnest. If it is the right hand off with it; if it is the left one off with it. The kingdom of God is worth more than all the world. O, may God wake us up to-day and show us the importance of seeking the kingdom of God with all our hearts.

Now I want to ask this audience one question: Do you believe that the Lord can be found here to-day? Do you believe that a sinner, a man that has been at

enmity with God for twenty years, can come in here to-day and find the Lord precious to his soul? Do you believe that? Do you men believe that? Do you ministers believe it? If men will seek Him with all their hearts they can find Him before they go out of this building. Do you believe that? Do you believe you can get eternal life and live with God forever by just seeking for it? You profess to believe it, but you do not believe it. If you did you would seek for it. If Jehovah should send Gabriel down here to say to any one in this building that you might have any one thing you asked for, I venture to say there would be only one cry—a cry that would ring through the building. "Eternal life!" Everything else would fly into the dim past. You would not ask for money. If there was only one thing to ask for, you would ask for eternal life. It is a great thing to live forever. There is not anything to be compared with eternal life. Now, if eternal life can be found here to-day by asking for it, would you not advise every man, woman and child in this house to seek the kingdom of God? Oh! my friends, seek ye the Lord! He has been seeking for you these many years. Seek Him with your heart, and you will find him.

BLESSED HOPE.

I have selected for my subject this afternoon, the blessed Hope. We are told to be ready to give a reason for the hope we have within us, and what we want to do is to find out what our hope is. I believe there are a great many people that are hoping and hoping, when they have no ground for hope. I don't know of any better way to find out whether we have a true ground for the hope we have within us than to look in scripture to see what the scripture has to say.

Now, faith is one thing and hope is another. When hope takes the place of faith it is a snare. Faith is to work and to trust. Some one has said that life is to enjoy and obey and be like God; but hope is to wait and sing, to wait and expect; in other words, that hope is the laughter of faith. I heard a very godly man once say that joy was like the larks—they sang in the morning when it was light, but hope was like the nightingale that sang in the dark; so that hope was really better than joy.

Most anyone can sing in the morning when everything is bright, and everything going well: but hope sings in the dark, in the mist and the fog—looks through all the mist and darkness into the clear day. Faith lays hold of what is in the scripture; faith is laying hold of that that is within the vale, and what is in heaven for us.

Now, we cannot get on any better without hope than we can without faith. The farmer who sows his seed, sows it in the hope of a harvest; the merchant buys his

goods in the hope to find customers, and the student toils in the hope that he will reap by-and-by.

Now, I want to call your attention to the three classes of people that are gathered here to-day. They are those that have no hope, those that have a false hope, and those that have a good hope. I do not know that there is any one here to-day that would come under the first head. It is pretty hard to find any one in this world that has not some hope. Once in a while you will come across a person that has no hope in this life or the life to come. It is from that class that our suicides come. When a man and woman get to that point, that he or she has no hope in this life, they become utterly discouraged, cast down, no hope in the life to come, believe when they die that is the last of them, atheists in their views, believe there is no hereafter—they put an end to their existence.

The point I want to call your attention to in the class that has no earthly hope, is this: A child is sick; a doctor is called, and he looks at the child and says there is no hope; but the moment the mother loses hope of the child living in this world another hope comes up—she hopes to see the child again in another world. Hope comes and cheers that mother in trouble.

When Mr. Curtin was governor of Pennsylvania, a young man in that State was convicted of murder and was sentenced to be hung. His friends tried in every way they could to get him released. The young man was holding on to a hope that he would be released; they could not make him believe that he had to die. At last the governor sent for George H. Stewart and said to him, "I wish you would go down to that jail and tell that young man there is no hope; tell him that there is not one ray of hope; that on the day appointed he must die; that I am not going to pardon him." Mr. Stewart said when he went into the jail the young man's counte-

nance lit up and he says, "Ah, I am sure you brought me good news. What does it say?" Mr. Stewart said he would never be the bearer of such a message again. He said that he laid down beside him on the iron bed and said, "My friend, I am sorry to tell you there is not any hope. The governor says you must die at the appointed time. He will not pardon you. He sent me down here to take away this false hope you have got, and to tell you you have to die." He said the young man fainted away, and it was some time before they could bring him to. The poor man's heart was broken. He had been holding on to a false hope. In that case, that young man was not without hope, because he could repent, for God does forgive murderers, and become a child of God—become a saved man. Hope comes right in there. Even these men that think that they have no hope—there is hope for them if they will only turn to the God of hope, and to the God of the Bible.

That is only one class. Job speaks about days passing without hope; but then he does not mean that there was not any hope beyond this life, because Job says in another place, "I know my Redeemer liveth, and that I shall see him." He was like Paul. He knew in whom he believed. He had a hope in the darkness and fog—when those waves of persecution came dashing up against him. And in the midst of the storm and conflict you could hear Job cry out, "I know my Redeemer liveth." He had a hope. So I say it is hard to find any one that comes under the first head. Most people have some sort of hope.

Now I come to the second head: people that have a false hope. I contend that a man or woman that is resting in false hope is really worse off than one who has no hope in this world; because if a man wakes up to the fact that he has no hope, there is a chance of rous-

ing him to seek a hope that is worth having. The moment you begin to talk with these men that have a false hope, they run right off into their fortress and say, "I am all right, I have got a hope." You can hardly find a man or woman in all Cleveland to-day that has not a hope. But how many are resting in a false hope—a miserable, treacherous hope that is good for nothing. You can't find a drunkard that has not a hope. He hangs on to the rum bottle with one hand and hope with the other; but his hope is a miserable lie—it is a refuge of lies that he has hid behind. You can't find a harlot that walks the streets of Cleveland but that has some hope. You can hardly find a thief but that has some hope.

Now, what we want to do is to examine ourselves and see whether we have a hope that will stand the test of the Judgment. We want to know whether we have a true hope or a false hope. If it is a false hope the quicker we find it out the better. We don't want to be resting in a false hope. That has caused nearly all the mischief we have had in this country during the past few years. All these defaulters have come from that class. They were trusting in a false hope. They said, "I will take a little from the bank or from my employer. I will just overdraw my account a few thousand dollars, but I will replace it." But they went on drawing out and drawing out, and this false hope kept saying, "I can make it all right in a few days." They were led on and on by false hope until at last they got beyond hope and could not pay it back. They were ruined. They were not only ruined—it would be a good thing if they stopped there—but look at their wives and their children and their relatives, their parents and their loved ones that they have ruined. They didn't intend to become ruined men. They didn't intend to bring a blight upon their

families and upon their prospects here. A false hope led them on step by step.

Now, my friends, let us be honest with ourselves to-day and ask ourselves honestly before God and man, "What is my hope?" Well there is a lady up there in the gallery says, "I joined the Methodist church ten years ago." Very well, suppose you did; what is your hope to-day? "Well, my hope is all right; I joined the church." But that is not going to stand the light of eternity. It don't say that you have got to join some church. A man or woman may belong to a church that have not the spirit of Jesus Christ.

Yes, and another one says over there, "I have a better hope than that; I belong to the Congregational church, and go out to all the meetings." A person may go to all the meetings and not have a true hope. Do you know that? If you allow the meetings to take the place of Jesus Christ and let the church come in the denomination that you belong to, and take the place of Jesus Christ, you are resting on a rotten foundation, and you are building your house on a sandy foundation, and when the storms come the house will fall. There is nothing but Jesus Christ that will do. But these false hopes will be swept away by and by. God's hail will sweep away the refuges of lies. It says in the eleventh chapter of Proverbs and seventh verse, "The hope of the unrighteous man perisheth." Now, if I belong to the church and am unrighteous, I may have a hope, but that is going to perish, and it may be I will not find it out until it is too late to get a good hope. It is a good deal better to find it out here to-day when I have a chance to repent of my sins and turn to God and get a true hope than it is to go on with my eyes closed in the delusion that I am coming out all right.

There is another passage here, in Job, twenty-seventh

chapter and eighth verse: "For what is the hope of the hypocrite though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul?" What is his hope good for? The hope of the hypocrite is not good for anything. A man may gain by his hypocrisy; a man may put on the garb of religion and profess to be what he is not, and may gain by it; there is no doubt of that; some do that, and they gain a little; but what shall it profit a man if he does gain by his hypocrisy, and God taketh away his soul? His hope is gone. It was a treacherous hope. It was good for nothing.

"But then," you may say, "I am not an unrighteous man; I don't come under that head at all, and I am no hypocrite." Well, I am afraid a good many of us that think we are not hypocrites are more or less hypocrites after all. The trouble is, men are trying to pass themselves off for more than they are worth. They are trying to make people believe they are better than they really are. God wants honesty. God wants downright uprightness, if you will allow me the expression. He wants us to be truthful and upright in all our transactions. If we are not, our profession don't help us. You may belong to this church or to that church. You may say your prayers, and you may go through the forms of religion, but it will not help you. What is the hope of the hypocrite when God shall take away his soul? Suppose he has gained by his hypocrisy, there is not a thing, I believe, that God detests more than he does hypocrisy. He detests that sin more than he does all others. Jesus tore away the false hope of some of his disciples and told them, "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of God." Ah, there will be many a man and many a woman, I am

afraid, by and by, who will wake up and find their hope has been a false one, after all.

Then there is another hope that is false. Men say, "I think God is very merciful, and that it will come out all right in the end." God has declared with an oath that He will not clear the guilty. What folly it is for a man to stand up and say, "I know I swear now and then; but then God don't mean anything when He says I shan't swear. God is only winking at sin. It will come out all right. The blasphemer, the drunkard, the libertine, and the man who is vile and polluted in heart will be just the same at the end of the route. That is my hope." Well, it is a false hope. If there is a drunkard here to-day, let me tell you that your hope is perfectly worthless, because God says that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. That we find not only in the Old Testament but in the New. And if there is a man here that sells liquor—that is party to the hellish act of putting the bottle in his neighbor's hand, there is not any hope for him. I don't care how much money you give to help build your churches. I don't care if you have the best pew in one of your large churches, and walk down the broad aisle every Sunday with your wife and children and take your seat there. "Woe be to the man that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." God has pronounced a curse against that man. Things look altogether different when we stand before the Judge of all the earth.

Yes, but then there is another man. He says, "I can go on as I am, and by and by when I am sick, I can repent on my death bed." I think that is a false hope. And let me say, I think there is any quantity of lying in the sick room, a good many false hopes held out to the sick. Here is a person dying, and the doctor comes in and he knows very well that the disease is fatal, and

knows that person can't live ten days, and he says, "I think you will be well and out in a few days—in the course of thirty days." He knows very well it is death. They say to these consumptives when they see that awful look in the face—when they see his form is wasting, they say, "Well, I think you will be out again in the spring; when the flowers begin to blossom and nature begins to unfold itself you will be out again," when they know it is downright lying. Oh, the false hopes that are held out to sick and the dying! Then at the funeral people will stand up and pronounce a eulogy over a man that died in his sins when there is not a chance for his soul. God says, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." He has not sought eternal life. He has spurned the gift of God and trampled the Bible under his feet. Look at the lying at funerals—false hopes that are held out. What God wants is to have us real, as He is real, and if our hope is not a hope that will stand the test of eternity, then the quicker we find it out the better.

Then there is another false hope, which I think is worse, perhaps, than any other, and that is that a man can repent beyond the grave. There is a class of people who say, "I can go on in my sins and live as I am living, and I can repent beyond the grave." Now, if there is a chance for a man to repent beyond the grave, I can't find it between the lids of the Bible. I believe that if a man dies in his sin he is banished from God, and I believe that when Jesus Christ said, "If ye die in your sins, where I am ye cannot come," he meant what he said.

So, if our hope is false, let us find it out to-day. Let us be honest with ourselves, and ask God to show it to us. If our hope is not on the solid rock if we are building our house on the sand, let us find it out. You

may say, "My hope is as good as yours. My house is as good-looking house as yours." That may be. It might be a better-looking house than mine. But the important thing is the foundation. What we want is to be sure that we have a good foundation. A man may build up a very good character, but he may not have it on a good foundation. If he is building a house on the sand, when storm and trials comes, down will come all his hopes. A false hope is worse than no hope. If you have a false hope to-day, make up your mind that you will not rest until you reach a hope that is worth having.

Now, here is a test that I think we can put to ourselves. If we have got the spirit of Jesus Christ, our life will be like his; that is, we will be humble, loving. We will not be jealous, will not be ambitious, self-seeking, covetous, revengful, but we will be meek, tender-hearted, affectionate, loving, kind and Christ-like, and we will be all the time growing in those graces. Now we can tell whether we have that spirit or not. "If any one have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Now that is a sign that we have a good hope, and if we haven't got the spirit of Christ, our hope is worthless.

Now, I was speaking about that house on the foundation. If you will turn to Isaiah, twenty-eighth chapter and sixteenth verse, you will find that the foundation is already laid.—"Therefore; thus saith the Lord God Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste." There it is tried; it is a precious corner stone; is is a sure foundation. It was tried when Christ was here. He is the chief corner stone. He was tried. The Scribes tried him. The Saducees tried him. He was tried by the law. He

kept the law. He was tried by, and he overcome death. He was tried by Satan. Satan came and presented temptation after temptation, and he said, "Get thee hence." He overcame Satan. He was tried by the grave, and he conquered the grave. This stone has been tested and tried. Now if we build on that we have a sure foundation. There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. "There is no other foundation that man can lay than that is laid," and all that build on that foundation shall be saved. Let the storms come then and try that foundation. It has been tried. Your foundation, if you build on any other, has never been tested. It has not been tried. Your hope has not been tried. Our hope has, because our hope is in Jesus Christ and it was put to the test and we have got a hope that is sure and firm if we are in Christ. Now a false hope just flatters people. It is a great flatterer. It makes people think they are all right when they are all wrong. Some one has said that false hopes are like spider webs. The maid comes in with a broom and sweeps them all down. When a storm comes the foundation of our false hopes is all gone. Suppose death should come and look you in the face this afternoon, and say to you, "This is your last day," and should begin to lay his cold, icy hand upon you, and you should begin to look around to see if you had got a foundation and a good hope. Would you be ready to meet God? That is the question. Now, what may happen any day let us be ready for every day. You know very well there is not one of us but that may be summoned this very day into the presence of God. Have you got a hope that will stand the dying hour? Have you got a hope that will stand the test? If you have not, you can give up your false hope to-day

and get a good one—a hope that is worth having, that has been tried and tested.

There were two millers that used to take care of a mill, and every night at midnight the miller used to get into his boat from his house and go down the stream to the mill —used to get out about two or three hundred yards above the dam and go to the mill. His brother miller would take the boat and row back to the house. One night this miller went down as usual at midnight and fell asleep, and when he woke up found he was almost going over the dam, the water going over the dam having waked him. He realized in a moment his condition, that if he went over that dam it was sure death, and he seized the oars and tried to row back, but the current was too strong and he could not pull against it, but he managed in the darkness to get his boat near the shore, and he caught hold of a little twig. He went to pull himself out of the boat and the twig began to give way, at the roots. He looked all around, and could find nothing else to get hold of; but he could just hold on to the twig and keep his boat from going over the dam. If he pulled a little harder and tried to pull himself up, the little twig would give way; and he just cried then for help. His hope was not a good one. He would perish if he let go, and perish if he held on. He just cried at the top of his voice for help, and help came. They came and threw a rope over the cleft of the rock, and he let go of the twig and laid hold of the rope, and was saved.

I have come here to throw a rope over to you and to give you a good hope. Now we have a hope here that is worth having. Let that false hope of yours go, you will perish if you will hold on to it. Let it go and lay hold of a hope that is set before you.

Now, you know that hope in scripture never is used

to express a doubt. When people say they hope they are Christians, it is not really proper. You cannot find any Christians in the Bible who say they hope they are Christians. It is something that has already taken place. We don't hope we are Christians. If a man asks me if I am a married man, I would not say I hope I am. That would cast a reflection on my marriage vows. If a man asks me if I am an American, I would not say I hope I am. I was born in this country. I am an American. I am not anything else. Now, if I have been born of God, born of the Spirit—and I contend it is our privilege to know—I don't say, "I hope I am a Christian." I know in whom I have believed. I will tell you what hope is used for in scripture. It used to express our hope of the resurrection, or the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ—something to take place. It is a sure hope. About every time that hope is used in scripture, it is used either to express our hope of the resurrection, or the coming back of our Lord and Master. That is the blessed hope in Titus. We are waiting for our Lord and Master from heaven. We have not a doubt. It is a sure hope. And yet a great many people seem to think that hope here in the Bible is used to express a doubt. "We hope that we are Christians." We ought to know that we are His. We ought to know that we have passed from death unto life. We ought to know in whom we have believed, that we are looking forward to the time when these vile bodies shall be raised incorruptible; when that which has been sown in weakness shall be raised with power. We are living in the glorious hope that when our dead shall come back again, the loved ones that are laid away in the cemeteries shall come when the Lord of heaven shall descend with a shout. "When the trump of God is heard, the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain

shall be caught up, together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air."

So we stand with our loins girded and our lights burning, waiting for the coming of the Master.

Now, it says here in Proverbs, "The hope of the righteous shall be gladness." "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his hope, whose hope is in the Lord." It is not in some resolution that he has made; it is not in some act of his; it is not that he has joined some church; it is not that he reads his Bible, or that he says his prayers. His expectation is from God; his hope is in God. Never was a man disappointed who put his hope in God. God will fulfill His word. There is no such thing as a man being disappointed that puts his hope in God. But the trouble is, you know, we are putting our hopes in one another, and we are being disappointed. We are putting our hopes in ourselves, and our treacherous hearts are disappointing us and then we are cast down. But what we want is to put our hope in Him, not ourselves. A well-grounded hope is good for all time. It is is good in poverty. It is good in sickness. It is good in the dying hour; and when we lay a body down in the grave, we have a hope in its coming back again. We lay down with sure hope, a glorious hope. Oh, how hope cheers us! You know it was Hopeful (in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress) that came along and cheered Christian. That is what hope is for. We are looking foward to a blessed hope.

Now, there is a passage in the sixth chapter of Hebrews, that I want to call your attention to: "That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who had fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us; which hope we have as an anchor to the soul, both [redacted] and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the

vail; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an high priest forever after the order of Melchisedec." What the anchor is to the ship hope is to the soul, As long as the anchor holds, the ship is perfectly safe.

Now, if I were to die this afternoon, and were to give a reason for the hope that is within me, I will tell you where I would find it; not in my feelings, not in my resolutions, not that I joined the church twenty odd years ago—I believe it is all right to unite with the church and work for it. We ought to love the church; it is the dearest institution on earth. If I was going to die this afternoon, my faith would be right here, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." Now, if I did not get eternal life by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ when I came to Him, what did I get? If eternal life is not the gift of God, what is it? Then, if we have eternal life, we have something that cannot perish. It is a life that carries me beyond the grave; that reaches away over on to resurrection ground; that carries me on and on forever. The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life. Eternal life is a gift, and I just took it. That is my hope. I don't want any other hope. If I had to die to-day, I could just pillow my dying head upon the truth of that verse, and rest it there.

A man said to me the other day, "How do you feel?" I said, "It has been so long since I have thought of myself, I don't know; I would have to stop to think it over."

I thank God my salvation don't rest upon my feelings. I thank God my hope is not centered in my feelings. If it was it would be a very treacherous thing. I would

be very hopeful one day and cast down the next day. I would not give much for a hope that is anchored in my feelings. I would not give much for a hope that is based upon my treacherous heart. But I tell you that a hope that is based upon Jesus Christ's word is a hope worth having. Now, he said it; let us believe it; let us lay hold of it by faith. "Verily, verily," which means "truly, truly," "he that heareth my word"—I have heard it. Satan can't make me believe that I have not. I have read it; I have handled it—"He that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me hath everlasting life." It don't say that you shall have it when you come to die, but hath it right here this afternoon, before you go out of this church. That is a hope worth having isn't it? "Hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation," which means "into judgment, but has passed from death unto life." There is my hope. I have stood there for twenty odd years. I have been assailed by doubts. I have been assailed by unbelief. I have been attacked by the enemy of all righteousness; but I tell you for twenty odd years I have been able to stand fair and square right on that rock. God said it. I believe it; God said it. I lay hold of it; and I just rest right there. What we want is to let our hope go down like an anchor into the Word of God, and that gives us something to rest upon.

A great many people are waiting for some feeling. I will venture to say that more than half of this audience have come here to-day, and taken their seats in the hope that something will be said that shall impress them. You say, "I hope that man will say something that will impress me." You are waiting for some impression—something to strike you. There is a man up in my native town, now fifty-eight years old with whom I have

talked I don't know how many times, and every time I talk to him he says, "Well, it hasn't struck me yet." "What do you mean?" "Well," he says, "it hasn't struck me yet." "Well," I said, "that is a queer expression. What do you mean?" He would come out to meetings, and wait through the meeting for something to strike him. "What do you mean?" "Well, I say it hasn't struck me yet." You laugh at it, but that is yourself. You need not laugh at yourself. You will find the church is full of people who are waiting for something to strike them. What we want is to take God's word, and let the feelings take care of themselves. God said it. I will believe it, and I will rest my soul upon the Word of God, not upon my feelings. Just take another word, "He came unto his own and his own received him not; but to as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." To as many as received Him. It is not dogma; it is not creed: it is not doctrine; it is not feeling; it is not an impression; but it is a person. "As many as received *Him*, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." We get power to serve God, power to live for God, power to work for God by receiving Christ, and there is no power until we do receive Him. What we want is to receive God's gift to the world. When he gave up Christ, he gave all he had. He literally emptied heaven. And He wants you to take Christ as you would take any other gift and receive it. Lay hold of that gift and it will give you hope, and if you should, inside of twenty-four hours you can say, "The anchor holds; I have a hope." If God said if I would receive his Son, he would give me power to receive him. I trust him, and that is all he asks us to do. Let not any one here to-day say he can't believe on the Lord

Jesus Christ. You have the power if you will. The will is the key to the human heart. "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." Ye will not come unto me and get this good hope. You can have it. Take it. God offers it to you. You can lay hold of this hope to-day. You can became His if you will.

THE WORLDLY PROFESSOR

We have for our subject to-day, the worldly professor. There is a class of people now-a-days that seem to say with a good deal of pleasure that they are Christians, but they are not the spiritual kind. They are paying members rather than praying members. They flatter themselves the church could not get on very well without them, and they seem to think it is really better to belong to that class.

Now, I want to call your attention to a man of that class to-day: It is Lot, and, as I said yesterday, that Peter was a near kin of us all, I think we will find Lot a pretty close relative, if we will study his character. I think we will find that we come very near him. I think you will find to-day a good many more Lots in the church than you will find Abrahams. There are a good many more Jacobs than Josephs, men that are walking by sight rather than by faith.

The first glimpse we get of this character is in the eleventh chapter of Genesis, thirty-first and thirty-second verses: "And Terah took Abram his son, and Lot the son of Haran his son's son, and Sarai his daughter-in-law, his son Abram's wife; and they went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan; and they came unto Haran and dwelt there. And the days of Terah were two hundred and five years. And Terah died in Haran.

Now, we find in the twelfth chapter and the first and second verses: "Now the Lord had said unto

Abram, get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee. And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shall be a blessing."

Now, God had called him out of the land of the idolators, he had called him away from his kindred, and he came, it says, to Haran. If you will look at the map of that country you will find that he came half way; and he staid there five years, until his father died. It was affliction that brought him out of Haran.

Now, I think you will find that a good many of us have got to Haran and there we have stopped. God has called us to the promised land, and the Lord wants us to go clear over into Canaan, but we think it is better to live on the border between the two; and the border Christians at the present time are the ones that are doing so much harm, not only to the cause of Christ, but to themselves and their own families.

Now, what we want is to get out of Haran and get into the promised land where God wants us to go. We find that after Terah, the father of Abraham, died, they started and went down into the promised land, and the first thing that met them there was a famine. God will not have a man that he cannot try. This was a great trial. Not only that, but they found this land occupied. God had promised to give it to Abraham, and yet it was occupied. He starts and goes down into Egypt. I have not followed that out, but I think it would be a very interesting study to look and see if God ever sent any one down into Egypt, unless it was his Son when he sent Him down there, and he fled away from the men that wanted to slay Him, and that the Scriptures might be fulfilled which says that he should call Him out of Egypt.

Lot went down into Egypt, and there he got rich, and the world would call him very successful. And there was the beginning of the trouble between Lot and Abraham. They came up out of the country rich. While Abraham was down there he fell into sin, and it was there he denied his wife. We find that his son Isaac did the same thing—fell upon the very same stumbling stone that Abraham fell upon. It shows that our children are following in our footsteps. And when they came up out of Egypt we see a strife among the herdsmen. Riches very often bring strife and trouble. If Abraham had been like some men now-a-days there would have been a good chance for a lawsuit. They would have gone into a lawsuit before those heathen and caused a good deal of scandal. But Abraham was a man of faith. He said to his nephew, "We can't afford to quarrel here among these heathen; let there be no strife between us. You go to the right and I will go to the left, or you go to the left and I will go to the right. You take your pick." Then was the beginning of Lot's trouble. He made a mistake. If Lot had allowed God to choose for him he never would have gone down to Sodom, that is clear. The Lord of heaven never took Lot by the hand and led him into the well-watered plains of Sodom.

I don't believe God ever led one of his children yet down into Sodom. I think the sweetest lesson I have learned since I have been in Christ's school—I have been a good while learning it; I wish I had learned that lesson the first year I came into his school—it is to let the Lord God choose for me when it comes to temporal things. We are apt to think we can choose better than the Lord can. My little children are very apt to think they can choose a good deal better for themselves than I can for them. But they don't know what is for their

good half as well as I do; and I don't know what is good for myself, especially in regard to temporal things, as well as my Father does. He can choose better for us than we can choose for ourselves.

Now, in the sight of the world, Lot made a very fine choice. I will venture to say the men in his day said he was a shrewd, keen, sharp, long-headed man; and if he should live twenty-five years, he would be worth more than his uncle Abraham. He had got all those well-watered plains of Sodom. He was a very shrewd business man. He was a man to be commended in the sight of the world. The world would commend such a spirit as that. But Abraham let his nephew take his choice, and they separated, and that was really the greatest mistake that Lot ever made. There was the beginning of his troubles. When we begin to choose for ourselves we will always be making mistakes of that kind; and the mistakes of our life, we can sing every day, are many, if we attempt to choose for ourselves.

I remember I wanted to teach my little girl this lesson some time ago, when she was a little thing. She had a good many dolls around the house—broken legs, and broken arms, and eyes, all lying around there; and she had been teasing me a good while to get a big doll—a great big one. So one day I thought I would get her a big doll, and went to a toy shop. There was a basketful of little china dolls there, about as big as your finger. She got one and said, "Papa, isn't this the prettiest little doll you ever did see? Isn't that cunning? Now, papa won't you buy me that doll?" "Well, now," I said, "Emma, if you want me to, I will, but I was going to pick you out a doll this time. Hadn't I better choose for you?" "No, papa, I want that doll." She insisted upon it, and I paid a nickel, and we went off home. A day or two after, I said, "Emma, do you know what I was

going to do when I took you into the toy shop the other day?" "No." "Well, I was going to buy you one of those great big dolls you wanted so long." "Why didn't you do it?" "Because you wouldn't let me." "Why wouldn't I let you?" "Why, because you wanted to choose for yourself. You said you would rather have that doll." She bit her lips. She saw she had made a mistake; and from that day to this I never have been able to get that girl to pick out anything. She is fifteen years old now. She says, "You pick; you choose." "When I was going off to Europe, I said, "Now, what shall I get for you while I am in Europe?" "Just what you please." I could not get her to pick out anything. She says, "You pick for me."

Now, if we let the Lord choose for us, he will choose better for us than we can for ourselves. Lot wanted to choose for himself. I will venture to say when he left Abraham, if you had talked to him about going to Sodom, he would have said, "O, no, go into Sodom! Do you think I would take my wife into Sodom? Do you think I would take my children down into Sodom—into that great city with all its temptations? Not I!" He pitched his tent towards Sodom. He looked towards the city, and it was not long before his business took him in there. He went down there perhaps to sell his cattle, and found there was a good market. Some of the leading men wanted him to come down there. He could make a good deal of money—could make money faster. When a man pitches his tent toward Sodom, and gets to looking in, it won't be long before he gets in there, tent and all. It was not long before Lot got down into Sodom. His business took him there. If you had talked to him he would have said: "Business must be attended to. A man must attend to business, you know." "But then it will be ruin to your family." "Oh, well, I am going to

make money and get out of it. When I get enough to retire I will get out of it, move back and live on the plains with Abraham. But I must attend to business first." Many a man puts his business before his family. Business must be attended to to get rich let the consequences be what they will; let ruin and desolation come upon the family, I must accumulate wealth while I have the opportunity. Undoubtedly Lot reasoned in that way, as a great many people reason now.

The next thing we hear of now is that Sodom has a war; and if you are going into Sodom you have to take a Sodom judgment. When the judgment does come you have to take a part of it. If you take Sodom's money you must take Sodom's judgment. War came, and the king of Sodom was defeated in battle and Lot was taken prisoner, his wife and his children. And when the people on the plains told Abraham of it, and as soon as Abraham heard of it, he called his servants, three hundred and eighteen of them, and went in hot haste after the enemy, overtook them and got Lot and his family, and brought them all back.

Now, he ought to have kept out of Sodom, he ought to have staid on the plains with the tent and altar, because all the time Lot was there in Sodom we never hear of his having an altar there. We never hear of his calling on the God of Abraham down there. He was down there trying to make money, and not to worship. That is not what he went to Sodom for. It was to get some of Sodom's money. That was what he was after; and instead of staying out, he goes back again. That ought to have been warning enough. But if you had reasoned with him, undoubtedly he would have told you he must go back and make up what he had lost. He had lost a good deal. He had got a start; he was known; he held some real estate down there, and he must go down

there; he wanted to look after it. There had been a fire, and the fire had burned up a number of his buildings, and he must go down and rebuild; and he takes his family and goes back into Sodom. In the sight of the world Lot was one of the most successful men in all Sodom. If you had gone into Sodom a little while before destruction came upon it, and began to inquire about Sodom and its leading men, they would have told you Lot, the nephew of Abraham, was one of the most successful men in all Sodom. He held office. We find him sitting at the gate; that is a sign that he was an officer; perhaps they made him a judge; a good, high-sounding name, Judge Lot. It is a good title; the world honored him; Sodom honored him. They liked him there very well. Then he would have reasoned in this way: "Don't you see, I have got an influence by coming down here." He was a man of great influence in the sight of the world—immense influence. They would have told you he was one of the most influential men in all Sodom. He owned, perhaps, the best corner lots, and he may have had his name on them. You might have seen his name on a good many of those corner lots, and on the best buildings in town. If they had had a congress in those days, he would have been a very popular man to send to congress. It would have been "The Honorable Mr. Lot, of Sodom." They would have made him Mayor, perhaps. He was a man the world delighted to honor. The world delights to honor that kind of a man; a man of great influence.

But I want to call your attention to one thing. He was there twenty years and never got a convert. That is the man of influence! Look around and see where the worldly Christians are. How many souls are they winning to Jesus Christ? Are they the men that are building up Christ's kingdom? I tell you those men are

doing more to tear it down than any other class of men. Lot was so identified with Sodom, and so much like the men of Sodom, that when he came to testify for the God of Abraham do you think they would take his testimony? Not a word of it. Mrs. Lot, his wife, moved in the very highest circle, probably. If she rode out she had the very best turnout. If they had theaters in those days you would have found her at the theater. Her children, of course, were in the world, and they had to be like the world. Of course they danced. They were what you call dancing Christians, theater going Christians. If a nice opera comes along, the Chicago Church Choir or something of that kind, and it comes Friday night, prayer meeting night, they are all there. They are not at the prayer meeting.

Ah, you smile, but the church is full of them to-day. We have our Lots. Twenty long years he stayed down there in Sodom; and when the messengers of God visited him, what did they find? I would be ashamed to read it to you. It would bring a tinge of red upon your cheeks. Many of you would blush and hang your heads. A child of God down there in Sodom! A child of God in such a dark place! Those two messengers didn't have any written word. God used to send messengers down. It had been a long time since Lot had seen any messengers from heaven. When he was back to the plains with Abraham, with the tent and the altar, they visited the tent, and he was quite familiar with them. He had seen them often talking to his uncle, but he had been down there in the mists and fogs of Sodom, and he had not seen those angels. But late one afternoon two of them made their appearance at the gate. He was there sitting in his place of office, and he knew them. He invited them to his house. Most of you know what took place. If they had not performed a

miracle there the Sodomites would have slain those two men of God. They rose up against them. Lot tried to quiet them, and they mocked him. "This stranger coming here to dictate to us!" Where is his testimony? They didn't receive his testimony. These men tell us they want to get influence over the world and are going to reach the world in that way. Do they reach it in that way? Do worldly Christians reach the world? The world reaches them and pulls them down. They don't pull the world up. I never knew one that did it It is the separated man—it is Abraham with the tent and altar, that is out of the mist and fog of Sodom, that is going to do Sodom good; not the men down in Sodom, living like Sodom. Separation is what we want to-day. We want the men of God to come out from the world. There is a difference between the men of God and the men of this world. They that serve the god of this world are the servants of sin and Satan. They that serve the Lord Jesus Christ do not belong to this world. They are citizens of another world. And these two messengers found such a horrible state of things, they said to Lot, "Have you got any other children in Sodom besides these two daughters here in this house?" And they found that two of his daughters had been given away to the Sodomites. Think of it. He had got rich; got money; he had got Sodom's money But two of his daughter's had been given to those Sodomites—those men living in such awful sin, and such awful wickedness. What do we see to-day? Fathers and mothers giving their daughters to ungodly men, drinking men, gambling men, licentious men, men whose hearts are as black as hell; but they have a little money, and hold a little position, drive fast horses. Professed Christians! And that is the worst of it. Lot professed

to be the servant of the Most High God, living down there in Sodom.

The messengers said, "Go get them out; we are going to destroy this place. The wickedness of this place has come up to high heaven, and God is going to blast it. The day of judgment is coming. Make haste, Lot get your children out of here." Look at that old man at midnight gray-haired, in the evening of his life, moving along through the streets of Sodom with his head down. What a night for Lot! Here is your man of influence. He goes to the house where those sons-in-law are. They are, perhaps, asleep. He raps. Some one opens the window, puts his head out and he says, "Who is there?" "It is your father-in-law, Lot." "What are you here for at this time of the night?" "I have got a couple of messengers of heaven in my house and they have brought news from heaven that God is going to destroy this city, and they want to have me get you out"—and they mock at him. His own sons-in-law mock him. There is your worldly man. There is the man that has gone into the world to get influence over it, and his own children—there they are, and they mock the old. He plead and undoubtedly wept over them, but it was all in vain. They mocked at his tears; they mocked at his entreaties. "Why Sodom to be destroyed? Away with such a delusion! Sodom was never more prosperous than it is to-day." They were eating and drinking, buying and selling and building until the fire came, as it was in the days of Noah. "Sodom destroyed! We were never more prosperous than we are now. Away with such a delusion. God going to judge Sodom! We don't believe it." His own children didn't believe it. We can can see him going back to his house with a broken heart, head down weeping. Early the next morning the angels had to take him by the hand

and hasten him out of the city. Poor Lot! He lingered. Do you know why he lingered? Ah! those loved ones were there. If there is any person on earth we ought to pity it is the father or mother that has led his children into the world and then can't get them out. You lead them in and then when you try to lead out they laugh at you and mock you. O, to live so that our children will not take our testimony! I tell you if I know my own heart I would rather be torn limb from limb on this platform—I would rather die this moment than to live to that my children do not, would not have confidence in my testimony when I spoke of Jesus Christ and the religion of the Bible. I tell you if you live a worldly life as Lot did down in Sodom that is going to be the result. The reaping time is coming, and we will have to reap the bitter fruit. Look at poor Lot as he takes his wife and his two daughters and hastens out of the city. And his wife, no wonder she looked back. Those loved ones, those children were there.

Now, just take an inventory of what Lot lost. He lost his testimony, that is certain. There was not a Sodomite would take it, and his own family would not. He lost his wife and all his children but two. He lost all his property. He lost his peace of mind. He lost the society of Abraham. He fell still lower out on the mountain side. The curtains drops, you might say, upon him, and he became the father of the backsliders. He became the father of a nation that were afterwards enemies of God. The bitter fruit of backsliding! That is the end of the worldly professor. Yet they lift up their heads in this city and tell you they are not spiritually minded people, and rather boast of it.

If you want to find out who is the successful man, you don't want to take a glimpse of him right in the middle of life, right in his prime, but take him from the cradle

to the grave, and see what an influence the man leaves behind him. I will venture to say there are hundreds of men that would give all they have got if they could bury their influence in the grave with them. Their influences has been bad over their children and in the community. Now, if there is a poor Lot in this audience to-day, I beg of you to get out of Sodom.

Make haste! Don't linger any longer upon the plains, but start for Mount Calvary. Come back again and confess your sins, and ask God to forgive you, and then go to work and get your children out. Make haste! The judgment is coming. Men may mock and scoff as long as they are amind to, but up yonder sits a God of judgment. He is going to judge. He says He will do it, and He will do it. It is only a question of time. We might as well own it as shut our eyes to it, and deny the fact that God is going to bring us to judgment; and if we live in the world, and like the world, and bring our children into the world, they are going to bring our gray hairs to an untimely grave. Many a father has gone before us, and many of them to-day are on the way.

Let us ask God to open our eyes, that we may see our true standing before God. It is a thousand times better to be like Abraham, out on the plains with a tent and altar, in daily communion with God, than it is to be in Sodom with the honor of the whole city rolled at your feet. The honor of this world is so empty, so fleeting! It is not worth crossing the street for. Let us get the world and Sodom under our feet to-day, and let us set our faces like a flint toward the God of Abraham, and let us be content to live on the plains with the tent and altar, and serve our God until He calls us hence.

REPENTANCE.

But now commandeth all [redacted] every-where to repent.—Acts, xvii, 30.

You will find my text to-night in the 17th chapter of Acts, a part of the 30th verse: "Commandeth all men every where to repent." That must take all in. It is another command. Then in the next verse he tells us why: "Because he hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised him from the dead."

The day is appointed. We do not know anything about the calendar of heaven. God has kept that appointment in His own mind. We do not know just the day, but the day is appointed, the time is fixed, and God is going to judge this world. So He sends out a proclamation and commands all men now every where to repent. And if you do not want to be brought into judgment and be judged, you had better repent; turn to God, and let Jesus Christ be judged for you, and escape the judgment. It is a great thing to get rid of the judgment. "There is no condemnation to him that is in Christ Jesus." That is, there is no judgment. Judgment is already past to the believer — to the man that has repented of his sins and confessed them, and turned away from them, and God has put them away. They never again shall be mentioned. We read in Ezekiel that not one of our sins have been mentioned; that they have been forgiven; therefore God calls upon

all men every where now — not some future time — but now, right here to-night, to repent.

As we look at the beginning of the gospel of this dispensation, you will find that John the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ, that his voice just rung through the wilderness of Judea, and that he had but one text: you might say his text was one word, "Repent, repent, repent." That was his cry. He kept it up until he met Christ at the Jordan, and then he changed the text, and he had but one text after that: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

He first called to repentance, but when Jesus Christ commenced His ministry, he took up that wilderness cry and echoed it again over the plains of Palestine — "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." When He sent out the twelve, He told them to go into every town and make this proclamation: That the kingdom of God was coming nigh, and men must repent. If they wanted to get in His kingdom, they must enter through that door of repentance. When He sent out the seventy, two by two, He gave them instructions that they should just say, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

Then we find, after Christ had ascended again into glory, Peter took up that cry on the day of Pentecost, and as he preached through Jerusalem to sinners that they must repent, the Holy Ghost came down and testified to what Peter was saying.

Now, we find in this text Paul is here in Athens raising that wilderness cry again, and commands men now and every where to repent. There is no such thing as man getting to heaven until he repents. You may preach Christ and offer Christ, but man has got to turn away from sin first, as we tried to show you last night. "Let the wicked forsake his way, the unrighteous man

his thoughts, and turn unto the Lord." Repentance is turning.

Before I commence to preach about repentance, I want to tell you what it is not. The fact is, I believe this great truth that has been talked so much in the church that every school-boy ought to be acquainted with it, is the very thing we are in darkness about.

It seems to me as if Satan has thrown dust in the eyes of the people; that the god of this world has blinded us to these things. I find a great many people have a false idea of what repentance is.

Now repentance is not fear. Mark that. I may stand here to-night, and I may perhaps picture to you the judgment, and I might alarm some people here, and you may get scared and it would look as if it was true work, but it would pass away like a morning cloud. I might hold a revolver to your head and say, "Repent, or I will blow your brains out," and you would say, "I will repent, I will repent," but when the revolver was taken away you would forget all about it. That is taking place all the while. Some people think they have got to be wrought up. Something has to be said to alarm them. You go out to sea, or out here on Lake Erie, and let a storm come up; fifteen minutes before the storm the sailors, and perhaps the Captain, are cursing and blaspheming. A storm comes up and they go to praying. You would think they were saints. The storm passes away, and they are out of danger and they are swearing again. That is fear. That is not repentance. It seemed as if the king of Egypt was really coming to the Lord, to hear him talk when he heard the thunderings, and judgments of God upon him. The king was alarmed. It looked as if he was coming to the Lord, but he was only scared. The moment those judgments were off he forgot all about it. That was

not repentance at all. A man may be scared and not repent. A man may be alarmed and not repent. Many men, when death comes and takes a look at them, begin to be alarmed. They get well and forget all about it.

Repentance is not feeling. Mark that! There are hundreds and thousands of people in Cleveland who just have their arms folded and they are waiting for some queer kind of feeling. They think repentance is a certain kind of feeling; that they have to feel very bad, very sorrowful—got to weep a good deal, and then they will be in a condition to come to God. Repentance is not feeling. A man may feel very bad and not really repent. I venture to say if you go down to Columbus to the state penitentiary you cannot find a man in there that does not feel sorry he got caught, awful sorry—shed a great many tears in court on his trial. The trouble is they are sorry they got caught. That is all. They feel very bad they got caught. But there is no true repentance; no turning to God. Feeling is not repentance. Last winter I preached seven months to the convicts in the Maryland Penitentiary. I found men just the same under lock and key that they are out. There were a great many there in that prison who had passed through their trial, been sentenced ten years or five years to the penitentiary, that had no signs of repentance there at all. They were very sorry they got caught. They would like to get out very well, and perhaps they would do the same thing right over when they got out. That is not repentance at all.

A man may be dishonest in some business transaction, and bring ruin upon himself and his family; he may weep bitter tears for weeks and for months, and yet not repent. But he is very sorry he got caught. These defaulters are all sorry they got caught. I do not know how many of them truly repent. If they truly repent,

God forgives them whether man does or not. They may shed a great many tears and not repent.

I tell you we have got to wake up to the fact that repentance is not feeling. It is something higher, deeper broader than just mere sentiment or feeling. A man may weep, and brush away the tears and forget all about it.

And then repentance is not remorse. Judas had remorse. He did not repent towards God. He was filled with remorse and despair, and went out and hung himself. That was not repentance. There is a difference between remorse and repentance.

Then repentance is not penance. Some people think they have got to put that in the place of repentance. They think if they just do penance they are all right. Suppose I go down to Lake Erie and stand all night up to my neck in the water till daylight, is that repentance? Will I be more acceptable to God to-morrow night because I have been down there in the lake all night and stood in the water up to my neck? That is not repentance.

Conviction is not repentance. A man may be convicted that he is wrong and not repent. I may remain for years under conviction and not repent.

Repentance is not praying. A great many people think they are going to settle this question by going off to pray and asking God to forgive them, and they go right on living the same way they have been living.

Repentance is not forming a few good resolutions. It is not resolving that we will be better and do better in the future and just go right on.

Repentance is not breaking off from some sin. That is not repentance. Suppose a vessel has sprung aleak. There are three holes in it. You stop up two of them and leave one of them open. Down goes the vessel.

That is enough to sink it. And so some men say, "well, I will break off part of my sins." Suppose you are guilty of a hundred and break off ninety-nine of them and leave one, and go on committing that one. That one is enough, my friends.

If God drove Adam out of Eden on account of one sin, do you think He will let you into the Paradise above with one sin upon you? If God would not let Adam stay in Eden—that earthly paradise—with one sin upon him, do you think He is going to allow sinners into that heavenly Paradise above with one sin upon them? So, it is not just breaking off part of our sins and leaving part of them, but it is leaving the whole of them.

Perhaps you say; "Then what is repentance? If it is not fear, if it is not feeling, if it is not prayer, and if it is not forming a few good resolutions and doing penance, what is it?

Listen, my friends. Repentance is turning right about—in other words, as a soldier would call it, "right about face." As some one has said, man is born with his back towards God. When he truly repents he turns right around and faces God. Repentance is a change of mind. Repentance is an after-thought.

Now, I might feel sorry that I had done a thing, and go right on and do it over again. You see repentance is deeper than feeling. It is action. It is turning right about. And God commands all men everywhere to turn.

Let me read to you here a verse or two from the xxi. chapter of the gospel according to Matthew: "What think ye?" These are the words of the Lord Jesus Christ. "What think ye?" A certain man had two sons; and he said to them: "Go work in my vineyard." One of them said, "I will not go." The other said, "I will go sir," and went not. But the man that said he would not

go repented and changed his mind — an after-thought, you see — and turned and went and did it. "Now," says Christ, "which of the two sons did his father's will?" "Well, the man that repented." And Christ just held that right up to the people. That is what the Lord wants — to have a man turn right about — not try to justify himself in his sin, but acknowledge his sin, confess his sin, and turn from it; and the moment a man is willing to do that, that moment God is ready and willing to receive him.

Now, I think I can use an illustration that you can get hold of. Suppose I want to go to Chicago to-night. I go down to the depot. I do not know much about the trains in Cleveland. I see a man there whom I take to be connected with the depot, and I ask him, "Is this train going right to Chicago?" "Yes." I take my bag and jump right aboard that train. I get comfortably seated and my friend, Mr. Doan, comes down and he says: "Mr. Moody, where are you going?" And I say, "going to Chicago." "Well, you are on the wrong train. That train is going off to New York." "I think you are wrong, Mr. Doan; I just asked a man who is a railroad man, and he told me this train was going to Chicago." "Well, sir, I tell you you are wrong. That train is not going to Chicago at all; it is going to take you right in an opposite direction. That train is going off to New York, and if you want to go to Chicago, you must get out of that train and get aboard another." I do not believe him at first. "Well," he says, "but I have been here in Cleveland for twenty-five years. I know all about these trains. I go to Chicago and New York a dozen times a year. I am constantly taking these trains. I am having friends nearly every week that take these trains, and I come down here, and I tell you that I am right and you are wrong, sir. You are on the

wrong train." At last Mr. Doan convinces me that I am on the wrong train. That is conviction. But, if I do not change trains, I will go to New York in spite of my conviction. That is not repentance. I will tell you what is repentance: grabbing my bag and running and getting on the other train. That is repentance.

Now, you are on the wrong train, my friends, and what you want is to change trains to-night. You are on the wrong side of this question. You are for the god of this world, and the world claims your influence. God commands all men now everywhere to repent. Change trains! Make haste! There is no time for delay! It is a call that comes from the throne of God for every man, woman and child in this audience. Repent! If you die without repentance whose fault is it? God has called you; God has commanded you, and if you will not obey that command, if you will not repent, and you die in your sins, no one is to blame but yourself. Mark that! No one is to blame but yourself, for God has commanded you.

Now the question is, what will you do with this command? Will you repent? Will you this very night, and this very hour, change trains?

I will give you another illustration. There is going to be an election in this State to-morrow. Suppose you belong to a party up till to-night and you thought you were right; but to-night you become convinced that the party you are in is wrong. You become thoroughly convinced that if the party succeeds it is ruin to your state government. You are a patriotic man and you love the government.

Now, some men say, "Can a man repent all at once?" I say he can. A man may come in here to-night a strong democrat, or he may come in here a strong republican, and he may change inside of twenty-four

hours. You know that, don't you? If you belonged to a party and you were thoroughly convinced to-night that you were in the wrong party, do you tell me you could not change to-night and join the other party and go out to the polls and go to work to-morrow and be on the other side of the question? You can do it if you will.

Now, my friends, we will not bring up this question of parties. I have nothing to do with that, I only use it as an illustration. There is one thing I do know; you are on the wrong side of this question. If you are away from God, and if you are fighting against the God of heaven, you had better change trains at once, hadn't you? Do it to-night. Make up your mind to-night that you will cast your lot with God's people—that you will just change trains.

Look at that train the other night on the Michigan Central road near Jackson. Do you tell me a man cannot repent all at once? Do you tell me that the engineer of that train could not have whistled down brakes and turned that train back if he had had three minutes? He could if he had had time. He didn't have enough time. Look at that steamer on the ocean. It is bearing down upon an iceberg. It is going at the rate of twelve knots an hour in a fog; they cannot see a rod ahead. All at once they reverse the steam. In a minute more they would have gone on the iceberg, and all on that vessel would have gone down. There was a minute when they could have reversed the steam, and they just seized the opportunity and saved all on board.

And so there is a moment, my friends, that you can repent and turn to God, and there is such a thing as being a minute too late. Look at that White Star Line steamer when 500 were lost off the coast of Newfoundland. There was a minute that they just crossed the line, as it were. It was too late.

So you may neglect your soul's salvation, and you may neglect to repent one day too long, and it will be too late. God commands you to do it now. He says, "Except a man repent, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "Except ye repent." We have got to enter through the door of repentance into the kingdom of God. There is no other way. The highest and the lowest, the richest and the poorest, have all got to go in in the same way—on their hands and knees.

I had a friend during the Chicago fire who got into one of those lanes there, and he became so stifled with smoke that he lay down to die. But as he lay on the ground he got beneath the smoke and crawled out on his hands and knees. And I tell you when a man gets on his knees and says, "God be merciful to me a sinner." God will forgive him and bless him. And so, if there is a person to-night in this house that wants to be saved just now while I am talking, say, "God helping me, this night I turn my face toward heaven;" and if need be God will send legions of angels to help you fight your way up to heaven.

Some men say they are afraid they will not hold out. But God says, "My grace is sufficient for thee." "As thy faith, so shall thy strength be." God is not a hard master: "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." When men make deep and thorough work, and are willing to forsake all sin and turn to God with all their hearts, God helps them; then there is no trouble. God is not a hard master.

Now, it is left for you, as I said last night. You can turn if you will. The will comes in again. I read some time ago an account of some wealthy man who had an only son, who was a wild, reckless boy; but, although he was a wild, reckless boy, his father loved him. When

the father was dying, he had his will made out, and he willed that boy all his property on one condition, and that was that that boy should repent of his sins. If the boy turned away from his evil associates and his past life, and became a sober and an upright man, he should have all his estate. All he had got to do was to enter into it. The father put it in the hands of trustees on these conditions, and all that boy had to do was to turn from his past life, and his evil associates, and enter into it. He loved his sins so he would not do it, and he died in his sins. I do not know as I could have a better illustration than that. We have got an inheritance, incorruptible, kept in reserve for us, and the moment a man is willing to turn from his sins he can enter into that inheritance. God keeps it in store for all that want it. But do not think for a moment that you are going to enter into that inheritance—into those mansions Christ has gone to prepare, with sin upon you. It is utterly out of the question. In your sins it is impossible for you to enter into that inheritance. "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." We cannot get into the kingdom of God without repentance, without turning from sin, without laying hold of His righteousness and giving up our own.

So the question comes for us to settle, and it is a question we can settle if we will. We need not wait for this kind of feeling or that kind. It is to obey. Do you think God would command us to do something we could not do, and then punish us eternally for not doing it? Do you think God would command all men now everywhere to repent, and not give them power to do it? Do you believe it? Away with such a doctrine as that! He would be an unjust God if He commanded me to do something I could not do, and then punished me for not doing it.

Suppose I should command my boy to leap a mile at one leap, and if he did not do it that I would flog him, and then because he didn't do it I flogged him, what would you people in Cleveland say? You would not allow me to preach. You would say I was an unjust man. There is one thing, we must do as we preach about the love of God and mercy of God; we have also to stand up for His justice. He is a God of justice. God is not an unjust God. He does not command us to do anything we cannot do, and then punish us for not doing it. With the command comes the power to obey. He said to the man with the withered hand, "Stretch out thine hand." The man might have said, "Well, Lord, I have been trying to stretch out that hand for thirty years, but I could not do it." But with the command came the power. He said, "Stretch out thine hand," and out came the old withered arm, and was made whole before it got out straight from his body; and so men are blessed in the very act of obedience. Not for just feeling or sentiment. What God wants is to have us obey. What is it to obey? It is to repent and bring forth fruit meet for repentance. What does that mean? If you cheat a man out of five dollars, don't keep that five dollars. Give it back. If you are going to repent and turn to God, out with it! It don't belong to you. If some young man cheats his wash-woman by not paying his wash-bill, or goes off without paying his boarding mistress, don't think you can repent and turn to God without paying up every dollar, and bringing forth fruit meet for repentance.

In John Wesley's day, there was a hard case that came in among the Wesleys. He was one of the wildest men in Wales. He had been a drinking man for years. He used to take great pleasure in defrauding men. He would drink and not pay for his drinks. He would gam-

ble, and not pay what he had lost. He owed debts to nearly everybody. But he was converted, and soon after he was converted he had a little legacy left him, and he bought a horse and saddle and he started, and went from town to town and hunted up his old creditors and paid them dollar for dollar. Then he would preach in those towns, and tell them what great things God had done for him. But he hadn't enough money to go around and he sold the horse and saddle, and he paid up the very last dime. It is to pay the last dime—that is repentance. We want a revival of righteousness here in the West. If we want any thing we want right living. We want a revival of honesty. When the Bible says, "Bring forth fruit meet for repentance," it means to make restitution. If you ruin a man, do what you can to help that poor fellow. If you have helped to pull any down, do all you can to help him up. If it takes the last dollar you have got, you must pay it, where you have taken from men dishonestly.

When Mr. Sankey and I were in a town or city some time ago a man came to the inquiry room, and great drops of perspiration stood upon his brow. He was greatly excited and says, "Sir, I don't want to talk with you before these people. Can't we get off alone?" I took him off alone and he says, "The trouble with me is I am a defaulter." "Well," I said, "can you make restitution?" "No, sir; not for the whole amount." "How much is it?" "Fifteen hundred dollars." "How much can you pay back?" "About nine hundred dollars." But says he, "if I pay that back I will not have any thing to support my wife and children." I says, "Well, it don't belong to you, anyhow. You don't want it. No man can prosper with stolen money." Says he, "I want your advice; I have a chance to go into business, and if I do not give back that money and

go into business I think I can soon make up the $1,500 and pay it back." I said, "No, that is the devil's work. Don't take that stolen money and go into business. You will not prosper. God will turn your way upside down. He will hedge it up. 'He will turn the way of the wicked upside down.' What you want is to go to the root of the matter. Do right and God will bless you; but you can't ask God's blessing with stolen money." I believe that is the reason so many do not flourish—they can't ask God's blessing upon their business on account of some dishonest act; they have lied in selling goods or something else. Says he, "I will disgrace my wife and children if I come out and confess." I said, "Not necessarily. You can do it through a third party. Not only that, but I think those men you defrauded would forgive you if they saw true signs of repentance." He said the terms were too hard. I said when he went off: "The spirit of God has hold of you. You will not sleep any. You will not have rest until you pay back that money. It will not only burn in your pocket, but burn in your soul." He went off, and the next day he came back again, and he says: "Is there no other way?" Says I, "There is no other way. You don't want any other way. The right way is always the best way." Still he wanted to take some other way. Says I, "Do right, and let the consequences be what they will." He says, "I am afraid if I go back to those men they will just put me in prison." I says, "You had better go into prison with a clear conscience than be out with a guilty one. You won't have any peace with a guilty conscience. I have never heard of a man being put in prison that wanted to do right. Now, let me get those two men together and talk with them—see how they feel." He slunk from that; he said he could not do it. I said, "You can if you will." Finally he consented,

and we sent for the two men and got them in a room alone. He brought to me a great, long envelope, with $980.40—took the last penny out of his wife's pocket-book. "It is all there, is it?" says I. "Every cent: it is all there." Those two men were sitting there in the room, and I took out the money and laid it down and told them the story, and great tears trickled down their cheeks. They said they would like to forgive him, and I went down and brought him up. It was one of the sweetest sights of my life. Those two men got down and prayed with that man. The question was settled. Then friends gathered around him and helped him. He is now a successful business man. God forgave him and his employers forgave him. He brought forth fruit meet for repentance.

I believe the reason we do not have better work in this country is because there is so much sham. We do not go down to the bottom of things. O may God give us a revival of honesty! downright, upright honesty! That is what we want — right living! If it costs the right eye, out with it! That is what repentance means. It is not just mere sentiment—going to meeting and singing and praying and having a good time, not squaring our life according to Scripture. God is going to draw the plummet line by and by, and He will have it right. We may deceive our friends and deceive one another, but let us keep in mind we cannot deceive God. If we attempt to cover up some sin, some dishonest act, and come to God with our prayers He will not accept them. They will not go higher than our heads.

Some people say they cannot get an answer to their prayers. If they would get down to the bottom of things, they would find out the reason. They would find that there was something not correct in their lives.

They have not made the work deep and thorough. Let me pray for one thing in Cleveland, let me ask the Christians in this house to-night to pray for one thing, and that is that the Holy Ghost may convict us all of sin. Let it begin in the pulpit. If there is any one thing that I want more than any thing else it is that God may show me every thing in my life that is contrary to His will, and that He will give me grace enough to turn from it. I would rather do it—I would rather live so that God should be pleased with me than to have the applause of the world. I would rather live so that God could say, "Well done, good and faithful servant," than just to accumulate a little wealth down here and have the applause of men for a few short years, and then know that I had not pleased Him. When will we wake up to the fact that it is more important to live to please God than man?

And then how sweet our life will be, how pure our conscience will be, if God has forgiven every thing, if we have brought every thing to light, and turned from our sins, and the work has been deep and thorough!

But one thought more before I close, and that is, what produces repentance. Paul says in the second chapter of Romans, and the fourth verse: "Or despisest thou the riches of His goodness and forbearance and long suffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?"

O, that the Lord may open our eyes to-night and show us how good He has been to us all these years.

Now, the world has a false idea of God. I will venture to say there is not an unsaved man or woman in this audience to-night, but has a false idea of God, and the reason you cannot repent is because you do not turn from that false idea. You have got an idea that God hates you—is an enemy. That is as false as any lie

that ever came out of the pit of hell. There is not any truth in it. God loves the sinner. He so loved the world, He gave His only begotten Son to save sinners. Christ died for the ungodly, not the godly; for the sinner, not for the righteous. I want to say to every poor lost soul in this audience to-night: God loves you with an everlasting love although you may have hated Him, and trampled his laws under your feet. He loves you still. May the love of God to-night lead you to repentance.

There is a story in English history of King Henry and his rebellious son, who rose up in arms against his father. The king was at last obliged to take his army and pursue that rebellious son. He drove him into a walled city in France, and while the poor fellow was in that city the father was besieging it for weeks and months. But the son fell sick, and while he was sick he began to think of the goodness and kindness of that father. At last it broke his heart, and he sent a messenger to his father to tell him that he repented of his past life in rebellion and asked his father to forgive him. But the old sire refused. He did not believe he was sincere. When the messenger brought back that message that his father would not forgive him he requested them to take him out of his bed and lay him in sack-cloth and ashes and in that condition he would die. When they told his father of it and he went to look at that boy and saw him in sack-cloth and ashes he fell on his face and cried as David did: "O my son, would God I had died for thee."

That father made a mistake. He did not know that boy's heart. But God never makes any mistake. O sinner, if you ask him to-night for pardon He will pardon you. If you want the love of God shed abroad in your heart turn away from sin and see how quick He will receive you and how quick He will bless you.

EXCUSED.

I pray thee have me excused.—LUKE, xiv. 19.

These three men that we read about to-night were not invited to hear some dry stupid sermon or lecture, but they were invited to a feast. The gospel in this parable is represented as a feast, and there was an invitation extended to these three men to come to the feast. "And they all with one consent began to make excuse." It does not say that they *had* an excuse, but they *made* excuse—manufactured one for the occasion.

Now excuses are as old as man. The first excuse that we hear of was in Eden. The first thing we hear after the fall of man, was man making excuse. Instead of Adam confessing his guilt like a man, he began to excuse himself—justify himself. That is what every man is trying to do—justify himself in his sins. Adam said, "It is this woman that thou gavest me." He hid behind her—mean, cowardly act. And it really was charging it back on God. "It is the woman that thou gavest me." Blaming God for his sin. From the time that Adam fell from the summit of Eden to the present time, man has been guilty of that sin, charging it back on God, as if God was responsible for his sin and God was guilty.

Now, I venture to say that if I should go down among the congregation here to-night, every man that has not accepted this invitation would be ready with an excuse. You have all got excuses. You would have one right on the end of your tongue. You would be ready to meet me the moment I got to you. If I met that excuse,

then you would get another and you would hide behind that. Then, if I drove you out from behind that, you would get another. And so you would go on, hiding behind some excuse—making some excuse; and if you should get cornered up and could not think of one, Satan would be there to help you make one. That has been his business for the past six thousand years. He is very good to help men make excuses, and undoubtedly he helped these three men we read of here to-night. No sooner do we begin to preach the gospel of the Son of God than men begin to manufacture excuses. They begin to hunt around to see if they cannot find some reason to give for not accepting the invitation. Excuses are the cradle, in other words, that Satan rocks men off to sleep in. He gets them into that cradle of excuses that they may ease their consciences.

But let me say to you my friends, there is no man or woman in this assembly to-night that can give an excuse that will stand the light of eternity. All these excuses that men are making are nothing but refuges of lies after all. We read in the prophecy of Isaiah that God shall sweep away these refuges of lies. When a man stands before God he will not be making excuses. His excuses will all be gone then, and he will be speechless.

We read of that man that got into the feast without a wedding garment, and when the Lord of the feast came in he saw the man there. That man perhaps thought he could get in with the crowd. Some people say, "O, I will go with the crowd." He thought he could get in with the crowd, and he would not be noticed. But that eye was keen to detect one that had on not the wedding garment. Do not think for a moment that God's eye is not upon you? He knows how all these excuses are made. You cannot hide any thing from Him. You may make excuses and put on a sort of garment, and

that you are justifying yourself in living away from God and not accepting this invitation; but really it is nothing that will stand the light of eternity. Things look altogether different when you stand before Him.

Did you ever stop to think what would take place in a city like Cleveland if God should take every man and woman that wants to be excused at their word, and should say, "I will excuse you?" God took these three men that we read of at their word. He said, "Not one of them that were bidden shall taste of my supper." They spurned the invitation; they turned their backs upon it; and then God withdrew the invitation. "Not one of them that were bidden shall taste of my supper." Suppose that that should take place in Cleveland, and then by a stroke of Providence he should sweep every man and woman in Cleveland that wants to be excused from this feast into eternity. Suppose every man and woman that wanted to be excused from this feast should die inside of twenty-four hours? I think there would be plenty of room in this tabernacle to-morrow night for all that want to come. There would be a good many of your stores closed to-morrow. There would be no one to open them. Merchants, employes, clerks would all be gone. Every saloon in Cleveland would be closed up. Every rum-seller wants to be excused from this feast. He can't get into the kingdom of God with a rum bottle in his hand. "Woe be to the man that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." He knows very well that if he accepts this invitation he has got to give up his hellish traffic. Every blasphemer in Cleveland wants to be excused from this feast, because if he accepts this invitation he has got to give up his blasphemy. Every drunkard in Cleveland, every harlot, every thief, every dishonest man, every dishonest merchant would be gone. They want to be excused from this feast. Why? Be-

[redacted] they have got to turn away from their sins if they accept of this invitation. The longer I live the more I [redacted] convinced that the reason men do not come to Christ is because they do not want to give up sin. That is the trouble. It is not their intellectual difficulties. It is quite popular for people to say that they have got intellectual difficulties; but if they would tell the honest truth it is some darling sin that they are holding on to. They are not willing to give up the harlot; they are not willing to give up gambling; they are not willing to give up drinking, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. That is the trouble. It is not their intellectual difficulties as much as it is their darling sin. The grass would soon be growing in your streets in Cleveland if God should take every man at his word and excuse him from this feast and take him away. Things would look altogether different in your city inside of [redacted] week if God should excuse you that want to be excused. And yet the moment that God sends out His invitation excuses just run right in. "I pray thee have me excused." That is the cry to-day. Man prepares his feast, and there is [redacted] great rush to get the best seats. God prepares his feast—and what a feast it is! Think of it! It is not often that common people like you and me get [redacted] invitation to [redacted] royal feast. There is many a man that has lived in Windsor Castle for fifty years, and has never got sight of Queen Victoria. There are men in London that stand high, men of wealth, men of position who never were invited into her palace. Men think it is [redacted] great honor to be invited into a king's palace or the palace of [redacted] queen. But here we are invited to the marriage of the Lamb. We are invited by the Lord of glory to come to the marriage of His only begotten son, and men begin to make excuses. "I pray thee, have me excused."

Now let us look for a moment at the excuses that these three men gave. The first man might have been very polite. Some men are very polite. Some are very gruff, and treat you with a great deal of scorn and contempt. The moment you begin to talk to them they say, "You attend to your business and I will attend to mine." But I can imagine this man was a very polite man and he said, "I wish you would take back this message to your Lord, that I would like to be at that feast. Tell him there is not a man in the kingdom that would rather be there than myself, but I am so situated that I can't come. Just tell him I have bought me a piece of ground, and that I must needs go and see it." Queer time to go and see to land, wasn't it? Just at that supper time. They were invited to supper, you see. But he must needs go and see it. He had not made a partial bargain and wanted to go and close the bargain. He did not have that good excuse. He had bought the land, and he must needs go and see it. Could he not go and see this land the next morning? Could he not have accepted this invitation and then gone and seen his land? If he had been a good business man, some one has said, he would have gone and looked at the land before he bought it. But the land was already bought, and the trade made. He did not say, "I want to get the deed on record, because I am afraid some one else will get a deed of it, and get it on record first, and I will lose it. He had not got that good an excuse. The only excuse he had was. "I have bought me a piece of ground and I must needs go and see it." You will see it was a lie right on the face of it. It was just manufactured to ease that man's conscience. He did not want to go to the feast, and he had not the common honesty to come out with it and say, "I don't want to go to the feast, but just take back word that I have bought me a

piece of ground and I must needs go and see it," and away he went. How many men are giving their business as an excuse for not accepting this invitation! You talk to them about things pertaining to the kingdon of God, and they tell you they have got to attend to business; that business is very pressing. It does not say that this was a bad man. He might have been as moral as any man in Cleveland. He might have held as high a position as any man in Cleveland. He might have ridden in his chariot. He might have been a very liberal man to the poor. He might have been a very benevolent man. He might have given his substance, but he neglected to accept this invitation, and Christ teaches us plainly that if we neglect this salvation how shall we escape the damnation of hell.

People say, "What have I done? I have not got drunk; I have not murdered; I have not lied; I have not stolen. What have I done?" I will take you on the ground that you have not done anything—I will not admit that for a moment, but suppose I take you on that ground. If a man neglects salvation he will be lost. You see a man in yonder river, his oars lying in the bottom of his boat, and he is out there in the current, his arms are folded, and the current is quietly drawing him toward the rapids. Some one warns him: "Say, friend, you are hastening toward the rapids." No, I am doing nothing, sir. My arms are folded. What have I done?" "But you are drawing toward the rapids." "I tell you sir, I am not; I am doing nothing." You may try to convince him but he will be blind. So indeed he is not doing anything, but that current is quietly drawing him toward the cataract, and in a few moments he will go over. Many a man is flattering himself that he is not doing anything, but let him neglect salvation and he is lost.

The next man's excuse was one manufactured for the occasion. It was not one whit better than the excuse of the first man: "Take back word to thy lord that I cannot come. I have got pressing business. I have bought five yoke of oxen and I must needs go to prove them." As if he had to prove his oxen that night at supper time He had plenty of time to prove his oxen. He had bought them. They were in his stall. But the fact was, he was like the first man; he did not want to go and had not the common honesty to say so, and so he says, "I have bought five yoke of oxen and I must needs go and prove them." He must go right off that night to prove them. That is his excuse. There is not a child five years old that cannot see that that excuse is just manufactured.

These men began to make excuse. They did not have one—they manufactured excuses to ease their consciences. It was nothing but a downright lie; that is what it was. Let us call things by their right names. People think if they can make a sort of plausible excuse they are justified. But these excuses are nothing but refuges of lies.

The third man's excuse is more absurd than the others; "I have married me a wife, and therefore I cannot come." Who likes to go to a feast better than a young bride? He might have taken his wife with him. He had no excuse. That was the excuse he was hiding behind. "I have married me a wife, and therefore I cannot come." If his wife would not go with him, he could let her stay at home, and he could go. This has got to be a personal matter. We are not going to heaven in families, as I said last night. It is a thing between you and your God. The invitation was extended to that man as the head of his own house. He was priest over his own household, and he had no excuse; but he just made up that excuse.

Now, there is nothing on record, you might say, against those three men. You might say there were a good many things noble about those men. It does not say that they were licentious; it does not say that they were drunkards; it does not say that they were dishonest; it does not say that they were thieves, but they only made excuses so as not to be at that feast. They did not want to accept of the feast.

I notice some of you smile as I take up those three excuses; but I would like to ask this congregation this question: Have you a better one? Come! I see a young man laughing down there. Have you a better excuse yourself? Come! Eighteen hundred years have rolled away, and they tell us we are living in a very wise age, that we are living in a very intellectual age, that men are growing much wiser, and that we know a good deal more than our fathers did; but with all men's boasted knowledge, can you find a man to-day who has a better excuse than those three men had? During the last three years I have spent most of my time talking to people about their salvation — their individual difficulties, and I have yet to find the first man or the first woman that can give me a better excuse than those three men had. I tell you that man or that woman cannot be found to-day. I will defy any man to come forward to-night and give me a better excuse than those three men had. The excuses men are hiding behind to-day are fearful. There is not an excuse that you would dare to give to God. Things look altogether different when you come to stand before Him.

Take a piece of paper, if you have it in your pocket, and a pencil and write down, "Why should I serve the God of this world? Second, Why should I serve the God of the Bible?" Then put down your reasons why you should serve the God of this world, and your rea-

sons why you should serve the God of the Bible, and see how it looks; because it is clearly taught that we either serve the God of this world or the God of heaven. We cannot be neutral. There is no neutrality about this matter. We are either for God or against him. We cannot serve God and mammon. We are either serving the God of this world—that is, Satan—or we are serving the God of heaven. The line is drawn. You may not be able to see it, but God sees it. God knows the heart of every man and woman in this assembly. He knows all about us, and He sees right through the excuses we make. He looks at the heart. He does not look at the excuses you make. Those are only from the tongue. They are only manufactured in the head. He knows that the difficulty lies down in the heart. It is because you will not come unto Him. It is not because men cannot come; it is because men set their wills up against God's will, and are not willing to yield.

One of the popular excuses of the present day is this good old book, the Bible. It is amazing to hear some men talk. I have touched upon this a number of times since I have come to Cleveland, but I find as I come out West a good deal of infidelity; men profess to be infi dels. It is astonishing to hear them talk about the Bible —something they do not know anything about. I can find scarcely one of them that has ever looked into it and read it, and who knows anything about it. They have heard some infidel lecture—some scoffing, sneering man come along caviling at the Bible, and they have heard some few things that man has said, and they bring them out on all occasions. They will not look into that book and ask God to help them to understand it. If a man will be honest with God, God will be honest with him. There is no trouble about this book; the trouble is with the life.

Wilmot, the great infidel, as he lay dying, putting his hand upon that Book, said: "The only thing against that Book is a bad life." When a man has got a bad record against him, he wants to get that Book out of the way, because it condemns him; that is the trouble. The trouble is not with the Book; it is with your record and mine. Because that Book condemns sin we want to get it out of the way. Men do not like to be condemned; that is the trouble.

Then men say they cannot understand it. Well, you and the Bible agree exactly. A man was telling me some time ago that he could not understand the Bible. I said, "You and the Bible agree exactly." He said, "I don't agree with the Bible at all." "Well," I said, "you agree exactly," and I referred him to a passage in the prophecy of Daniel—"Many shall be purified and made white and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand." That is what Scripture says. If a man is living in sin, God is not going to reveal to that man his secrets.

I would like to ask those men who are giving this Bible as an excuse for not becoming Christians, who wrote that book? Did bad men write it? It is a very singular thing that they should write their own condemnation, isn't it? How that book condemns bad men. Bad men would not write their own condemnation, would they? They do not do it now-a-days, do they? They are the last ones to write their own condemnation. Well, if good men wrote a bad book, they could not be good, could they?

Now, it seems to me, that if a man will stop to think a moment he will see that the trouble is not with the book. The trouble is with himself. And when a man bows to the will of God, that book becomes food to his soul. He can feed on it then; there is something to feed

on. He gets life from it; he gets power, and he gets something that tells him how he can get victory over himself. I consider that the greatest triumph a man can have in this world. A man that knows how to rule himself is greater than he that taketh a city. Look at the misery and woe that has come into the world through that one door—men and women that cannot control themselves, that cannot control their tempers, their lusts, their passions, and their appetites. That book tells me how I can get victory over myself; and it is the only book in the wide world that can tell a man how to get victory over himself. I haven't time to dwell upon that excuse any longer.

There is another very common excuse, and I have heard it in Cleveland as much as any: "Why," they say, "Mr. Moody, you know it is a very hard thing to be a Christian—a very hard thing." When they tell me that I like to ask them, "which is the hardest master, the devil"—for we will call him by his right name, because every man that serves not the Lord Jesus Christ, and will have nothing to do with the God of the Bible, is serving the god of this world. "Now which is the easiest master?"

Christ says that His yoke is easy and His burden is light. Now you go right along and say, "That is a lie." You don't say it right out in plain English, but we may as well talk plainly to-night. When you say it is hard to be a Christian you say that God is a liar; that it is an easier thing to serve the god of this world than it is the God of the Bible. Now, I want to say that I consider that one of the greatest lies that ever came out of the pit of hell; and how Satan can stand up in this nineteenth century and make men believe he is an easier master than the God of heaven, is one of the greatest mysteries of the present day.

"The way of the transgressor is hard." Blot it out if you can. Close up that book, and you will see the evidence of that fact all around you. There is not a day passes but you can read upon the pages of the daily papers, "The way of the transgressor is hard." I wish I could drive that lie back into hell where it came from.

You go over to the Tombs in New York city and you will find a little iron bridge running from the police court where the men are tried right into the cell. I think the New York officials have not been noted for their piety in your time and mine; but they had put up there in iron letters on that bridge, "The way of the transgressor is hard." They know that is true. Blot it out if you can. God Almighty said it. It is true. "The way of the transgressor is hard." On the other side of that bridge they put these words: "A bridge of sighs." I said to one of the officers, "What did you put that up there for?" He said that most of the young men (for most of the criminals are young men. "The wicked don't live out their days"—Put that in with it)—he said most of the young men as they passed over that iron bridge went over it weeping. So they called it the Bridge of Sighs. "What made you put that other there: 'The way of the transgressor is hard?'" "Well," he said, "it is hard. I think if you had anything to do with this prison you would believe that text, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.'"

If a man will just look around him and keep in mind this one truth, "The way of the transgressor is hard," he will be thoroughly convinced inside of twenty-four hours that that passage of scripture is true. It is not that God's service is hard. The trouble with men is they are trying to serve God with the old Adam nature. They are trying to serve God before they are born of God. Now, to tell a man in the flesh to serve God in the spirit,

who is a Spirit, I would just as soon tell a man to try to jump over the moon and expect him to do it. He cannot do it. The natural man is not subject to the law of God and neither indeed can be. You are not to try to serve God until you are born of God, until you are born again, born from above, until you are born of the spirit; and when a man is born of the spirit the yoke is easy and the burden is light. I have been in the service upwards of twenty years, and I want to testify to-night that my Master is not a hard Master. What say you ministers here to-night, Do you find him a hard Master? Speak out. I thought you would say so.

Ah, my friends, He is not a hard Master. I want to have you remember that. No, He is not a hard Master. That is one of the lies coming from the pit. "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." When a man submits his heart and will to God—takes Christ into his heart and lives a life of faith, it is delightful.

Now, I will tell you a good way to get at this. Put you people into a jury box. Just imagine you are on a jury to-night. I will take the most faithful follower the Lord Jesus has got in Cleveland. I don't know who the person is, it may be a man or woman that the papers, perhaps, have no record of. God knows where His loved ones are. It may be some poor person off in some dark street, but it is one who has great faith and walks with God, whose life is as pure and spotless and blameless as any person that you can find; one that has been living with Jesus Christ, say fifty years. Let that person come up on this platform to-night and speak out and testify. You will see in his face that he has not had a hard Master. There will be no wrinkles in that brow. There will be light in the eye, there will be peace stamped upon that brow, joy beaming from that countenance. He need not speak; let that person stand here and by his

face he will show he has had a good Master and an easy Master.

Now, find the most faithful follower that the devil has got in Cleveland. Let him or her come up here. Ah! you need not speak. I think you would say "that is enough." You can tell by the looks, for the devil puts his mark upon his own. He stamps the mark deep. Men may try to get rid of it, but they carry the mark. And the Lord Jesus puts his stamp upon his own. You take the two and draw the contrast and see if that lie that has come from Satan is not as great a lie as ever was told—that our Lord is a hard Master. When people say they would like to become a christian, but it is a hard thing to be a christian, they virtually say God is a hard Master and Satan is an easy one.

Now do you think it easy to go against your own conscience? Because that is what men do. They have to stifle conscience to serve the god of this world and turn the back on the God of the Bible. Do you think it is an easy thing to go against your own judgment? For if a man will just stop and consult his judgment, his judgment will tell him that the safest, and wisest, and best thing he can do is to believe on the God of the Bible. Is it an easy thing to go against the advice and wishes of the best friends you have got? There is not a person in this congregation to-night that has got a true friend that would not advise him to serve the God of heaven. A man or woman that would advise you to serve the god of this world would be the worst enemy you could have. They would make the world dark and bitter. Is it an easy thing to trample a mother's prayer under your feet? to break a mother's heart and send her down to an untimely grave? That is easy, is it? Ah! many a man has done it. You call that easy. Is it easy to go against the very best counsel and advice you have from the

best and most loved friends you have got? Hear what the Master said to Saul: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee"—he did not talk about its being hard for the disciples that Saul was going to put in prison, and, perhaps, have them stoned to death like Stephen. It was not as hard for Stephen to be stoned to death as it was for Saul to persecute him. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." It is hard for a man to contend with his Maker. It is hard for a man to fight against the God of the Bible. It is an unequal controversy. It is an unequal battle, and God is going to have the victory. It is folly for a man to attempt to fight against the God of that Bible.

Mr. Spurgeon uses this parable of a tyrant ordering a subject into his presence and saying to him: "What is your occupation?" "I am a blacksmith." "Well," says he, "I want you to go and make a chain a certain length," and he gave him nothing to make it with, "and on a certain day I want you to bring it into my presence." That day came. The blacksmith appeared with his chain. The tyrant says: "Take that chain and make it twice that length." He took it, worked a long time and made it twice the length, and brought it back. The tyrant says: "Take that chain and make it twice the length." He made it twice the length and he had to get friends to help him get in the presence of the tyrant, and when he brought it back the tyrant says to his men standing around, "Take that man and bind him hand and foot and cast him into a dungeon;" and says Mr. Spurgeon, "That is what every man that is serving the God of this world is doing—forging the chain that is going to bind him. A man goes into a saloon and takes a social glass. You step up and tell that man of his danger; that he is binding himself, and that by and by he will be

bound hand and foot, and he will laugh you to scorn and mock you; but he goes on adding link after link to that chain. By and by the tyrant has got him bound, and he says: "Now, let us see you assert your freedom." Men say they don't want to give up their freedom. There is no freedom until a man knows the Lord Jesus Christ. A man is a slave to sin, to his passions and lusts until Christ snaps the fetters and sets him free.

There was a man I used to know in Chicago that I talked to a great many times about drinking. He was a business man. He used to say: "I can stop when I please." One night I went out, and my family heard a strange noise. We lived on the corner. They heard him coming down the side street and he made an unearthly noise, and my wife said to the servants, "Are the doors locked?" He came around to the front door and tried to burst the door open. My wife says, "What do you want?" "Oh," he says, "I want to see your husband." "Well, he has gone down to the meeting." Away he started. I was walking down to the church and he went by me. He was running so fast he could not stop. He went on a rod or two and came back. The poor fellow was nearly frightened out of his life. He says, "I have got to die to-night." "Oh, no, you are not going to die." "I have got to die to-night." "Why," says I, "what is the trouble?" and I found the man had drank so much that he was under the power of the enemy. I saw what his trouble was. "Why," he says, "Satan is coming to my house to-night to take me to hell," and says he "I have got to go." I begged of him to let me stay till one o'clock. He told me at one o'clock he will be back after me. I said, "He will not come after you." "He will; there is no chance of my getting away from him. He is coming!" Well I couldn't convince that man. Poor man! He had been

serving the god of this world, and now he was reaping what he had been sowing. On that night I had six men come to that man's house and at one o'clock those six men could not hold him. "Look there! see him! There they are! They are after me! He is taking me! He is going to take me to hell! He is after me!" I thought that man would really die. Poor man! He is one of those men that thought God a hard master and the devil was one that was easy. That is the way the devil serves his subjects. Reaping time is coming. Poor man, he suffered untold agonies that night. Yet men, with all these witnesses around them, will go on drinking. A young man will go from this Tabernacle to night, and go down to a saloon and order a glass and drink, and go on drinking, until by and by delirium seizes him and the snakes crawl around his body, and would seem as if death would lay right hold of him. I can't describe it. It would take some of these men that have been there to tell you about it. Oh, tell me that the devil is an easy master and that God is a hard one! Away with that lie; away with that excuse. My friends, never give it as long as you live. It is false.

When I was in Paris I saw a little oil painting, only about a foot square; it was at the Paris Exposition in 1867. I was going through the Art Gallery, and on that painting there was a little piece of white paper that attracted my attention. I went and looked at that white paper, and it said, "Sowing Tares," and there was the most hideous countenance I think I ever saw. A man was taking out a handful of seed, sowing tares all around him, and wherever a tare dropped there grew up some vile reptile, and they were crawling up his body and all around him. Off in the distance was a dark thicket, and prowling around the borders of that forest were wild beasts, and that hellish and fiendish look! What a

fearful thing it is for a man to sow tares when he is a going to reap them. And yet man goes on sowing with a liberal hand, and laughs and scoffs when we warn him and tell him what he is coming to by and by. The papers are full of it. I sometimes think these papers ought to preach the Gospel to the people—ought to warn them to flee from the wrath to come.

Look at that case we have just had in a court in New Jersey. Look at that poor man. For four long days the jury has been out. I don't know when my heart has been more touched than when I read that scene in court, when those little children climbed up on their father's knee and said, "Papa, papa, come home. Mamma cries so much now you are away." The law had him. Poor man! He reaped what he sowed. He had an uncontrollable temper. He took his weapon and shot down a coachman because he got mad with him. He never will get over it. He never can step back into the place where he was. The jury may acquit him. Poor man; he has got to reap a bitter, bitter reaping; what an awful thing sin is; and yet men will stand up with all these facts around them and tell you God is a hard master and the devil an easy one.

Let us look at the scene in the court. A young man just coming into manhood, twenty-one, promising, talented, gifted, beautiful young man, an only son; but he has been out drinking, and in a drunken spree helped kill a man, and now he is on trial for his life. In that court sits his father and mother and three lovely sisters. That is the only brother they have got. That is the only son they have got. The jury bring in the verdict, guilty; the man is sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

And with all these facts people stand up and say God is a hard master and the devil is an easy one. O, that the God of heaven may open our eyes to-night to show

[illegible] how wicked it [illegible] to give these excuses, and that [illegible] will have to answer for them at the bar of God—for [illegible] person with [illegible] open Bible to say that God is [illegible] hard master and that Satan is an easy one.

I remember of closing a young men's meeting in Chicago [illegible] few years ago, when [illegible] young man got up and said, "Mr. Moody, would you allow me to say [illegible] few words?" And I said, "Say on." "Well," said he, "I want to say to these young men, that if they have friends that care for them, and friends that love them, and that are praying for them—I want to say you had better treat them kindly, for you will not always have them. I want to tell you something in my own experience. I was an only son, and I had a very godly father and mother. No young man in Chicago had [illegible] better father and mother than I had; and because I was an only child, I suppose, they were very anxious for my salvation, and they used to plead with me to come to Christ. My father many [illegible] time at the family altar used to break down in his attempt to pray for his only boy. At last my father died, and after my father died my mother became more anxious than ever that I should become [illegible] Christian. Some times she would come and put her loving arms around my neck and say, 'My boy, if you were only a Christian I would be so happy. If you would take your father's place at the family worship, and help me worship God, it would cheer your mother.' I used to push her away and say, 'Mother, don't talk to me that way; I don't want to become [illegible] Christian yet, I want to see something of the world.' Sometimes I would wake up in the night and hear my mother praying, 'O, God, save my boy!' and it used to trouble me, and at last I ran away to get away from my mother's influence, and away from her prayers. I became [illegible] wanderer. I did not let her know where I went. When I did hear from home indirectly,

I heard that that mother was sick. I knew what it meant. I knew it was my conduct that was crushing that mother and breaking her heart, and I thought I would go home and ask her forgiveness. Then the thought came that if I did I would have to become a Christian, and my proud heart would not yield. I would not go. Months went on, and I heard again indirectly. I believe that if my mother had known where I was she would have come to me. I believe she would have gone around the world to find her boy. And when I heard that she was worse, the thought came over me that she might not recover, and I thought that I would go home and cheer her lonely heart. There was no railway in the town, and I had to take the stage. I got into town about dark. The moon had just begun to shine. My mother lived back about a mile and a half from the hotel, and I started back on foot, and on my way I had to go by the village grave-yard. When I got to it I thought I would go and see if there was a new-made grave. I can't tell why, but my heart began to droop, and as I drew near that spot I trembled. By the light of the moon I saw a new-made grave. For the first time in my life this question came stealing over me, Who is going to pray for my lost soul now? Father has gone and mother is dead. They are the only two that ever cared for me, the only two that ever prayed for me. I took up the earth and saw that the grave was a new-made grave; I saw that my mother had just been laid away; and, young men, I spent that night by my mother's grave. I did not leave it until day-break; but as the morning sun came up, right there by my mother's grave, I gave myself away to my mother's God, and then and there settled the great question of eternity, and I became a child of God. I never will forgive myself. I murdered that sainted mother."

Poor man! He was reaping what he sowed. Tell me that the way of the transgressor is easy! Tell me that God is a hard master, and that the devil is an easy one! Young men, take the God of your mother; take the God of the Bible to be your God. Set your faces like a flint towards heaven to-night, and it will be the best night of your life. I wish I could say something to induce you to come to Christ. I wish I could see souls pressing into the kingdom of God. May the God of all grace touch every heart here to-night.

NO ROOM FOR HIM.

And they laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.—Luke ii. 7.

For four thousand years the Jews had been looking for this child. Away back in Eden before Adam and Eve were driven out, God had promised that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. And from Adam, all along down the ages, they had been looking out into the mist and into the future for this child. The prophets had propheised of his coming and the nation had been in expectation. They were studying at that very time the prophecies to find out when he would appear. And the first thing that we hear when He comes to this country, there was not room for Him in that little inn at Bethlehem. He might have come with all the pomp, and the glory and grandeur of the upper world. Perhaps if He had come with the glory of the angels, and the glory of the Father, and His own glory as he will by and by, the nation would have received Him then, because there would have been something that would have pleased the flesh. But the idea of His coming in such lowliness, the idea of His coming in such humility — the natural man did not like it.

Just think for a moment what He came for: He came to give rest to the weary; to seek and to save that which was lost; to give sight to the blind; to help those that needed help; to reveal the Father; to bring peace where there was trouble; to heal the broken-hearted. **And yet there was not room for him!**

When the Prince of Wales visited this country, a few years ago, there was plenty of room for him. There was not any part of this Nation that was not glad to give him a welcome. Every city was anxious that he should visit them. Every town and village and hamlet was open, and would have given him a royal welcome if he would have come to their place. When the princes of Europe have come to this country, what a welcome they have had. Although this is a Republican Government, yet we have been willing to give the princes of earth a welcome. And yet when the Prince of Heaven came down into this world, what a welcome did He receive? They laid Him in the manger because there was no room for Him in the inn. But I can imagine some one says: "They did not know Him. If they had known who He was they would have given Him a welcome." I think you are geatly mistaken, because we read that when the wise men arrived from the East in Jerusalem, and said to the king, "Where is He that is born king of the Jews," not only Herod, but all Jerusalem was thrown into trouble. Herod told those wise men to go down into Bethlehem and inquire diligently about the young child, and bring him word, that he too, might go down and worship the child. A lying hypocrite! He wanted to slay the child.

Not only Jerusalem closed her doors against Him, but when He went back to Nazareth, where He was brought up, and brought the best news that was ever brought to any town — when He went back to Nazareth with the glorious Gospel of God, Nazareth did not want Him. They took Him out of the Synagogue; they took Him to the brow of the hill, and they would have hurled Him into perdition if they could. They did not want Him. There was not room for Him.

But, my friends, it is a very common saying now that

the world has grown wiser and better, that we have been improving, and that if Christ should return, things would be different, that we are in light, and that He came in a dark age, that He was not then welcome, but He would be now.

But I would like to ask you to think for a little while. What nation would give him a welcome now? Do you know of any? They call America a Christian nation, but has America room for the Son of God? Does America want Him? Suppose it could be put to a popular vote; do you suppose this nation would vote to have Him come and reign? He would not carry a ward in this city; you know it very well. He would not carry a town or a precinct in the United States; you know it very well. A great many of your so-called Christians would say, "We don't want Him, we are not ready." Things would have to be straightened up, and there would be a great change if Christ should come. The way men are doing business, I think, would have to be straightened out. Business men don't want Him. You put it to the commercial men of the present day, and do you think they would want Him? Do you think all the tricks in trade would be carried on if He were here? Do you think all this rascality that is going on at the present day under the garb of commerce—a great many very able men are engaged in it—but do you think they want Him to come? When He comes He is going to reign in righteousness. I would like to have you tell me to-night of any class of people that would like to have Him come back. Do you think your politicians would want Him? Do you think the Republican party would want Him? Do you think they would give Him a welcome? Do you think the Democratic party would want Him? What would they do with Him? they have not got room for Him? they do not want Him. All this

rascality that is carried on in politics would have to be done away with if He came to reign in righteousness.

Does your fashionable society want Him—what they call the "upper ten" of the present time? Go up on one of your avenues to some fashionable party, and see if they want Him. Begin to talk there about a personal Christ, and how precious He is to the soul, and you will not be invited a second time. They do not want Him, and they do not want you if you live godly in Christ Jesus.

The fact is, there is not any room down here for the Son of God. Let a man get up in Congress and say, "Thus saith the Lord," and they will hoot him out of it. Do you think all this trickery and rascality that is carried on in halls of legislation would go on if Christ should reign in righteousness—men selling their votes, men buying votes.

If you will stop and think a little while you will find that not only this country, but no other country wants Him. Do you think England wants Him? I think that hellish traffic of liquor would have to be given up; the opium trade with China, and a great many other things would have to be given up. That is called a Christian nation. Let a man get up in Parliament and say, "Thus saith the Lord," and he would be hooted down. The cry of the nation is, "Who is the Lord that we should obey Him?" The voice of the king of Egypt has been echoing through the world ever since. The world has not room for Christ.

When He was here and went from village to village, and from town to town, He did not receive a welcome; they did not want Him.

Eighteen hundred years have passed since then; His Gospel has been proclaimed over hill and dale; men have gone [illegible] and deserts and into all lands proclaim-

ing the Gospel of Christ Jesus, and yet there are a great many people right within the sound of the Gospel that do not want Him. The moment that you begin to preach about the Son of God they put on a long face as if you had brought them a death warrant; makes them gloomy. Oh! how the devil has deceived the world! How men are under the power of the god of this world! Jesus Christ did not come to cast us down, but to lift us up. He did not come to make life dark and gloomy; he came to make life sweet and beautiful; and when people make room in their hearts for the Son of God he will light them up. The heart that is sad and cast down will be light and joyful. He came to bless the world. He that was rich became poor for your sake and mine. He might have come with all the pomp and glory of that upper world. He might have been born in a palace and fed with a golden spoon. But He passed by palaces and went into a manger, that He might get down into sympathy with the poorest and the lowest. His cradle was a borrowed one. The guest chamber where they instituted the supper was a borrowed one.

The beast upon which he rode into Jerusalem was a borrowed one. The only time we hear of His riding was on a borrowed beast. We find also that the sepulchre that they laid Him in was a borrowed one. The house He lived in was a hired one or a borrowed one. He that was rich and had all the glory of that upper world, who Himself created the world, became poor for your sake and mine. He laid aside all the honor and glory He had in that upper world; He laid aside those robes and came down here and tasted of poverty for your sake and mine, and yet the world turn up their noses and say, "I have no desire for him; I don't want him." There is a passage in the 7th of John—I think the 7th and 8th chapters never should have been divided—the 7th chapter closes

up in this way — he had been lifting the standard very high that day, and many of his disciples left him. "Every man went unto his own house, and Jesus went to the Mount of Olives," the opening of the 8th chapter says. I can imagine that night was one of those lonely nights. He came into the world to bless the world, and the world didn't want to be blessed. He came to do men good, and they didn't want to receive any thing from Him. "And every man went to his own house." Every door in Jerusalem that night was closed against him. At one time he said, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." Think of it—the little bird you see flitting by you has its nest—its home; the fox has its hole, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head ! used to think I would like to have lived in that day. I would like to have had a home in Jerusalem to have invited Him to my home to be my guest, and to sit at His feet as Mary did, and let him talk to me. But I suppose if I had lived at that day my door would have been closed against Him. But I remember thinking over it some time ago, and the thought came stealing over me: There is one place I can give the Son of God a welcome—just one place, and that is my heart. It is the only place He wants to dwell. Now if we make room in our hearts for Him, He will gladly come and dwell with us.

There was a woman right in the midst of this darkness, when many disciples left him, who came and invited him to her home—a woman by the name of Martha. I can imagine Martha coming from Bethany one day, and going to Jerusalalem to the temple to worship, when the great Galilean Prophet came in, and she listened to his words, who spake as never man spake. And as the words fell from his lips they fell upon Martha's ear, and she says: "Well, I will invite him to my house." It

must have cost her something to do that. Christ was unpopular. There was a hiss going up in Jerusalem against him. They called Him an imposter. The leading men of the nation were opposed to Him. They said He was Beelzebub, the Lord of filth. They said He was an imposter, and a deceiver. And yet Martha invites Him to her home. I hope there will be some Martha here to-night who will invite Him to her home, to be her guest. He will make your home a thousand times better home than it has ever been before.

Martha invited Him home with her. We read of his going often to Bethany. That one act will live forever. The noblest, the best, the grandest thing Martha ever did was to make room in her home for Jesus Christ. Little did she know when she invited the Son of God to become her guest who He was; and when we receive Jesus Christ into our hearts, little do we know who He is. He is growing all the while. It will take all eternity to find out who He is.

There was a dark cloud then over that home in Bethany. Martha didn't know it. Mary did not see that cloud. It was fast settling down upon that home. It was soon going to burst upon that little family. The Savior knew all about it. He saw that dark cloud coming across that threshold. We read that He often lodged there. But a few months after He became their friend and guest, Lazarus sickened. The fever laid hold of him. It might have been typhoid fever. You can see those two sisters watching over that brother. The family physician is sent for to Jerusalem, and he comes out and does every thing he can to restore him to life and health; but he sunk lower and lower. Some of us know what it is when the doctor comes in and feels the pulse, begins to look very serious and takes you off into another room, away from the patient, and tells you it is

a critical case. Martha and Mary passed through that experience. There was no hope, and Lazarus must die. They thought if Jesus was only here He would rebuke this disease. He might keep death from taking away our only brother. They sent a messenger a good ways off to tell Jesus his friend was sick, and this was the message: "He whom thou lovest is sick." They do not ask him to come. They knew Jesus loved him, and that he would come if it was for their good. The messenger at last returned. He found Christ and delivered his message. When he got back, he found that that cloud had burst upon that little home; that Lazarus was dead and buried. I see those two sisters as they gather around the messenger. They said, "Did you find Him?" "Yes, I found Him." "What did he say?" "He said the sickness was not unto death, and He would come and see him;" and for the first time I see faith beginning to stagger. Mary says, "Are you sure you understood Him? Did He say the sickness was not unto death?" "Yes." "Are you quite sure?" "Yes." "Well," says Mary, "that is strange. If He is a prophet He should have known that he was dead. Elijah would have known it. If He was a prophet, why He must have known it. You hadn't been away from the house an hour before Lazarus died. He was dead when you met Him." "Well, that is what He told me. He said He would come here and see him." I see those two sisters as they kept watching for that friend to come and comfort them. How long those nights must have been as they watched and watched. I can imagine they did not sleep through the night. They listened to hear a footfall. The next day they watched and He did not come. The second night passed and He did not come. The third day came and He did not come. The fourth day came and a messenger came running in and says, "Mar-

tha, Jesus and His Apostles are just outside of the walls of the city. He is coming on toward Bethany." Martha runs out and says, "if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died. Thou wouldst have kept death away from our dwelling." Jesus answered, "but thy brother shall rise again."

I would give more for such a friend than all the infidels in America. I would rather have such a friend than have the wealth of the world. When death has come and taken my wife and taken my children, to have a voice say to me, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Little did Martha know whom she was entertaining when she invited Christ into her home. The world has been sneering at Martha ever since, but it was the grandest, the sublimest and noblest act of her life. Oh, my friends, make room for the Son of God in your homes. Let the world go on mocking and scoffing. The hour will come when the cloud will burst on your homes, when death will come down in your dwelling and take away a loved mother, a loved child, a loved father. Then what is your infidelity and atheism? But the words of the Son of God, how they comfort then: "Thy brother shall rise again." "Yes, I knew that," says Martha. He had probably taught them of the resurrection. "I know he will rise again, for he was such a good brother. He will rise at the resurrection of the just." Says the Son of God, "I am the resurrection of the just. I carry the keys with me. I have the keys to death and the grave." And He says, "Where is Mary? Go call her." I hope there is some Mary here that will hear the voice of the Son of God call to-night. They ran and told Mary Jesus was there. I suppose Mary and Martha talked it all over, for Mary came out and said the same words: "If Thou hadst been here my brother had not

died." "Thy brother shall rise again." "Yes, I know he will rise in the resurrection of the just." "I am the resurrection of the just. Where have you laid him?" Look at that company as they went along towards the grave-yard. These two sisters are telling about the last words and last acts of Lazarus. Perhaps Lazarus left a loving message for Jesus. You know what that is. When you go to see friends who are mourning, how they will dwell upon the last words and the last acts of the departed one. You see Martha and Mary weeping — they went along toward the grave, and the Son of God wept with them. He had a heart to weep with those who wept, and to mourn with those who mourned. He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. He can comfort us in a time of sorrow.

He said, "Where have you laid him?" And they said, "Come and see." And they led the way. He said to his disciples, "Take away the stone." And again those sisters' faith wavered, and they said: "Lord, by this time he stinketh, for he has been dead four days." They did not know who their friend was, and when they rolled away that stone, Christ cried with a loud voice to his old friend: "Lazarus, come forth?" and Lazarus then leaped out of that same sepulcher and came forth. Some old divine said it was a good thing He singled out Lazarus, for there is such power in the voice of the Son of God that the dead shall hear his voice and if He had not called Lazarus by name all the dead in that grave-yard would have come forth. O! what blindness and downright folly for man or woman to be ashamed of Jesus Christ! O! make a friend of Him who has the keys of death; who has power to raise our dead friends! Your own time is coming. The hour is coming when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God and come forth. It seemed to just pain the heart of the

Son of God when he was down here, to find so few people that wanted Him. We read of his looking up toward heaven, and sighing as he looked up toward that world where all honored and loved Him, and it seemed as if He just sighed for home. As He looked around Him, He could see what death was doing. He could see what sin was doing. There was death behind Him, on the right hand and on the left; yet they were so few that wanted Him, so few that cared for Him. He seemed to look towards that world and sigh — just longed for the time that God's will should be done on earth as it is up there in heaven.

I would like to ask this congregation, did you ever have this feeling come over you that no one wanted you? I had it once. I remember, when I left my mother and went off to Boston. I want to say, if a man wants to feel that he is alone in the world, he don't want to go off in the wilderness where he can have himself for company, but let him go into some of these metropolises or large cities, and let him pass down the streets where he can meet thousands and have no one know him or recognize him.

I remember when I went off in that city and tried to get work and failed. It seemed as if there was room for every one else in the world, but there was none for me. For about two days I had that awful feeling that no one wanted me. I never have had it since, and I never want it again. It is an awful feeling. It seems to me that must have been the feeling of the Son of God when He was down here. They did not want Him. He had come down to save men and they did not want to be saved. He had come to lift men up, and they did not want to be lifted up. There was not room for Him in this world, and there is not room for Him yet.

Oh! my friend, is there room for Him in your heart?

That is the question. There is room for pleasure. There is room for lust. There is room for passion. There is room for jealousy. There is room for the world. There is room for everything but the Son of God—no room for Him. When He made these hearts of yours and mine, He made room enough for Himself, but a usurper has come in and taken possession of His place. When He made this world He made room enough for you and me and for Him, but when He came there was not any room for Him. The only place they could make room for Him was on the cross, and put Him there. The world to-day is a no greater friend of Jesus Christ than it was when He was down here, but if His disciples will only make room for Him, how He will come and dwell with us, and bless us, and lift us up; and He says to us, "If you will make room for me down here, I will make room for you up there. If you will honor and confess me down here, I will honor you in the courts of heaven, and confess you up there in the presence of the Father and the angels."

O! my friends, make room for Him to-night! Do not go out of this house until you have made room for the Son of God.

I saw some time ago an account of a lady that went in to see her neighbor whom she found weeping as if her heart would break. She said to her, "What is the trouble?" "Well," she said, "there is my child. It is fourteen years old to-day. For fourteen years I have watched over and provided for that child. I have not allowed my servants to take care of it. During the past fourteen years there has not been a night but that I have been up some part of the night with that child. I have left society and spent my time at home with that child." The child had not a mind. "But," she says, "if that child would just recognize me once it would pay me for

all I have done; but that child don't know me from a stranger." Her heart was just breaking, and as I read I thought: How many of us treat God in the same way?

My friends, God has blessed you with health, and a home in the Christian land. He has blessed you with a good wife; He has blessed you with children; He has blessed some of you with property, and you never have looked up once and recognized His loving hand, and said, "Thank you, Lord Jesus."

O! this base ingratitude! May God forgive us, and may we to-night make room in our hearts for the Son of God! Just now when He is knocking at the door of your heart, just pull back the bolt and say "Welcome! Thrice welcome!" and see how quick he will come. What is he saying? Listen! Hark! Does the heart throb? That is Christ knocking! "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man will open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and He with me."

O! sinner, just unlock the door of your heart to-night. Just throw that door wide open and say "Welcome! thrice welcome, Son of God, into this heart of mine!" and see how quick he will come and dwell with you. He will never leave you; He will never forsake you. In the time of trouble he will be your counselor. In the time of sorrow He will be your deliverer. If you want "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother" make room in your heart for the Son of God. If you want a friend that will help you in the time of temptation and trial, make room in your heart for the Son of God.

THEIR ROCK IS NOT OUR ROCK.

For their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges. Deut. xxxii. 31.

This was Moses' farewell address. He was about to leave the children of Israel in the wilderness. He had led them up to the borders of the Promised Land. For forty long years he had been leading them in that wilderness, and now, as they were about to go over, Moses takes his farewell; and among the good things he said, for he said a great many very wise and very good things on that memorable occasion, this is one: "For their rock is not even as our rock, our enemies themselves being judges." There was not a man on the face of the earth at that time that knew as much about the world, and as much about God, as Moses. Therefore he was a good judge. He had tasted of the pleasures of the world. In the forty years that he was in Egypt he probably sampled every thing of that day. He tasted of the world, of its pleasures. He knew all about it. He was brought up in the palace of a king, a prince. Egypt then ruled the world, as it were. He had been forty years in Horeb, where he had heard the voice of God; where he had been taught by God; and for forty years he had been serving God. You might say he was God's right hand man, leading those bondmen up out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage, into the land of liberty; and this is his dying address—you might say, his farewell address. This is the dying testimony of one that could speak with authority and one that could speak in-

telligently. He knew what he was saying, "Their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

Now, to-night I want to take up the atheist, the deist, the pantheist, and the infidel; and I want to show, if I can, and I think it is not a very difficult thing to show, that their way is not as our way.

I know there is a good deal of dispute now about the definition of these words. So, to avoid any trouble, instead of going to the Bible I went to Webster's dictionary, and I have got the meaning. I suppose you will give in, most of you, that Webster is wiser than yourselves. There are a few men that are a little wiser than Webster, for infidelity is generally very conceited. One of the worst things about infidelity is the conceit. You seldom meet an infidel that is not wiser in his own estimation than the God who created him, and he wants to teach God instead of letting God teach him. But those that are willing to bow to Webster we will refer to his definition of these words.

An atheist is "one who disbelieves or denies the existence of God." I am thankful to say that they are very scarce. You meet them now and then. I am sorry to say that you will occasionally meet a young man that will tell you that he is an atheist. He believes there is no God; he believes that there is no hereafter; that when he dies, that is the end—that ends all.

I don't know of any thing that is darker; I don't know of any thing that is colder, bleaker, than that doctrine; for, of course, an atheist has feelings like the rest of us. If he is a father, he has love for his children. Here is a boy that has gone astray; he has been taken captive by Satan; he has become a victim to strong drink, we will say, and strong drink has got the mastery; and you can see that boy as he is going down to a drunkard's grave.

He says to that father that believes there is no God, and no hereafter, "Father, is there no deliverance for me? Is there no way that I can become a sober man? Is there no way that I can become a free man?" "Yes," says the atheist, "assert your manhood. Resolve that you will never drink any more." "Ah, but, father, I have done that a thousand times, and I can't keep those resolutions. The tempter is too strong for me. My appetite is stronger than my will power, father? Is there no God that created me that can help me?" "No, my son, no; nothing outside of yourself." "And if I die in this condition, what is going to become of me?" "Oh, that will be the last of you." "And shall we never meet again in the universe of God?" "No, never." Pretty dark, isn't it? And that atheist sees that boy go down to a drunkard's grave. There is no arm to deliver, no eye to pity. There is no help.

Look again. He has got a beautiful little child. It had lived long enough to twine itself around that father's heart, and the cold, icy hand of death is feeling for the chords of life, and that little flower is going to be plucked. You can see that little child wasting away upon a bed of pain and sickness. The child calls the father to its bedside and says, "Father, is there no hereafter?" "No, my child." "Shall we never meet again?" "No, my child." "When I die, is that the last of me?" "Yes, my child." Pretty dark, isn't it? That atheist goes and lays away that child without one ray of hope—without one star to relieve the midnight darkness and gloom.

A prominent infidel of this country stood at the grave of a member of his family. He is an orator—an eloquent man; and he said he committed him back to the winds and the waves and the elements; it was the last they would ever see of him. Pretty dark, isn't it?

And yet there are some men that want to go over to

atheism. They want to believe that there is no God. I cannot for the life of me see where you get any comfort in it. I turn away from it, and I say from the very depths of my heart, "Their rock is not as our rock." I thank God I have got a better foundation than that; I thank God I have got a better hope than that. If my boy is led astray I can preach to him Jesus Christ, and I can tell him that God Almighty has got power to deliver him from sin, and from its mighty power; and if God should take my child from me, I can say to that dear child, "I will meet you on the glorious morning of the resurrection. It won't be long. We may be separated for a little while, but the night will soon pass, and the great morning of the world will dawn upon us." Yes, "their rock is not even as our rock, our enemies themselves being judges."

But I must pass on. That is the definition of an atheist—one that believes there is no God. I want to say if there were many atheists in this country we would have a great many more suicides than we have. These men that have got tired of life, if they thought that death ended all, they would quickly put themselves out of the way, and you could not blame them for it. But I think there is something down in man's heart that tells him there is a hereafter; that there is not only a God, but there is a judgment to come.

Now a deist. A deist is one that believes in one God only. He denies Christ and revelation. Deism is not much better, I think, than atheism, for I never yet knew a deist that knew any thing about his God. He believes there is a God, and that is all you can get out of him.

Deists live on their doubts. They live on what they do not believe—on negatives. You meet a deist and he would tell you, "I don't believe this," and I don't believe that, and that, and he is all the time telling you what he

don't believe. You seldom, if ever, find a deist who will tell you what he does believe, because he knows nothing about his God. If a man denies revelation, how is he to know anything about God? How are we to know our God if we are only deists, and just close that book, and not believe in the book? Is he a God of mercy? We know nothing about it. Is he a God of truth, and equity, and justice? We know nothing about it. How are we to know any thing about God, if we cast away the Bible, and say we don't believe in revelation; that we don't believe that Jesus Christ came down here to declare His Father, and believe that that book is not written by inspiration, and doubt that blessed word of God? I would like to have a deist come forward and declare to us his God—and tell us who and what he is.

The Pantheist. Let us see what Webster's definition of a pantheist is. He believes that the universe is God. He believes that God is in the wind, God is in the water, God is in the trees, and all the God we know anything about is the god we see about us. A pantheist will say, "Why, yes I believe in God. You are God and I am God. We are all Gods." That is their idea—that God is in everything. I strike that board and I strike the pantheist's god, because that is as much a god as the god he knows. I stamp upon the floor, and I stamp the pantheist's god. That is all he knows. God is in every thing; God is everywhere; God is nowhere; that is the summing up of pantheism. Now, you will find a great many of these pantheists that will tell you they believe more in God than we do, because they believe God is in every thing all around. But when you ask a deist or a pantheist if his God answers prayer, he will tell you no. "Does he hear the cry of distress?" "No." "Does he hear the cry of the humble?" He will tell you that the Lord of the universe and the God of the universe has just made

this world, and has wound it up as a clock, and it is going to run; that His laws are fixed; that you need not pray; you can't change God's mind; that he never answers prayer. If your child has gone astray you can't pray to Him, because He has no mercy. There is no mercy but in the wind, and you may as well go out and pray to the thunder, to a storm, or a shower, to the moon, the sun, the stars, because God is every thing and everywhere, and yet is nowhere. They don't believe in the personality of God. You may just take pantheism, deism and atheism, put them all together, and there is not much difference. I would as soon be the one as the other, because they are in midnight darkness and gloom. They know nothing about the God of love and the God of the Bible.

But now we come, perhaps, to the most difficult class, because I think that there are a great many infidels, and don't like that name. I suppose that saying they were infidels had offended quite a number of Cleveland people. They stand up and deny it. But when you come to put the question right to them according to Webster's definition of infidelity, they are nothing but infidels. Now, an infidel is one that does not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures.

I am sorry to say that we have got to-day a good many infidels. The first step towards atheism is infidelity. The first step towards pantheism is infidelity. The first step towards deism is infidelity. The moment you can break down that word in one place and make out that it is not true, then, of course, the whole word goes. Now, you ask an infidel if he really believes in the Bible, and he says, "Well, I believe part of it. I believe all that corresponds with my reason, but I don't believe anything supernatural. I don't believe any thing I can't reason out."

Now, if a man takes that ground he might as well throw away the whole Bible and go over to atheism at one leap. He need not be weeks and months going, because that is where it is going to bring him. If you take out of that book all that is supernatural, you might as well take out the whole of it. From beginning to end it is a supernatural book. Look into Genesis. You ask an infidel if he believes in the flood. No sir; not he. Then throw out Genesis; because, if the man who wrote Genesis put in one lie, why is not the whole of it a lie? If he did he must have known it was a fraud when he wrote it, so that condemns Genesis. You ask a man if he believes the story of the Red Sea—about bringing the children of Israel through the Red Sea. Not he. That is contrary to reason, contrary to man's intellect. Out goes Exodus. That throws out the decalogue—throws out the commandments. It all goes together. If the man who wrote Exodus told a lie in the beginning of Exodus and that the children never went through the Red Sea, then away goes the whole book.

Then take up Leviticus. It is said in Leviticus if we will do so and so He will come down and walk with us, would be among his people, and the shout of the king is heard in the camp. "Do you believe that?" "No, sir," the infidel says, "I don't believe anything of that kind." Out goes Leviticus. Throw it all out.

Do you believe God told Moses to make a brazen serpent, and that all the bitten Israelites that looked upon it shall live? The skeptic turns up his nose and says with a good deal of contempt, "No, you don't think I am fool enough to believe that?" Out goes the whole book of Numbers; throw it out, because if the man that wrote that book, put that lie in, the whole of it is a lie. You just prove that I tell a wilful lie here to-night and my whole sermon is gone. You go into court and testify to

a lie and let it be proven that you have told a wilful lie (and untrue in one thing untrue in all), out goes your testimony. The jury won't take it. Now, if the man that wrote the book of Numbers put down that lie—if he never did make a brazen serpent for the children of Israel, then the whole book of Numbers is gone. Throw it out. Then we come to Deuteronomy. Do you believe Moses went up into the mountain and his natural force was not abated, his eye had not grown dim, and he died there and God buried him; God kissed away his soul, as some one has said? The infidel says, "I don't believe one word of it; that is supernatural; that is against reason." Then throw out the whole of Deuteronomy. There goes the first five books of Moses.

Then go into Joshua. "Do you believe Joshua took Jericho by going around Jericho blowing rams' horns? Don't believe a word of it." Tear it to pieces. Throw it away. Out it goes. If the writer of that book would tell a lie like that at the beginning of the book he lied all through it—why not? That is what an infidel is—one who does not believe in supernatural things.

"Do you believe that Sampson took the jaw-bone of an ass and slew a thousand men?" "No, I don't believe it." Out goes the book. Because from the beginning of Judges to the end it is all supernatural.

"Do you believe God called Samuel when he was a little boy—that God called him?" "Why, no," says the infidel, "I don't believe any thing that is contrary to my reason. I don't believe any thing supernatural." Out goes the two books of Samuel.

"Do you believe that David went out and met Goliath and slew him?" "No, I don't believe it." Out goes the two books of Kings. And so I can go on through the whole Bible. Take out the supernatural in it and you have to throw away the whole Bible. You can't

touch Jesus Christ from His birth until He went up into glory, but what He was supernatural. The work that is going on now is supernatural. Things are happening every day that are supernatural. Every man that is born of the Holy Ghost, born of God—it is supernatural. Yet an infidel will stand right up and tell you to-day that he will not believe a thing in that book that don't correspond to his reason; therefore the infidels are just tearing the Bible all to pieces. That is where we are drifting to. "Their rock is not as our rock, our enemies themselves being judges."

Now, I would like to ask the infidels what earthly motive could the early Christians have had in writing that book? What motive could Jesus Christ have had in coming down here and living such a life as he led? Some of you accuse us of working for gain. You say that we are after your money and that we don't care anything about your soul. You cannot accuse our Master of that, can you? He didn't carry off much money, did He? His cradle was a borrowed one. The only time that He rode into Jerusalem that we have recorded He rode in on a colt, the foal of an ass. It would be a strange sight to see him coming into Cleveland in that way. You would not own Him. And He did not own this beast. It was a borrowed beast. It was a borrowed guest chamber in which he instituted his supper. It was a borrowed grave in which they laid him. He that was rich became poor for our sakes. What motive could he have had in coming down here if he had not been true and real—if he had been an imposter, a hypocrite, coming down here and teaching us a falsehood? If Jesus Christ was not God manifest in the flesh, he was the greatest impostor that ever came into this world, and every Christian throughout Christendom to-day, is guilty of idolatry, of breaking the first commandment, "Thou

shalt have no other god before Me." He comes and says unto the world, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." Elijah never said that; Moses never said that; no man that ever trod this earth dared to have said it; and if Jesus Christ had not been divine as well as human, it would have been blasphemy, and the Jews ought to have put him to death. They had a right by the Jewish law to put him to death. He an impostor! He a deceiver! He a fraud! Away with such doctrine! And yet people will stand right up here in this community and tell you it is all a fiction about his conception by the Holy Ghost, and at the same time they will stand right up and say they are Christians. They don't like that word infidel. They say they are no infidels. But, ah, my friends, if we break down the testimony of Jesus Christ, and make him out a fraud and deceiver, it all goes.

Now, when people tell me that that book is not to be relied upon, I tell them that I will throw it away when they will bring me a better one. I am ready to throw it away to-night if you will bring me a better one. But where is there any book to be compared with it? Bring it on will you! When you bring on a better man than Jesus Christ I will follow him. But don't ask me to follow these skeptics and infidels down here who are trying to tear down the works of Jesus Christ when they have no better to leave in their place.

Now Jesus Christ was without spot or blemish. You can find no fault with Him or in Him. We don't want to follow any one else until we can find a better man. If these men that are scoffing and sneering at Christ will bring on a better man we will follow him. If they will bring on a better book we will take it. But until they do, let us cling to the Bible, and defend it and stand by it, and let us stand by Jesus Christ and let us defend Him.

Infidelity takes everything away from us and gives us nothing in retnrn. When Lord Chesterfield went to Paris he was invited out to dine with Voltaire, the leading infidel of that day. Lord Chesterfield was a Christian man. A lady at the table when they were at dinner, said: "Lord Chesterfield, I am told that you have in your English Parliament five or six hundred of the leading men of thought in the nation." Well, he said he believed that was so. She said, "then why is it that those wise men tolerate Christianity?" Well, he said he supposed because they could not get anything better to take its place.

Do you ever stop to think what you would put in the place of Christianity? It is easy enough to tear down, or at least try to tear down. There are some people that spend all their lives in trying to tear down things that are good, but they give us nothing in the place of them. Now, the trouble with infidelity is it gives us nothing in the place of what we have got. The Bible holds out a hope to man. It holds out something that is beyond this life, and gives him hope. Infidelity gives him no hope. It tears down all the hope he has got. He has got nothing to build on. If this book fails, what have we got? Now, just think a moment. Take the Bible away from us, and what have we got? I would like to say to the people here to-night, if you step into a church—for I am sorry to say some of these infidels have got into the pulpit—if you step into a church and hear a man talking about Jesus Christ not being Divine, if you take my advice, you will get out of that church as quick as you can get out. But you say, "My father and mother belong to that church." Suppose they do. You get out, as Lot got out of Sodom. Make haste. You think a man who would sell you poison and kill your children is a horrid man; but I tell you a man who would plant infi-

deity in the mind of my child is worse than a man who gives it poison—to have their young minds poisoned and infidelity taught them under the garb of Christ and Christianity; and yet there are some men who profess to be friends of that book who are all the time trying to tear it to pieces, and make out that it is not written by inspiration—that it is not from God, and that it cannot speak with authority.

Now, to show that their rock is not as our rock, our enemies themselves being judges, I want to tell you a thing that happened some time ago. I was in the room with a man, and he said he wanted to have a talk with me, "but," he says, "I wish you would let that man go out." "O!" I said, "he is here to take care of the things." We had some of our things in the cloak-room back of the platform, and he was there so that no thief should come in and steal what we had. And this man said, "I would like to have him go out." "Well," I said, "he belongs here. I will ask him to go out if you insist upon it, but," says I, "I will talk at this end of the room." "Well," he said, "I would like to have him go out." I spoke to the man and asked him to leave the room, and he hadn't more than got out before he opened his lips, and such a tirade against Christianity! I said to him, "My friend, why did you want that man to go out?" "Well," he said, "I thought it might hurt him." I said, "If it is good for you why is it not good for him?" Well, he said he did not like to have his children know his views. He said his wife was a Christian and he wanted his children brought up differently. "Their rock is not as our rock, our enemies themselves being judges." I want my children to believe as I believe. I want them to be taught to love and fear and honor God. If these infidels think infidelity is good for them, why is it they don't want it taught to their children, why is it, that

so many infidels want their children to be taught the Lord's prayer?

Very often when I have been in an infidel's house he has wanted his wife and children to leave the room, and then he has gone on and talked his infidelity. "Their rock is not as our rock, our enemies themselves being judges." That proves it.

A man ordered his servant out of his dining room, and after his servant went out he began to talk his atheism to a Christian man that was there. The Christian man said to him, "Why did you order out your servant?" "Well," said he, "I'm afraid if he held my views he might cut my throat some time, for my money."

You laugh at it, but if there is no God, why not? If there is no hereafter, why not? If this country is as bad as it is with all the religion we have got, what would it be without it? Let this country go over to infidelity; what would become of the nation? It was not a great many years ago that, in a convention at Lyons, in France, they voted that the Bible was a fiction, that it was not true, and that there was no God; that there was no hereafter; that death was an eternal sleep; and it was not very long before blood flowed very freely in France. And you let atheism, and pantheism, and deism, and infidelity go stalking through this land, and life and property won't be safe. You know it very well.

Lord Lyttleton and Gilbert West were going to expose the fraud of Christianity. One was going to take up the resurrection and expose that. The other was going to take up Saul's conversion and expose that. And they went about it — went to studying up those two facts. The result was they were both converted. The testimony was perfectly overwhelming. If a man will look at the testimony, I can't see for the life of me how he can doubt these are facts. What did Paul have to gain

by his conversion? Would you call such a man as Paul a fraud? What did he give up for the gospel's sake? Reputation, position, standing — every thing he had. What did he get in return? Hunger, persecution, prison, stocks, stripes and death. He died the death of a common criminal. He died at Rome as a poor and miserable outcast in the sight of the world. What earthly motive could he have had, if these things are not true? Why, we have all the proof that any man could ask for, that Jesus Christ rose from the dead. He was seen ten different times, and was here among us forty days, and then He was seen by the holiest and best men on earth at that time ascend and go up into heaven. They went and looked into the sepulcher and found it was empty. There was no doubt about his body coming out of the grave. Some men say they believe in Christianity, but they don't believe Christ's body came up. Do you think they could have stolen that body and palmed that fraud off on the world for these eighteen hundred years? Do you think those keen Jews of Jerusalem would never have found out the fraud and deception? Away with such a delusion. Christ rose; He burst asunder the bands of death. He has come out of the sepulcher and passed into the heavens and taken His seat at the right hand of God. We don't worship a dead Savior. Our Christ lives. He is on the throne to-night. Let us look up: for the time of our redemption is nigh. Let us gird up our loins afresh. Let us buckle on the whole armor and fight for Christ. Let us hold to the faith. Let us not be influenced by the infidelity around us, but let it drive us to the Bible. Let us cling to this good old book. It will be darker than midnight ere long if we let our confidence go in that book. I saw an account some time ago of an infidel who was dying. So many infidels recant when they die. Did you ever hear of a Christian recant-

ing? I never did. Did you ever hear of a Christian dying that was sorry that he had served the Lord Jesus Christ? I never did. I have heard of a good many that regretted that they had not served Him a good deal better than they had; that they had not lived more like Him. The infidel friends of this infidel gathered around him. They were afraid he was going to recant, and if he did the Christians would make capital out of it. They gathered around him and said, "Hold on, hold on to your principles; don't give it up now." The poor dying man said, "What have I got to hold on to?" You answer the question, will you? What has an infidel got to hold on to?

Some time ago I was drawing a contrast between the end of that talented man, Lord Byron, and Paul. Byron died at the early age of thirty-six. The time allotted to man is three score years and ten.

A fast life—a life of dissipation carried him off early. These are about the last lines he penned:

> "My days are in the yellow leaf,
> The flower and the fruit of life are gone;
> The worm, the canker and the grave
> Are mine alone."

That is all he had at the close of life. But look at Paul's farewell. He writes to Timothy: "I have fought the good fight. I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." There is a good deal of difference between the death of a skeptic and an infidel, and the death of the righteous. "Their rock is not as our rock, they themselves being judges." How often you have heard men say, "I wish I could believe as you do." What do they want to believe as we do for, if they are satisfied with their rock? "I wish I had your hope." What do you want our hope for if you are satisfied with your rock? "Oh, I wish I had the

surance you have." What do you want our [illegible] for if you are satisfied with your rock? The fact is, "Their rock is not as our rock, our enemies being judges." We will bring them in as witnesses and let them testify. Let us, my friends, hold on to the Word of God. When these skeptics and infidels talk against the book, let us love it all the more. Let it drive us to the Word. Let us say we will give up life rather than that book. We will hold on to that, let it cost us what it will. The world may call us fanatics and fools, and all that, but they cannot give us any worse name than they gave the Master. They called Him Beelzebub, the Prince of Devils, and we can afford to be called fools for Christ's sake for a little while, and by and by we will be called home, and, if we will hold right on, the end will be glorious.

A soldier, during the war, got up in one of our meetings in Chicago. He had just come from the battle of Perryville. He said his brother came home one day and said he had enlisted. He went down to the recruiting officer and put his name next to his brother's; there was no name between them; he said they had never been separated one day in their lives, and he said he did not mean to have his brother go into the army without him. He said they went into the army, and they went into a good many battles together. The terrible battle of Perryville came on. About 10 o'clock in the morning his brother was mortally wounded. A minnie ball passed through his lungs. He fell by his side, put his knapsack under the head of his dying brother, pillowed his head and made him as comfortable as he could, bent over and kissed him, and started away. The dying man says, "Charlie, come back here. Let me kiss you upon your lips." He came back, and his brother kissed him on the lips and said, "There, take that home to my dear mother,

and tell her that I died praying for her." And he said as he turned away, and his brother was wallowing in his blood, and the battle was raging all around him, he heard him say, "This is glorious." He turned around and went back, and said, "My brother, what is glorious?" "O," he said, "it is glorious to die looking up. I see Christ in heaven."

It is glorious to die looking up. But if we die looking up, we have got to live looking up. We have got to live trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ. O, in this dark day of infidelity, when it is coming up all around, let us hold on to the glorious old Bible, and to the blessed teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ.

TEKEL.

Tekel.—Daniel v. 25.

I want to have you get the text to-night. It is so short I am quite sure you that have short memories can carry it away with you, if you will just listen to it; and if some one asks you after the meeting is over, I hope you will be able to give my text and the meaning of it.

In this short chapter of thirty-one verses we get all we know about Belshazzar. His history was very brief. We are told that he had a feast of his lords; he had a thousand of his noblemen, his lords, his mighty men, gathered there at Babylon. How long that feast lasted we are not told. Sometimes those Eastern feasts used to last for six months. We are told that this young king was praising the gods of gold, of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone; and all at once silence reigns in that banqueting hall. The king had sent out into the heathen temple, and had had the golden vessels that had been taken by his grandfather, Nebuchadnezzar, that had been brought down from Jerusalem, brought into that impious feast, and while they were rioting and drinking and carousing, judgment came suddenly and unexpectedly. And I think if you will read the Word of God carefully, you will find that judgment always comes suddenly and unexpectedly. While that feast is going on and all is merry, over on the wall, over the golden candlesticks, is seen a hand, and there is a finger writing the doom of that king. He sends for the wise men of Babylon to come in and read that writing. He offers the man that can read the writing shall be clothed

in fine linen and in purple; he shall have a golden chain around his neck, and shall be made the third ruler in the realm. Those wise men tried to read it, but they were not acquainted with God's handwriting. That is the reason these skeptics and infidels don't understand the Bible—they don't know God's handwriting. With all the wisdom of the Chaldeans they could not make out that handwriting. They failed—utterly failed. The king and all his lords were astounded. They never had seen it on that fashion before. It was a strange handwriting. The Queen comes in, and she tells the Monarch that there is a man in his kingdom—he has not been heard of for fifteen years; where he has been we are not told; but she tells Belshazzar that when Nebuchadnezzar reigned and the wise men failed to tell him his dream and the interpretation, there was a man by the name of Daniel that could tell the king his dream and the interpretation, and if Belshazzar should send for this prophet he might be able to read that handwriting on the wall. Daniel is sent for and the king says to him, "If you read that hand-writing and tell me what it is, I will give you great gifts, and I will make you the third ruler in the realm." When that prophet looks up there you can imagine how silence reigns through that audience. Every eye is upon him. The king looks at him, and as he makes this offer to the prophet, the prophet says, "Let your gifts be to others, but I will read to you the hand-writing." He knew his God's writing. It was very familiar to him, and without any difficulty he can read, "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.' "What does it mean?" cries the king. "Mene, mene: Thy kingdom is numbered and finished. Tekel: Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Upharsin: Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians." And that night Belshazzar's blood flowed with

the wine in his banquet hall. That very night they could hear Cyrus coming with his army up through the streets of Babylon. He turned the Euphrates out of its channel and brought his army under the walls of the city, and that very night Belshazzar's army was defeated, the men around the royal palace were driven back, Belshazzar was slain, and Darius took the throne.

But, it is not my object to-night to talk about that king that reigned twenty-five hundred years ago. I don't want to take you back that far. I want to get down to Cleveland if I can. I want to get into this audience to-night, and I want to ask every man and woman in this assembly, if you should be summoned into eternity at this hour, or at the midnight hour, what should be said? "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

The other night I preached from the text, "There is no difference," and I tried to measure men by the law. To-night I propose to weigh them by the law. We find here this illustration of the balances used by God himself. Tekel means, "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting." Let us imagine there were scales let down into this building—not of our making—God is going to weigh us; we are not going to weigh ourselves. The great trouble with men is they are trying to weigh themselves all the while, and they are making balances of their own. When we are weighed we are to be weighed in God's balances—not man's. The God who created us is going to weigh us. Let us imagine that the scales are fastened by a golden chain to the throne of God, who sits yonder in the heavens—a God of equity, a God of justice; and those balances come down to-night into this building, and here they are right before us, and every man, woman and child in this assembly has to be weighed. Now, the question is, are

you ready to be weighed? A man begins to look around to his neighbors and other people, and says, "Yes, I am ready to be weighed. I am as good as the average." But that is not the way to look at it. What we want is to look at the law. We are to be weighed by the law of God. The God that created us has given us a law, and among all the skeptics and infidels that I have met, I have not found any that complained of that law. The trouble is not with the law. The trouble is with ourselves.

Now, I have to-night some weights. You know when you go into a store to buy goods they take weights and weigh out your goods. Now, I have ten weights. I am going to put them in the balances, and I want this audience to come up and get in. As I put the weights in on one side, you come up and get in on the other side and see if you are ready to be weighed by the law of God.

We will now put in the first weight, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." People who live in America think there is no such thing as idolatry. They think they have to go off into China, Japan or some heathen country to find idols. Don't flatter yourselves. We have idols in America. You have not got to go far from Cleveland to find them. You will find a thousand idolaters, I was going to say, where you find one true Christian that worships the God of the Bible. Anything that a man thinks more of than he does of God is his idol. A man may make an idol of his wealth. A man may make an idol of his wife or his children. A man may make an idol of himself; a good many do that. They think more of themselves than of any thing else in the wide world. They worship themselves. They revere themselves. They honor themselves. Self is at the bottom and top of every thing they do. Then there are a good many

that worship the god of pleasure. Look at your young men to-day and your young ladies that bow down to the god of pleasure. "Give me a night in the ball-room and you may have heaven with all its glories. What do I care? Give me a night that will satisfy me in this world and I care nothing about the world to come." There are a good many gods. It would take all night to enumerate the gods you have got here in Cleveland. There are a good many that bow down to that god of gold, that golden calf we read of in Aaron's day. "Give me money" is the cry of the world. "You may have the Bible with all its offers of mercy and heaven. You may have every thing else if you will only give me money and give me a nice house up here on your avenue and a good turn out and all the money I want. That is all I ask for. I will just be willing to trample the Bible and all its commandments and all its offers of mercy under my feet. That is my god." "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me."

Now what is your god to-night? What do you think most of to-night? Oh, that the Spirit of God may wake us up to-night. If we are trusting any idol, if we have some idol in our heart, may God tear it from us, because God says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." The sin of idolatry is one of the worst of sins. In that Book there is more said against idolatry, perhaps than any other sin. God will have the first place or none. Yet there are a great many men trying to give God the second place. They say, "Business has got to be attended to, I have got to attend to business, and if I have a little time after attending to business, I will attend to my soul's wants." Instead of giving the soul the first place they give the body and this life the first place. We take a good deal better care of our bodies than we do of our souls. You know that very well. Most

people think a great deal more of this life than of the life to come. They think a great deal more of the gods around them than of the God of the Bible and the God of heaven.

The next weight is very much like it. We will put that weight right in the balances, "Thou shalt not bow down thyself to any graven image or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." "Thou shalt not bow down to any image." I am not to even worship any cross or crucifix. I am not to bow down to anything but the God of heaven. I am not to worship any pictures, even if they are pictures of Jesus Christ—not any graven image. I think it is a great mistake that artists try to make pictures of the God of heaven and earth. It is a fearful thing. We are not to make any graven image of any thing and then bow down to it.

But I must pass on rapidly. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Blasphemers come on now and be weighed. We will put that in the balances. You step in and see how quick you will go up—how quick the balance will kick the beam. If every blasphemer in this house was to be weighed to-night, what would become of his soul?

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." It is astonishing to hear men blaspheme and curse God, and when you talk to them they say, "I don't mean anything by it." Well, God means a good deal when He says He "will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

Do you know that profanity is just man's showing his enmity to God? If God hadn't told man not to swear, I don't think he would have thought of it, but just because God has said, "Thou shalt not swear," he

wants to show his contempt of God by trampling His commandment under foot and spurning the grace of God. They say they can't help it. Yet these very men, when their mother is around, seldom if ever swear. That shows they have more respect for their mother than they have for the God of heaven. If the wife happens to be around, or the children very often, they will not swear. Yet they will curse God, and swear to God's face—challenge God, as it were, to do his worst, and blaspheme. Yet when you talk to them about it they say, "Oh, well, I can't help it." It is false. Man may not of his own strength be able to turn from that sin, but God will give him grace. If a man has a new heart, he will have no desire to swear.

If a man is born of God he will not want to take God's name in vain. Let the blasphemers in this house to-night remember that God is not going to "hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." If every blasphemer in this assembly should be cut down to-night with cursing and blasphemy upon his conscience and upon his heart, what would become of his soul? It is a fearful thing. You look upon a thief as a horrid monster, many of you, and you think he is a curse to the community, but is it not as bad to break God's laws as to break the laws of the state? You elect men to your legislature to make laws for you, and you think the laws which they make ought to be be revered and honored more than the laws of high heaven. Here is a law from heaven, and that law says "thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Man shows contempt for God and his laws and goes on blaspheming.

The next weight we will put in the balances is, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." As it looks to me, we are drifting into a dark age. We

thought when we had slavery in this country that it was a great curse to the land; but we have something worse to-day. If this nation gives up its Sabbath, we are not going to see blood flow in a few Southern States, but it will not be long before it will flow in all our cities. It won't be long before we will see a darker day than this nation has ever seen. No republic can exist without righteousness. If men are going to violate the law of God; if you teach men to break God's law, how long will it be before they will take the laws of man in their hands and tear them, as it were, to pieces and throw them to the winds and trample them under their feet?

We have to teach men to honor God's law if we expect them to honor the law of man. We see this desecration of the Sabbath increasing every year, giving up a little here and giving up a little there. A few years ago in Chicago we did not have a theater open on the Sabbath, but now every theater is open. Every Sunday night those theaters are crowded. I want to say to the working men, if you give up the Sabbath, you give up the best friend you've got, and it will not be long before these capitalists will take your Sabbath and make you work seven days in the week, and you will not earn a dollar more than you do now in six days. God is our friend; he would not have given us one day in seven unless it was for our good. Man needs it, beast needs it. So let us honor the Sabbath day and keep it holy. If we have to give up our business and get some other business, let us do it even if we don't make quite so much money. It is a good deal better for us to be right, to know we are honoring God, and to have God on our side, than it is to be breaking God's law. If a father teaches his child not to observe the Sabbath, takes him out riding on Sunday, teaches him

not to go to the house of God, it will not be long before that boy will break his father's commandments. You teach him to dishonor God's law and he will dishonor yours. Is not that so? Does history not teach you that? Look around you. Have you got to go to the Bible to find that out? Is it not so? You take a man that goes around on the Sabbath, who don't teach his boy to go to Sabbath-school and to church, but teaches him to play marbles, and it will not be long before that boy will break that father's heart—if he has a heart.

Throw this commandment into the balances and Sabbath-breaker, step in. If you do, what will become of you? You would find written on the wall, "Tekel. Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting." If a man cannot keep one day out of seven, what is he going to do with that eternal Sabbath in heaven? He will not want to go there. Heaven would be hell to him.

I must pass on. "Honor thy father and thy mother." That is another thing that shows we are drifting into a dark age. Men seem to be void of natural affection. Now, I want to call your attention to this fact; wherever you see a young man or young lady treating their parents with scorn and contempt, you may just mark this they will never prosper. I am not an old man and I am not a prophet, but I have lived long enough to notice that I have yet to find the first case where a young man or young lady has started out in life that has dishonored father and mother, that has treated them with scorn and contempt, that has ever prospered. I believe to-day one reason why so many men's way are hedged up, and they do not prosper is because they have dishonored their parents. I do not know of any thing that is more contemptible. I do not know of any thing that

sinks a man lower in my estimation, than to hear him speak disrespectfully of his father and mother, that cared for him in his childhood, that watched over him in sickness and did everything they could for him.

A young man that will go out and get drunk and come home at midnight or 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, knowing his grey-haired mother is sitting up for him and weeping, is crushing that mother, just breaking her heart, just murdering her by degrees. I do not know why it is not just as bad to murder your father and mother, break their hearts and take months to do it and to kill them, as it is to take a revolver and shoot them down at once. There are hundreds of young men doing that to-day. You haven't got to go out of Cleveland to find them. I venture to say while I am talking here to-night some young is in a brothel or in some saloon or billiard hall, who will go home to-night or to-morrow morning beastly drunk and curse the mother that gave him birth, and curse her grey hairs, and perhaps lift up that great strong arm of his and beat that mother. Or some husband will go and be untrue to some wife and go home, and if she says a word, down comes that right arm upon her. Yes, it is only one, two or three murderers we have perhaps in jail at a time, but how many walk the streets of Cleveland to-day. I tell you a young man that don't honor his father and mother, need not expect to prosper in this life, or in the life to come.

There was a young man who used to think considerable of his parents. He was a very fine looking young man. His father was a great drunkard, and his mother used to take in washing just to give that boy an education. She kept him at school and worked hard to do it. But one day he was out on the sidewalk talking with his mother. She had been washing and was not dressed as well as [illegible] ladies. He saw a school-mate coming towards

him and he walked away from that mother. The schoolmate asked him who that woman was he was talking to, and he said it was his washer-woman. Ashamed to own his own mother. You laugh, young lady. Shame on such a man as that. I think we ought to be ashamed of a man that would speak that way of a mother who is toiling day and night to give him an education. "Honor thy father and thy mother." Treat them kindly, you will not always have them. By and by they will be gone. No one in the wide world loves you like that mother. No one in the wide world loves you like that father. Treat them kindly. Make the evening of their lives as sweet as you can. It will come back again. You will have children by and by perhaps, and they will treat you kindly. But bear in mind if you treat that father and mother with scorn and contempt by and by, after a few years have rolled around you will be paid back in your own coin. "Be not deceived. God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The reaping is coming, and men have to reap the same seed that they sow.

You treat that aged mother of yours with scorn and contempt and expect God to smile on you and prosper you, and you will be deceived.

If there is a man or woman in this audience to-night that is not treating father or mother with respect or kindness, let him step into the balances and see how quick they will strike the beam. You will be found lighter than dust in the balances. You will find that word "Tekel" blazing out. "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

But I must pass on. "Thou shalt not kill." I suppose if you had said a few months ago to some of those men that have been killing lately that they were going to come to that, they would have said, "Am I a dog

that I should do it?" They thought they would not; but when Satan takes possession of a man you don't know what he will do; you can't tell. When a man goes on step by step from one thing to another, it will not be long before he will be guilty of almost any crime. I have not got to kill a man to be a murderer. If I wish a man dead, I am a murderer at heart. That is murder. If I get so angry with a man that I wish him dead, I am guilty in the sight of God. God looks at the heart, not at the outward man. We only look at the acts of men, but God looks down in the hearts. If I have murder in my heart, if I wish a man or woman dead, I am guilty. "Thou shalt not kill." As said before, there are a good many men who are not looked upon as murderers, that really kill their parents, kill their children, kill their wives. How many drunken men have murdered their wives! They have literally killed them inch by inch. They have gone to the altar and sworn before the God of heaven they would love, cherish, protect and support that woman, and inside of five years they have become horrid monsters, and beaten that defenceless woman, until at last she has gone with a broken heart into the grave. Nothing but a cruel husband murdered that woman. "Thou shalt not kill." Do you think a God of judgment, a God of equity, a God of mercy will not bring those men into judgment?

But I must pass on. We will put those six weights right up there, and come to the next. I would pass over this commandment if I dared, but when I see what the enemy is doing, when I see the terrible, terrible state of things we are having all around, in all kinds of society, high and low, I feel that I must cry out and spare not. "Thou shalt not commit adultery." It is a sin that is not much spoken of. It is one of those things that we like to pass over. We hear a good deal about intemper-

ance, but the twin sister of intemperance is adultery today. I want to read to you something that will express what I want to say, perhaps, better than I can myself—the seventh chapter of Proverbs.

I want to say to the young people in this audience tonight, I do not know of a quicker way to ruin, I do not know of a quicker way down to hell than the way of the adulterer. Do you know that the average life of a fallen woman is only seven years? It is very short. How a woman can surrender her virtue and take that road is one of the greatest mysteries of the present day, when they can look around and see how they have brought ruin and blight upon their life, and made it dark and bitter.

Not long ago a scene occurred in Chicago of a mother that left her family in Iowa and a man that left his, and they came to Chicago, and after getting tired and sick of their life, and remorse, I suppose, seized hold of him, at the hotel where they were, he cut her throat from ear to ear, and as she fled from him into the hall, he cut his own from ear to ear and fled into the hall and embraced her, and the adulterer and adulteress died in each other's arms. What a fearful ending! That is occurring all the while from one end of the land to the other. "Thou shalt not commit adultery!" And I want to say to these libertines—these men that think they can commit that sin and cover it up, and think it never will come to light; some of them come to our public meetings; some of them come into our churches, and they sweep down the broad aisle, perhaps, with their wives upon their arms. They take the best seats, perhaps, in our churches, and they think the crime is covered up. Be not deceived. You ruin some man's daughter, and some vile wretch will ruin yours. You will find it out by and by.

Do you think that God is not going to bring

men to judgment for this thing? Do you think that men can go on, and that they can get clear, and the women be cast out? They say the thing is unequal. Well, it may be among men, but bear in mind there is a God of equity sitting in the heavens, and this thing is going to become straight by and by. Not that the women are excused; one is as bad as the other. It is a sin, and it is a fearful sin. It is a sin we must cry out against at the present time. Don't let any adulterer or adulteress think he or she is going into the kingdom of God. And I want to say to the men here to-night, if you are bound to some fallen woman, if you are to-night guilty of that awful sin, give it up or give up heaven. If God should summon you into those balances to-night, what would become of you, vile adulterer, what would become of you? And you, poor, fallen woman!—you step in and see what would become of your soul. "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

I want to say once more before I pass this commandment, that people may cavil and laugh and make light of it, as they do; but it is one of the greatest evils of the present day. Many a man's life is ruined, many a family has been broken up, and many a mother has gone down to her grave with a broken heart, because a son or a daughter has been ruined. It is a time that the church of God should send up one cry that our children should be kept. It is a day of temptation. It is a day of trial on our right hand and on our left. We are living in a day of decayed consciences, as some one has said. Men are losing their consciences. It is astonishing how a man can talk. I got a letter from a man to-day—the first letter I got to-day. He stated he was living this kind of a life, and he seems to have no conscience about it, and he wanted to have me pray that they may be separated, and he says if there is a God they will be separated. He

doubts whether or not there is a God. Men get so steeped in sin that they want to stifle conscience, they want to deceive themselves, and they begin to reason that there is no God at all. You will find out by and by there is a God. Bear in mind God will bring you into judgment by and by. Because sentence is not executed at once is no sign He is not going to execute the sentence. Because God don't bring men to judgment at once is no sign he will not come to judgment. He will come. Paul reasoned with Felix "of righteousness, temperance and *judgment to come.*" God has appointed a day when He will judge the world. Men may cavil and laugh as much as they like, but the day is appointed, the hour is fixed, and men have got to come to judgment, and then sins which you have committed in secret, and which you think are covered up, will come to light and be made public, unless they are covered by the blood of Christ; unless you repent and turn from them and ask God to have mercy upon you. They will be blazoned out to that great assembled universe.

But I must pass on. "Thou shalt not steal." Is there a man here to-night that is a thief? O, no, you can say there are no thieves here. Ah, don't you flatter yourself. There is many a man that thinks he is not a thief, that is a thief. When that young man takes twenty-five cents out of his employer's till to go to the theatre, he is a thief as much as if he stole five thousand dollars and got caught. When a man appropriates to himself one dollar that belongs to some one else, he is a thief in the sight of God. A drop of water is water as much as Lake Erie is water; and the man that steals five cents is a thief in the sight of God as much as if he stole five hundred dollars. Some men think that they are not thieves unless they get caught; and they think if they cover up their tracks and don't get caught they never will

be brought to judgment. God's eyes are going to and fro through the earth. If you have a dollar that belongs to some one else, I beg of you, as a friend, to make restitution before you go to bed to-night. Pay it back if you want the light of heaven to flash across your path, if you want the smile and approbation of God to rest upon you, pay it back. You will not prosper as long as you have some one else's money. "Thou shalt not steal." Now go to thinking. Have you anything that belongs to some one else? Have you cheated any one? Have you jumped on to these horse cars and not paid your fare sometime when there was a great crowd and the conductor did not come around for it? That is stealing just as much as if you had been a defaulter or a forger. Have you been on the steam cars, and the conductor did not happen to come around and get your fare, and have you said, "I have got a ride for nothing"? You are a thief. You laugh at it, but it is not to be laughed at. What we want to-day is righteousness in this nation. What we want in the church to-day above every thing else is downright honesty; and may God give it to us! These things are not to be laughed at. Do you know how men become defaulters? Just in that way. They take a little to begin with, and conscience comes up and smites them; but the next day they take a little more. Conscience don't trouble them so much. By and by they stifle conscience, and they can go on and do any thing. That is the way these forgers begin. That is the way these defaulters begin. That is the way these great noted criminals begin. It is just the entering wedge. It is a little thing in their sight. But I tell you what we want to remedy is sin, and sin is not little. If there is a man here to-night who has commenced a downward course, commenced a dishonest life, I want to beg of you to-night, before you sleep, make up your

mind, God helping you, that you will straighten up any dishonesty of which you have been guilty, let it cost you what it will. Make restitution.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness." I wish I had time to dwell on that, and the next: "Thou shalt not covet,"

There are those ten weights. Now, you cannot be weighed by one of them; you must be weighed by the whole. Is there a man or woman in this audience that is ready to be weighed? Come. I have heard so much about morals—is there a moral man here to-night? Are you ready? Have you not broken that decalogue? Is there a man or woman in this audience that has never broken any of those commandments? If you have broken one, you are guilty. Those are not ten different laws, but one law; and if I have broken one of those commandments, I have broken the law of God, and I am guilty.

Let the moralist come up to-night and step into the scales, and see how quick he will kick the beam. Bring on the moralist. He walks up to those golden scales, and he sees written there, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." He says, "You will excuse me to-night, sir. I can't be weighed." He don't like to step in over the text. He knows very well he will be found wanting. He knows very well it will be said, "Tekel: Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting." He goes around on the other side of the scales and he sees, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." "Well," he says, "I think I will not be weighed to-night." He is not quite ready to be weighed after all. You know these texts were given by Christ to the moralists of His day. But, says the moralist, "I will step in, I guess on the other side. I don't like to step in over this text," and he goes around on the

third side, and there he sees: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." He says, "I will not go in on that side." He steps around to the fourth side. "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." "Well," he says, "I think I will not be weighed in those balances." But bear in mind God is going to weigh you in them. You have got to be weighed in them.

Let the rumseller step up to the scales and see if he is ready to be weighed. As he steps up to those scales, he finds written there in golden letters: "Woe be to the man that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." "Well," he says, "I think I won't be weighed to-night." He is not ready.

Let the drunkard come, rum bottle in hand. He looks at those scales and sees: "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdon of God." He says, "I will not step in there to-night. I am afraid it will be found written on the wall, as it was on Belshazzer's wall: "Tekel: Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

Where is there a man to-night that is ready to be weighed. I can imagine a man up in the gallery says, "I wonder what Mr. Moody would do if he was to be weighed. I wonder if Mr. Moody is ready to step into those scales and to be weighed." I want to tell you I am; and I say it, I hope without any boasting or egotism. You may put into the scales all those commandments, every one of them, and I am ready to step in against them. Do you want to know how? I will take Christ in with me. I took him as my Savior twenty odd years ago. I am ready to step into those scales with him at any time. He will bring it down. He kept the law. He was the end of the law for righteousness' sake. That is man's only hope. I would not dare to be

weighed without Him; but with Him I am ready at any time, day or night. If God calls me to step into those scales to-night, I will step in; and I will step in with a shout, too, and I will not be looking on the wall to see if it is written "Tekel: Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting," because Christ has kept the law, and I have got Him, He offered himself to me, and I took Him. He offers himself to every guilty sinner here to-night. To every man and woman who has broken that law there is a Savior offered, there is salvation offered, and you can have it and live forever. But without Christ, what are you going to do?

NO DIFFERENCE.

You will find my text to-night in the third chapter of Romans and the 22d verse. "For there is no difference." I will venture to say there are a good many here to-night that will differ with the text. But I didn't make it; and I am not going to quarrel with you. If you don't like it you must settle it with the Word of God. I just give it you as I have got it. If I had a servant working for me and I should send that servant to deliver a message, and he thought it didn't sound right and should change the message, I think I should change servants, I should want him to deliver the message just as I sent it. If I am going to be the messenger of God to-night—if I am going to preach the Gospel to you, I have to give you the law as well as the Gospel.

Now, we find in this third chapter of Romans, Paul is bringing in the law to show man his guilt. If a man wants to read his own biography he should turn to the third chapter of Romans and he will find it all there. A great many men are anxious to get their lives written. Why, they are already written. God knows more about you than you do about yourselves. If you want to find out what man is by nature, all you have to do is to read the third chapter of Romans. It is all there. If you want to find out what God is, read the third chapter of John and you will that God so loved the world, even fallen man, that He gave His Son to die for him.

Now, I do not know a text in the Bible that the immoral man dislikes any more than this one.

many people attack me for preaching this doctrine of "No difference." I was led to take it up to-night by what I heard last night in the inquiry room. There was a moralist there—that is, he said he was a moralist —and he could not understand just how he was as bad as other people. Now, the longer I live, and the more I mingle with men, the more I am convinced that moralists are scarce, after all. There are a great many who think they are very moral; but I venture to say, if your sins and my sins—I won't leave out one now; I take every man and woman in this audience—if all our secret thoughts, and all that has been in our hearts, should be written on yonder wall, there would be the greatest stampede you ever saw. You would get out of this hall as if you were struck with the plague. You know very well that if your sins were all brought to light you would not talk about being moralists, or about being so very good. Now, man is not so very good by nature after all. "The heart is deceitful above all things." Man is being deceived by his own heart. Man is bad by nature. I don't think you have got to go outside of yourself to find out that you are bad. If you will only get a look at yourself, if man could only see himself as God sees him, he would not be talking about his righteousness. It would be gone very quick.

Now, just the moment we begin to preach from this text man begins to strengthen up and say, "I don't believe it." We think we are a little better than our neighbors—a little better than other people.

The next verse throws light upon it. "There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Every one.

It would be an absurd thing to make a law without a penalty. I believe the state of Massachusetts, a few years ago, did make a law without a penalty, and that

Legislature became the laughing stock of the whole state. What is a law without a penalty? Suppose your state Legislature should pass a law that no man in the state of Ohio shall steal, and fix no penalty to it, the thieves would be in your houses before you got home to-night. What do they care for a law that has no penalty? God's law has a penalty to it. There are not ten different laws. They are one law. Some people seem to think the ten commandments are ten different laws. They are one law. If you have broken one of them you have broken the law, and are therefore guilty. I need not break the decalogue to be a sinner; if I break one of these commandments I have broken the law of God. You need not take up all the rails on the railroad track between here and Chicago to have a collision—only one rail. A man may say he has a good fence around his pasture, but if he leaves one gap the cattle get out. What is the fence good for? Take one inch of pipe out of that gas pipe and the gas is cut off from this building. You need not take out all the pipe—take out one inch and there is no gas. So if a man has broken the law of God he is guilty; he is a criminal in the sight of God. That is the teaching of the third chapter of Romans. You will find it all through the teachings of Christ: he that breaketh the least of the law is guilty of all. Why? Because he has broken the law of God. He has transgressed the law of God and become guilty in the sight of a pure God. A perfect God could give nothing but a perfect law—a perfect standard. There is no trouble about the law. Your life and property would not be safe if it were not for the law. The law is all right. Skeptics find fault with the Bible. You seldom find an infidel attacking the law of God. That is all right. We have to have law—could not live without law. The trouble is, man has broken

the law of God. If you have broken one commandment you are guilty in the sight of God. If I was hanging from yonder ceiling by a chain of one hundred links and one link should break, down I would come. The links do not all need to break to let me fall.

When God put man in Eden he bound him to the throne of heaven by a golden chain. When Adam fell he broke that golden chain. Man is lost. He is out of communion with God. Some men say, "Well, do you pretend to say I am as bad as other people?" I don't know but what you are worse. The moralist straightens up and says, "I am not as bad as that drunkard. Do you call me as bad as that thief, that adulterer, and that libertine? Do you call me as bad as that forger, that defaulter?" I don't know but what you are worse; really, I can't tell. God judges us according to the light we have had. Suppose I have had nothing but light from earliest childhood up; that I have been nursed in a religious family; I have heard all about God, but I turn my back upon all His teachings, and I praise myself because I think I am better than other people, and call myself a moralist. Here is a young man who has a cursing father and a cursing mother, and has heard nothing but cursings and blasphemies. He has had no light. It may be I am worse in the sight of God than that man. The idea of a man drawing the filthy rags of self-righteousness about him and thinking he is better than other people! The fact is, there is not any thing that grows on this Adam tree that is good. It is all bad. I will admit that some men have more fruit than others. Suppose you have two trees, both miserable, worthless, good for nothing. One has five hundred apples and the other only five. One has more fruit, but both bad. So one may be more fruitful in bringing forth sin, but both bad.

A friend of mine went into a jail some time ago and

fell to talking with the prisoners. He began to talk with one who was a murderer, and he tried to rouse the man up to talk about his awful guilt, but the man thought he was not so very bad after all. "Why," said he, "you talk as if I was the worst man in the world. There is a man down in the other cell who has killed six men; I have only killed one." There he was trying to justify himself. That is the cry all over the world at the present time. Men are measuring themselves by men, and they think that because they have not committed as many sins as other people they are not so bad. If they could just get a glimpse of their own hearts. they would see that they were black and vile.

Now, God never gave the law to save any man. The law was given that every man's mouth might be stopped, and the whole world become guilty before God. When a man gets a good look at himself in God's law, he does not try to make out that he is better than other people; he gets down in the dust, and he cries, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Suppose an artist should come here to Cleveland and advertise that he could photograph men's hearts—that he could get a correct likeness of what is in a man's heart—do you think he would take a single likeness in all Cleveland? People arrange their toilets, go to the artists and get their photographs taken; and if the artist flatters them a little and makes them look a little better than they really do look, they say, "Yes, that is a very good likeness," and they send it to their friends and pass it around by post. I got one to-night from a friend, and it was a very fine one.

But suppose you could get a photograph of your heart. Do you think you would send that around? There is not a man in all Cleveland who would have a photograph of his heart taken. You know it very well.

There is not any thing that will close a man's mouth about his being so pure, and good, and moral, as to get a look at himself in God's looking-glass. The law is God's looking-glass dropped down into the world that man may see himself as God sees him. Or, in other words, the law is made that man may see how he has fallen short of God's standard.

Just a little while before the Chicago fire, I said to my family at breakfast that I would come home after dinner and take them out riding. My little boy jumped up and said, "Papa, will you take us up to Lincoln Park to see the bears?" "Yes, take you up to Lincoln Park to see the bears." You know that boys like to see animals. I hadn't more than gone off before he began to tease his mother to get him ready. She washed him, put a white dress on him, got him all ready. Then he wanted to go outdoors. When he was a little fellow he had a strange passion for eating dirt, and when I drove up, his face was all covered with dirt and his dress was dirty. He came running up to me and wanted me to take him up in the carriage to Lincoln Park. Said I, "Willie, I can't take you in that state; I have got to wash you." "No, I'se clean!" "No, you are not. You are dirty. I shall have to wash you before I can take you out riding." "O, I'se clean, I'se clean! Mamma washed me." "No," I said, "you are not." The little fellow began to cry, and I thought the quickest way to stop him was to show him himself. So I got out of the carriage, and took him into the house, and showed him his face in the looking-glass. That stopped his mouth. He never said his face was clean after he saw himself. But I didn't take the looking-glass to wash him with. I took him away to the water. The law is only given to show man his needs; to show man his guilt—not to save him. The law is a schoolmaster to bring him to Christ. But the

law never saved a man, never will, and never can. The law condemns me, shows me my guilt. But Christ comes and saves me from the curse of the law. Paul says, in this very chapter, that the law was given that every mouth might be stopped; and when men will get done measuring themselves by their neighbors, by their friends, and will begin to measure themselves by God's law, they will see just where they are, They will see how they have sinned and come short of the glory of God; and they will not see it before.

Why, you may go to yonder prison at Columbus, and you will find there, propably, a thousand prisoners, more or less, some of them are there for forgery, some for rape, some for theft, some for manslaughter, some for murder; and you will find, perhaps, a hundred different kinds of prisoners. But the law makes no difference. They have all sinned, and come short of the requirements of the law of the state. They have broken the law. They have transgressed and when they came to that prison they all went in alike. Their hair was cut short and they put on the garb of the prison and they are there. "There is no difference." The law of this state recognizes "no difference." They are criminals. They are guilty.

Not long ago one of these whiskey men was taken up by the law—a man estimated to be worth a million dollars—and he was sent to the prison, and when he got to the prison door and wanted to take his trunk in, they said, "No, you can't take that." "Well" he said "I am afraid I can't get on with the prison fare, and I have brought a few things for my own comfort." "No," they said, "there is no difference here. The law recognizes no difference."

You may divide society into a hundred classes. There are the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned,

men of culture, men of science. But the law of God recognizes no difference. If a man has broken the law of God, I tell you, my friends, there is no difference; and the quicker you can find it out the better. A man up here on this avenue, worth his millions, who dies without Christ, without God and without hope, goes down to his grave like a beggar, and there will be no difference one minute after his death; and ten days after he is in his grave the worms will feed upon his body as they would upon a beggar. We make a great difference, but God does not look at things as we do.

Now, the object of this discourse is to get you people to-night to give up measuring yourselves by other people. If you want to get a correct measurement, measure yourself by the law of God, and see where you are.

A few years ago, when the city of Chicago was incorporated as a city, they gave the Mayor power to appoint policemen. When the city was small, the plan worked very well, but when it got to be large, it was too much power in one man's hands, and he would use that power to secure his re-election, and the thing worked disastrously for the city government. Some citizens went to Springfield to our legislature, and got through a Police bill that took the power out of the hands of the Mayor, and placed it in the hands of a Board of Police Commissioners. The law provided that no man should be a policeman unless he was of a certain height. I remember there was a great rush to head-quarters to get appointments as policemen. Men were going all over the city getting recommendations, because it was said no man would get an appointment that hadn't a good character. Now, for my illustration. Suppose that Mr. Doane and myself want to get in as policemen; we are running around getting letters from leading men of Chicago. We meet at the door at the appointed time,

and I say, "Mr. Doane, I think I have as good a chance as any man in this crowd. I have letters from United States senators, representative in Congress, the mayor of the city and judges of the supreme court." "Well," says Mr. Doane, "I have letters from the same ones, and I am sure they do not speak any more highly of you than they do of me." I step up to the Commissioner and lay down my letters, and the Commissioner says to me, "Mr. Moody, those letters may be all right, but before we read those letters, we will measure you. The law says you must be of a certain height." I stand up and am measured, but I don't come within the requirement of the law. The law says I must be five feet and six inches—for illustration call it that—and I am only five feet. I do not come but within a half a foot of it, and he hands the letters back to me and says, "Your letters may be all right, Mr. Moody, but you have come short of the standard; the law says you shall be five feet and six inches." Mr. Doane looks down upon me and he says, "Mr. Moody, I am a little taller than you are." I say, "Mr Doane, don't say any thing, wait until you are measured." Mr. Doane steps up, and he is five feet five inches and nine-tenths of an inch. He has come short only one-tenth of an inch. There is no difference.

The way to measure yourself is by God's requirements. Is there a man here who is willing to be measured to-night? Are you willing to be measured by the law of God, and not by your neighbors and by your friends? That is working the mischief. People are all the time measuring themselves by their neighbors and friends. Be measured by the law of God, and see where you are. I do not know of anything that will stop a man's mouth quicker. He will not be talking about being better than his neighbors if he measures himself by God's law. Have you kept it? That is the question.

I can imagine Noah leaving the ark and going out to preach from this text: "There is no difference. Every man that does not get into the ark shall perish." Those antediluvians would have laughed at him; they would have said, "Noah you had better get back into the ark and not talk that stuff to us." "There is no difference. All are agoing to perish alike," says Noah. "Every man that does not get into the ark will perish." They would have caviled at him and laughed at him. I doubt whether or not they would not have stoned him to death. But did that change the fact? The flood came and took them all away—kings, governors, judges, rulers, drunkards, harlots, thieves all swept away alike. "There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." I can imagine Abraham leaving his tent and Lot going down into Sodom a few days before Sodom was destroyed, and preaching from the text. "There is no difference, God is going to rise in judgment upon these cities of the plain. Every man that does not escape from this city God will destroy. When he comes to deal in judgment there will be no difference." Those Sodomites would have laughed at him. They would have told him he had better go back to his tent and his altar. But the fire came and they were all destroyed alike. The king of Sodom, princes, governors, rulers, all perished alike.

I can imagine Christ preaching to those men in Jerusalem. "God is going to judge Jerusalem, and when God comes in judgment there will be no difference." And when God judged Jerusalem eleven hundred thousand perished. There was no difference. All perished alike.

It seems to me I got a glimpse in the Chicago fire of what the Judgment will be, when I saw that fire rolling down the streets of Chicago, twenty and thirty feet

high, consuming man and everything in its march that did not flee. I saw there the millionare and the beggar fleeing alike. There was no difference. That night our great men, learned men, wise men, all fled alike. There was no difference. And when God comes to judge the world, there will be no difference. Because you are in a higher position, or because you have a little wealth, because you have a title to your name or some position in this world, if you are out of Christ—out of the ark, it will make no difference. God has provided an ark of refuge. God says, "Come in." God has provided salvation. "The grace of God hath appeared bringing salvation to all men." You spurn the offer of mercy. You just turn aside from this gift. Many a man is kicking this unspeakable gift around as he would a foot-ball—as if it was not worth picking up. Whose fault is it? God has provided salvation for all. Many a man turns his head with a scornful look and says: "I don't want it." Ah, my friends, if you refuse this gift you must perish. There will be no difference when God comes in judgment.

Wherever man had been tried without God he has been a failure. God put Adam in Eden, surrounded with every thing that heart could desire, and Satan walked in and stripped him of everything he had. I don't believe Satan was in the garden thirty minutes before he had every thing that Adam had. He was a failure. Then God took man and made a covenant with him. He says to Abraham, "I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore." After that covenant man was a failure. He turned away from God. What a stupendous failure man was under the Judges! Then we find God bringing them to Sinai and giving them the law. Who would have thought they were not going to keep it!

Moses went up into the mountain to have an interview with God and took Joshua with him, and was gone but forty days. Those men gathered around Aaron and said, "Where is Moses? We do not know anything about him. Make us a god to worship." They brought gold to and him he made them a golden calf. These very men that were going to keep the law, inside of thirty days were bowing down and worshiping a golden calf, and their children have been at it ever since. More people to-day bow down to the golden calf than to the God of heaven. Man away from God is a stupendous failure. Man was a failure under the prophets. Now, we have been two thousand years under grace, which means undeserved mercy; and what is man under grace but a failure without God? Pick up your daily papers and look at your daily records. Look at that transaction in Cincinnati within 48 hours! Look at what is occurring in all the towns, cities and villages! Man away from God is a failure. When will man learn the lesson?

But I can imagine some of you say, "Is there no star to light this darkness? Are we to be left under this law?" Right here comes this gospel. Jesus came to redeem us from the law. Christ was the end of the law for righteousness sake. He has atoned for sin. He has by the sacrifice of Himself put away sin. The law cannot touch me. Blessed truth. The law condemns me, but Christ saves me. The law casts me down, but Christ lifts me up. If you can afford to turn away from such a Savior and go on in your sins and take the consequences, you can take a greater responsibility upon yourself than I would dare to do.

Perhaps I can illustrate this by an incident that occurred during our war. When the war broke out there was a young man in New England who was engaged to be married to a young lady. He enlisted for

three years. Letters passed between them. He wrote to her after every battle. The three years were nearly up. She was counting the days before he would return. The battle of the Wilderness came on. She got no letter for some time. Day after day she went to the little village post office, but got no letter; but at last one came in a strange handwriting, written by one of his comrades. She tore it open. It stated that he had lost both of his arms in that battle, and how he loved her, but as he would be dependent upon the charities of a cold world for his support, and as she was worthy of a noble husband he released her from the engagement and she was at liberty to marry whom she pleased. She never answered that letter. The next train that left that little village for the South, she was on. She went to the army, and her tears and entreaties took her beyond the lines, and she got down to the hospital in the Wilderness. She got the number of the ward or cot he was in. She went down that long line of cots and at last her eye fixed upon that number. She rushed to that cot, and bent over and kissed that armless man, and she said, "I never will give you up. These hands will toil for you. I am able to support you and care for you." That young man could have spurned her offer and turned her away and said, "No, I will not carry out the engagement." He was a free agent. But she came to him in his helpless condition, and now they are living a happy life. She has been true to her word. She takes care of that man.

Ah, my friends, it is a poor illustration of what Jesus Christ will do for every sinner in this hall to-night. We are worse than armless. We are dead in trespasses and sins. Christ came from the throne of heaven and redeemed us from the law. "He bore our sins for us in his own body on the tree." "He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquity, and by his stripes

we are healed." He took the penalty of the law into his own bosom. He tasted death for every man. Christ was the end of the law by giving up his own life. Sinner, will you have him as your Savior? Will you let him redeem you from the curse of the law to-night? Will you to-night pass from death unto life? You can, if you will, have Him. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life." And when you and I stand before God, the question will be: "What did you do with my Son? I offered you eternal life through Him. What did you do with Him?"

GRACE.

My subject is that we have just been singing about, "Grace." It is one of those Bible words we hear so often and know so little about. You hear a great many people talking about their not being worthy to come to Christ; they would like to come, but they are not worthy, they are not good enough. That is a sign they know nothing about grace at all. Grace means unmerited mercy, undeserved favor. Just because man don't deserve it God deals in grace with him. And when we see it in that light we will get done trying to establish our own righteousness and our own good deed, and take Christ as God would have us.

Now there is not any part of the Bible in which you will not find God shining out in grace; or, in other words, He wants to deal with all man in grace. He don't delight in judgment. He delights in mercy. That is one of his attributes. He is anxious to deal in mercy with every man, woman and child on the face of the earth. But the trouble is men are running away from the God of grace, they don't want grace, won't have it, won't take it as a gift.

In proof of this you will find that away back in Eden, the first thing after the fall of man, God dealing in grace with Adam. You find, as you read the account of his fall, of his transgression, that there is not any sign at all of repentance. When God came to deal with Adam there is not any sign of Adam asking for pardon. If he asked for pardon it has not been put on record.

There is no confession; there is no contrition; there is no prayer for mercy; and yet we find the God of all grace dealing with Adam there Eden in love—in grace. He had mercy upon him. If He had dealt in judgment without grace, He would have hurled him out of Eden, or He would have let Eden be his resting place. He would have perished right there in Eden. But we find God dealt in grace with Adam. He pitied him, and He had mercy upon him.

You will find that, all through the Old Testament, grace here and there shines out; but we don't see it in its fullness until Christ came. He was the embodiment of grace and truth.

In the first chapter of John's gospel and the fourteenth verse it says, "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth. For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."

Again, in the fifth chapter of Romans and the fifteenth verse, we read, "But not as of the offence, so also is the free gift." Emphasize that little word free. It is a free gift. "For if through the offence of one many be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ hath abounded unto many."

Now, grace came by Jesus Christ and hath abounded unto many. As we lost life in the first Adam, we get life in the second Adam. We lost every thing, you might say, in the first Adam, but we get it all back, and more, too, in the second Adam. He came full of grace to have mercy on man and to save. We cannot get the grace of God except through His Son. That is the channel that the gifts of God flow through. If a man thinks he is going to get by Christ and going right to

the Father and have God deal in mercy with him he is deceiving himself. Christ is the annointed one, the sent one. God sent Him to deal in grace with men; and if you want the God of all grace to meet you and bless you, you must meet Him at the foot of the cross; you must meet Him in Christ.

When the nations around Egypt went down into Egypt to get corn, the king of Egypt sent them to Joseph. He put every thing in Joseph's hands. So the King of heaven has put every thing in Christ's hands; and if you want mercy you must go to Christ, because He delights in mercy; and there is not a man or woman on the face of the earth who really wants mercy that cannot find it in Him. He is the God of all grace; that is what Peter says. Men talk about grace, but the fact is we don't know much about grace. If I went to a bank and had a pretty good reputation for having money, if I was worth considerable, and I could get another man that was worth a little more to endorse my note, I might get, perhaps, five hundred dollars for a little while, but I would have to give a note, and perhaps have to secure that note, and it would read, "Thirty days after date, or sixty days after date, I promise to pay." Then they give what they call three days grace, and they make you pay interest for those three days; and if you are short a dollar they will sell every thing you have to get that from you. Men call that grace. They don't know any thing about grace at all. If they had grace they would give you not only the principal, but the interest and all. That is what grace is. I think the reason men know so little about grace is that they are measuring God by their own rule. Now we love a man as long as he is worthy of our love. When he is not we cast him off. Not so with the God of all grace. Nothing will give Him greater pleasure than to deal in mercy—to deal in grace.

Paul is called the apostle of grace. If you look at his fourteen epistles carefully, you will find that every one of them winds up with a prayer for grace,

Now, I want to call your attention to a scene that occurred in the life of Christ. See how grace just flowed out. There was a woman came to him who had a daughter who was grievously tormented at home. Perhaps some of you have children that are possessed of bad spirits, possessed of a demon, children that are just breaking your hearts and bringing ruin upon your home and bitterness into your life. Well, this woman had a child that was grievously tormented, and she started off to Christ. He was coming to the coast of Tyre and Sidon, and she came out to that coast. She was not an Israelite. He had come for the lost sheep of the house of Israel. God sent him first to the Jews. But grace would flow out. The apostles tried to keep it back, but it would flow out. He came in the borders of that country, and this woman had faith, and she came and cried to the Lord to help her, and she kept crying. The Lord knew all about her, but he wanted to teach those Jews around him a lesson. He wanted to teach them the lesson of grace. The most difficult thing Christ had to do when he was down here was to teach those Jews grace. The men that were around him even those twelve apostles, could not understand about this grace. They were all the time going around establishing their own righteousness. "We are of the seed of Jacob; we are the descendants of Moses and Abraham." They thought they were better than the nations around them They called the nations around them Gentile dogs but they were the seed of Abraham. He was trying to teach them grace. They could not understand it. This woman comes to the coast of Tyre and Sidon and begins to cry for help. The disciples tried to send her away.

She was terribly in earnest, and she kept praying right there in the streets. She was hungering for something. I hope some one has come up to this Tabernacle to-day hungering for something. You will get it if you are hungering and thirsting for it. She was terribly in earnest. She wanted the Lord to bless her. She put herself right in the place of that child. At last one of the twelve—perhaps it was Peter; he was generally the spokesman of the twelve—says: "Lord send her away; she is bothering us." Ah! Peter did not know the heart of the Savior. He had a blessing in his heart for that woman. But the woman kept on crying. At last he though he would try her, and he says: "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs." Now, if she had been like some women in Cleveland she would have probably said, "What! you call me a dog do you? I won't take any thing from you. I know lots of women who are meaner than I am; and worse than I am. There's a woman lives down on the same street I live, and she belongs to the seed of Abraham, and she is a good deal meaner than I am." How mad she would have got. But see what she did: "Yes, Lord; but the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from his master's table." Ah, it pleased the Master wonderfully. He did not send her away. "Oh, woman, great is thy faith. Be it unto thee as thou wilt." That is a blank check for her to fill out. The whole treasury of heaven was open to her, and she could walk in and take what she wanted. She did not come with any work. She did not come with any tears. She just came for mercy. And that beautiful prayer—some people tell us they can't pray; but this is one of the most beautiful prayers on record. "Lord,"—she called him Lord; he was divine; he was not mere man—"Lord help me." Three golden links bound her right to the God of all grace. You tell me you can't

pray! Why, that little child there can make that prayer, "Lord, help me." That is all she said, and that is all she wanted. She wanted help. She had come for that, and she got it. If you come to-day to meet the God of all grace and want help, he is ready to help you. He delights to help. He likes to give gifts to the sons of men. He says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." He has gifts, and He wants to give every one of us some to-day, if we will receive them. He is full of grace. It don't grieve Him to have us come too often. It don't grieve Him to have us ask too great things. The only way we can displease God is not to come often enough; and when we do come not to ask for enough. This woman came for a blessing, and she got it. She went right home and found that child perfectly whole.

In the seventh chapter of Luke you will find another case where grace seems to come out. A certain centurion's servant was sick, and when the centurion heard of Jesus, he sent the elders of the Jews to ask Him to come and heal his servant. And the Jews came and said, "Lord, there is a centurion whose servant is very ill, and he wants to have you come and heal him; and we want to have you come at once, because he is worthy." Now, mark this: The Jews put it on the ground of his worthiness. What had he done to make him worthy? Why, he had built a synagogue. They thought Christ ought to stop His work and turn aside at once and go and heal that man's servant, because he was worthy. They put it on the ground of works—because he had built a synagogue. Do you know, I believe that is the mischief with many of our churches. I believe that is the trouble with a good many people. They think God is under obligations to them. They think God owes them something. They think because they have

built a synagogue, or helped build some church, or endowed some college, that God ought to deal in grace with them and ought to have mercy upon them. Now, it is "to him that worketh not, but believeth." Now, Christ starts to go to that centurion's house as if He was going to deal with him in that way—as if He was going to put it on the ground of works. But before He gets to his house, the man sent friends to Him, saying, "Lord, don't trouble yourself; I am not worthy that you should come into my house; neither thought I myself worthy to ask you; so I sent these Jews." He thought other people better than himself. And I tell you when a man gets there, he gets in a position where God can deal in grace with him; he is pretty near the kingdom of heaven. But the trouble with us Americans is, we think we are a little better than other people. We just reverse God's order, and we think that other people are a little lower down, and a little worse than we are. But this centurion thought he was not worthy to come and ask Christ to heal his servant. He sent men to Him saying, "Now, you speak the word, and it will be done." That pleased Christ. He turned around and said to those Jews, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Here was a centurion. He did not belong to the tribe of Abraham; but among the Jews He had not found a man that had such faith. The Lord said the word, and the servant was healed right then and there. He dealt in grace with him. So when you and I are in such a position that God can deal in grace with us, that very moment God deals in grace with us. Well, when is it? When we are just nothing, and are willing to let God have mercy upon us, then he will have mercy, not before.

Now, if you will turn to Ephesians you will find that he deals in grace without works. You hear people talk

about trying to do better. They think they can do something that will commend them to God, and that God will have mercy upon them. Instead of giving up all works and letting God save them in His own way, they are trying to work their way to God, and that is the reason that they do not come. I believe to-day that works is one of the great obstacles in the way. Men are trying to put their good works in the place of a Savior. In the second chapter of Ephesians, second verse, we read, "That in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of his grace in His kindness toward us through Jesus Christ. For by grace are you saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." Through grace are you saved. Now mark the words. There is one lady that is not listening. She has gone to sleep. I wish, friends, if you see any one asleep you would just hunch them with your elbow and wake them. You may save a soul in that way. "For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not by yourselves! It is the gift of God; not of works; lest any man should boast."

There will be one thing we will miss when we get to heaven, and that is boasting. We hear enough of that down here. I am sure I don't want to hear any more. You cannot go into any of these cities hardly but what you find a lot of self-made men boasting of what they have done—started poor and got rich, and have done this and this. It is, I I—boasting. I am sure there would be a good deal of boasting in heaven, if men could get there by their works. But you cannot get there in that way. If you get there, you have to get there by the sovereign grace of God. Salvation is a gift. You must take it as a gift. If a man could get to heaven by works, he would carry boasting into heaven with him. Suppose a man could work his way up

to heaven, what is he going to do when he gets there? He could not join the chorus around the throne singing the song of redemption. He would have to have a little harp and get off in a corner by himself.

Then in the eleventh chapter of Romans and sixth verse Paul says, "And if by grace, then it is no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace." He is there bringing out the point. He says, if men are saved by works there is no grace about it at all.

Paul says in the fourth chapter of Romans and fifth verse, "It is to him that worketh not, but believeth." We get salvation by faith and not by works. Not but that salvation is worth working for. It is worth climbing mountains, crossing rivers, swimming streams crossing deserts and lakes and going round the world on our hands and knees for. It is worth it no doubt about it, but you can't get it in that way, you can't get it by works. "It is to him that worketh not but believeth." If I employed a man to work for me all day and I gave him two dollars for the day's work, and he goes home and his wife says to him "John, where did you get that two dollars?" and he said "I worked and earned it," there would be no grace about it at all. But suppose he is sick and could not work, or suppose I did not have any work for him and he was in distress, and I gave him two dollars. He goes home and his wife says, "John, where did you get that money?" and he says, "Why, it is a gift; Mr. Moody gave it to me."

Now, if you ever get salvation you have to take it as a gift. You cannot buy it, and you cannot get it by your good works.

Suppose I should say to this audience if any body wants this Bible he can have it, and a man steps up, I reach out the Bible, he takes it, puts it under his arm and starts off

home. He gets home, and his wife says, "John, where did you get that Bible?" And he says, "why, Mr. Moody gave it to me." That would be a gift. But suppose I should say I will give that Bible to any one that wants it, and a man comes up and says, "Mr. Moody, I don't just like your terms. I don't like to be under obligations to you," and that is about the way with sinners; they do not like to be under obligations to God. So this man says, "I would like to take it, but not on your terms. I will give you twenty-five cents for the Bible." I know it is worth a good deal more than that; but suppose I take the twenty-five cents and the man goes home with the Bible under his arm, and his wife says, "John, where did you get that Bible?" He says, "I bought it." It is no gift at all. He bought it.

Now, don't you see that it is a gift? All through the Bible it is called a gift. If it is a gift it must be without works—it must be without money. It would be no gift at all if you paid for it—if you paid a farthing. It is a gift from God. But you can spurn the gift. You can trample it under your feet. You can say, "I will not have grace." Then you must have judgment. If any man will not have grace he must have judgment. If a man will not have mercy he must have punishment. Is not that the teaching of the Scriptures? God says, "I delight in mercy; I want to give you the gift of eternal life." "The wages of sin is death." Man has got to take his wages whether he wants to or not. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life."

Now, the question comes, To whom does he offer this gift?—to the righteous? He offers it to the world. He offers it to sinners; and if a man can prove that he is a sinner I can prove he has got a Savior. If man can prove he was born into this world I can prove that God

has provided a Savior for him. "God gave him up," says Paul, "freely for us all." I like these texts that have these sweeping assertions that take us all in. "God gave him up for us all." Christ did not die for Paul any more than he did for the rest of us. He tasted death for us all. "That is what I believe," says a man down there, "and every man will be saved." Yes, every man that will lay hold of the cross will be saved. "If ye die in your sins, where I am ye cannot come." If a man goes on sinning, violating the law of God, trampling it under his feet, and will not take the yoke of God upon him down here, do you think he is going into the kingdom of God? Do you think he will have any taste for heaven?

In the second chapter of Titus, eleventh and twelfth verses, Paul says, "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men." I can imagine a man says: "Do you think that is really true?" "Yes." "What! Does that mean drunkards?" "Yes, every drunkard in Cleveland." "What! Do you mean all these harlots that are walking the streets to-night?" "Every harlot the grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation to every man." "What! Do you mean gamblers?" "Yes, every gambler." "And these murderers down here in prison, and some that haven't been caught?" "Yes; every murderer. The grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation to *all* men." If men are lost, it is because they spurn God's gift. They spurned His offer of mercy. It is not that God don't offer it. It is as free as the air we breathe.

I remember preaching upon the grace of God once in Chicago, to a fashionable congregation, and I was just hungering for some souls. I was anxious that the grace of God might find some one there, and while I was preaching I was looking around to see if I could see any

one that was anxious to be saved. At the close of the meeting I said, "If there is any one here that wants to be saved, I will be glad to stay and talk with him." It was one of the coldest nights of the winter, and they all got up and went out, and my heart sank within me. I looked all around and did not see any one wait. I got my overcoat, and was the last one to leave, as I supposed; but as I got to the door, I saw a man behind the furnace. He was crying as if his heart would break. I sat down by his side and I said, "What is the trouble?" He said, "Well, you said something to-night that broke my heart." "What is it?" "You said that the grace of God was for the likes of me." I said, "That is good; I am glad it has reached you." He thought he could not be saved. But it was for the likes of him. I talked with him, and found out what his trouble was. He was just one of those poor unfortuate men that liquor had got the mastery of, and, although it was one of the coldest nights, he had no coat on. He drank that up. He said that within the past six months he had drank up twenty thousand dollars. "And now," said he, "my wife has left me, and my children, and my own father and mother have cast me off, and I expected to die here in the gutter one of these nights. I expected this was my last night." He said, "I didn't come in to hear you; I came in to get warm, but my heart is broken Do you think the grace of God can save me—a poor miserable, vile wretch like me?" I said, "Yes."

It was refreshing to preach the gospel of the Son of God to that poor man. I prayed with him, and after I prayed with him, he didn't ask me for any money, but I took him to a place where he was provided for that night, and the next morning I had a friend go to the pawnbroker's to get his coat—got his coat upon him, and in a little while he came out a decided Christian; and

when Mr. Sankey and myself went to Europe, I don't know a brighter light in all the Western States than that young man. The grace of God found him. The grace of God saved him, and the grace of God has kept him.

That is what the grace of God is for. There is not a man, woman or child in Cleveland so far gone, but the grace of God can save him. What we want is, as Christians, to be up and publishing the tidings—proclaiming the glorious gospel of Christ. It is a gospel of glad tidings. My friends, make haste. Take the torch of salvation and carry it down into the dark lanes, and dark alleys, and dark homes, and light them up with the glorious gospel of the Son of God. Jesus is mighty to save. His name shall be called Jesus for He shall save His people from their sins. He is a mighty savior, but the world don't know it. The world has been deceived by the devil—has been blinded by the god of this world. What we want is to tell them that Christ is able to save, and that He is ready to save.

There is a story told of William Dorset, that Yorkshire farmer. He was preaching one night in London, and he made the remark that there was not a man in all London so far gone but that the grace of God could save him. That is a very strong assertion, for there are some pretty hard cases in London, a city of four million inhabitants. You go into the east of London and see that awful pool of iniquity—the stream of death and misery flows right on. But he made that statement, that there was not a man or woman in all London so far gone but that the grace of God could save them. It fastened in a young lady's mind. She went home that night, and the next morning she went to see the Yorkshire farmer. She said, "I heard you preach last night, and I heard you say that there was not a man so far gone in all London but

that the grace of God could save him." She said, "Did you really mean it?" "Why?" he said, "certainly I meant it." "And do you think that there is not a man in all London but that can be saved if he will be?" "Why, certainly," said Mr. Dorset, "not a man." "Well," she said, "I am a missionary and I work down in the East End of London, and I have found a man there who says that there is no hope for him. He is dying, and I can't make him believe that there is any hope for him. I wish you would go and see him." The man of God said he would be glad to go. She took him down one of those narrow streets until they came to an old filthy building. She said, "I think, perhaps, you can manage him better alone." It was a five-story building. He went up stairs to the upper story and found a young man lying there upon some straw; there was no bed. Ah! the way of the transgressor is hard! He had got clear down into great poverty and want, and there he was sick and dying. Mr. Dorset bent over him, whispered into his ear and called him friend. The young man looked up at him astonished. "You are mistaken, sir, in the person. You have got in the wrong place." "How is that?" asked Mr. Dorset. "Well, sir, I have no friend; I am friendless. He said, "You have a friend." Then he told him of the sinner's friend. He told him how Christ loved him. The young man shook his head, "Christ don't love me." "Why not?" "I have sinned against Him all my life." "I don't care if you have. He loves you still and He wants to save you." And he preached Christ to him there. He told him of the glorious grace of God. He told him that God could save him, and he read to him out of the Bible. The light of the gospel began to dawn upon that darkened mind, and the first sign of a new life was, his heart went out toward those whom he had injured, and he said, "If I could only know

that my father would forgive me I could die in this garret happy." He asked him where his father lived. He said, "In the West End of London." Mr. Dorset said, "I will go up and see him and will ask him if he will not forgive you." The young man shook his head. "I don't want you to do that. Why, sir, my father has disowned me. He has disinherited me. My father has had my name taken off the family record. He does not own me any more as his boy. I am as dead, sir, to him. If you go and talk to him about me he will get angry and order you out of the house, and you have been so kind to me I don't want your feelings hurt." Mr. Dorset went up to the West End of London to a most beautiful place and rang the bell. A servant dressed in livery came to the door. Mr. Dorset inquired if his master was in, and was told that he was. He was taken into the drawing-room, and while he was waiting there for the man of the house to come down, he looked around him. There was not a thing that heart could desire that had not been laid out on that beautiful home. By and by the man came into the room. Mr. Dorset got up and went across the room to shake hands with him. He said, "You have a son, sir, by the name of Joseph, have you not?" The father's hand fell by his side. His countenance changed. Mr. Dorset saw that he had made him very angry. He said in a great rage, "No, sir. And if you have come here to talk to me about that worthless vagabond I want you to leave my house. I don't allow any one to mention his name in my presence. He has been dead to me for years, and if you have been to him you have been deceived. He cannot be relied upon." He turned on his heel to go out of the room, to leave him. Mr. Dorset said, "Well, he is your boy yet. He won't be long." The father turned again; "Is my Joseph sick?" "Yes, your boy is at the point of death,

sir. He is dying. I have not come here to ask you to take him home, or to ask you to give him any thing, sir; I will see that he has a decent burial. All I want is to have you tell me that you forgive him, and let him die in peace." The great heart of the father was broken, and he said, "Forgive him? Oh, I would have forgiven him long ago if I had known he wanted it. Forgive him! Certainly. Can you take me to him?" The man of God said he would take him to him, and they got into a carriage and were soon on their way; and when the father reached that garret he could hardly recognize his boy, all mangled and bruised by the fall of sin. The first thing the boy said to his father was, "Father, can you forgive me? Will you forgive me?" "Oh, Joseph, I would have forgiven you long ago if I had known you wanted it." He met him in grace right there. The father said, "Let my servant take you in the carriage and take you home. I cannot let you die in this fearful place." "No, father, I am not well enough to be moved. I shall die soon, but I can die happy now that I know you have forgiven me; for I believe that God, for Christ's sake has forgiven me." And in a little while, with his head on the bosom of his father, Joseph breathed his last, and passed back to his God.

Yes, my friends, that father was willing to forgive him when he knew that the boy wanted grace. Now God knows all your hearts, and if you want grace to-day the God of all grace will meet you. He will meet you in mercy. He will meet you in pity. He will bless you to-day. He wants to bless you. Sin ruins, sin casts down, but the grace of God lifts up. O, may the grace of God lift you up to-day out of the pit and place your feet on the Rock of Ages.

COME.

I want this audience to-night, while I am speaking to pray I would like to ask you friends that are not Christians to pray. I would like to give you a little prayer, and I would like to ask you to make it all the time I am speaking: "Lord, if these things are so, show them to me." I don't want you to believe one solitary word I say that is not from God. If it is not true, I don't want you to believe it. But if it is you certainly ought to be honest enough to want to know it. That is perfectly fair. No skeptic, no infidel, no deist, no atheist, really can object to making that prayer; but if there is an atheist here, let him make this prayer! "If there be a God, let Him show these things to me, if they are true." Let us be willing to-night to let the God that created us teach us.

Now, the text I want to call your attention to is in the seventh chapter of Genesis, the first verse. It is a truth that a great many of you, perhaps don't believe. A great many people have the idea that no such thing ever took place. But if you make that prayer we will find out. "If it is true, Lord, show it to me. Reveal it to me."

"And the Lord said unto Noah. Come thou and all thy house into the ark." That word "come" occurs all through the bible. It begins in the first book of the bible and runs clear through Revelation. The prophets took it up and their cry was, "Come, Come."

When that blessed Master came He took up that same

cry, "Come unto Me all ye that labor." When the apostles commenced to work after Christ left the earth, they kept ringing out that word "Come." We find it in thelast chapter of Revelation.

The first time it occurs in the Bible is in this text I have to-night. God Almighty was the preacher, and he was calling Noah in out of the coming storm, out of the coming judgment that was coming upon the earth. One hundred and twenty years before that Noah had received the most awful communication that ever came from heaven to earth. God told him that he was going to destroy the earth on account of sin. Sin sprang into this world full grown. The first man born of woman was a murderer. I suppose that we, at this age, know nothing about the sins of the antediluvians. Men had time then to carry out their plans, and their iniquities, and their sins. They lived a thousand years, nearly. I don't know what would happen now if men should live so long in sin. It says in the sixth chapter of Genesis and the fifth verse, "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." The wickedness of earth had come up to God. God purposed that he would destroy the earth. But he gave them one hundred and twenty long years' grace—one hundred and twenty long years to repent; and if they had repented like Nineveh, God might have spared the Old World, and might have spared those antediluvians. But I can imagine they talked very much as men talk now, and when Noah brought them that message they mocked him; they laughed at the idea; they scoffed at the idea. "God going to destroy this world! You don't suppose we are fools enough to believe that, do you? God going to destroy His own world! God going against the law of nature! Why it is against our reason!

It is against our intellect! We don't see any reason for it. God going to destroy the world? Away with such a God as that! We won't have anything to do with a God of judgment—a God who is going to judge this world on account of sin."

Then there was another class of people, undoubtedly, that were atheists, that took the ground that the world came by chance, that there was no God, and that Noah was a fanatic. Some of them, perhaps, went so far as to think he was out of his mind. If they had had insane hospitals in those days they would have tried to get him into one of them. "Poor, deceived, deluded man! God going to destroy the world! God going to drown all in it—our great men, our mighty men, our kings, our princes, our rulers, our governors and our wise men! Away with such a doctrine! We don't believe it."

Noah and his family stood alone on that dark day. There was not a man to stand with him, and God told him to build an ark, and the God of heaven was the architect. He told him how to build it, and I will venture to say that every dollar's worth of material that went into that ark came out of Noah's property. He could not get a man to help him. When you built this church you got every man you could to help you build it. But there was not a man that would help Noah build that ark. He had to pay the expenses alone. They laughed at the idea. They mocked at the idea. They ridiculed the idea. Why, the strongest thing against you Noah, is that no one believes with you; the great men, and all the leading minds of the present day differ with you. They don't believe there is going to be a flood—that there is going to be a deluge and a judgment; there are no signs in the heavens. The astronomer looks up in the heavens and they say, "We see no sign of a coming storm or a coming judgment. It is all

a delusion, God is not going to destroy the world. I don't believe it. And then we have a majority with us. They all go with us, and you stand alone." But the old man toiled on. Day after day you can see him there at that ark. He must have known when he received the commission to build the ark, how much sport they would make of it—how he would become the butt of ridicule, how he would become the song of the drunkard and how he would become the laughing stock of that day. If they had the theaters in those days I have not any doubt but that they would have Noah's Ark on the stage and make all manner of sport of it. Lecturers went up and down the country warning these antediluvians against fanaticism, and to be careful about being carried away with that delusion. If they had newspapers in those days once in a while there would have been a reporter coming around to see how he was getting along and he would write up an article on "Noah's Delusion," or "Noah Ark." If they had the telegraph in those days every once in a while there would have been a telegraphic dispatch sent around the world about Noah's Ark and about the deluded man spending all his money and all his time upon that ark. And then there was that gray-haired old man and his family, his three sons and their wives, only eight in all, and yet he is building an ark large enough to accommodate hundreds and thousands. Deluded man! Gone clean mad! Some one has suggested the idea that Noah must have been deaf or he could not have withstood the scoffs and the jeers of that day. But if he was he had an ear to hear God. He communed with God and when God spoke to him he could hear and he obeyed. Well, a hundred years passes away. There is no sign of a coming storm, and these men are increasing in their infidelity and in their unbelief. They go on scoffing and mocking and

ridiculing. And the men that helped Noah, his carpenters there whom he hired, undoubtedly if they went into a saloon and began to drink or play cards, men would make fun of them. "Ah, you are helping that old lunatic there to make the ark!" But I can imagine they would say, "Noah's money is as good as any. We don't believe in his old ark; we don't believe in the delusion, but we are after his money that is all."

There are a good many men to-day that talk in the [illegible] way about the ark that God has provided. The day of scoffing is not passed. The day of mocking, and the day of ridicule is not passed. Many a man is kept out of the kingdom of God because he cannot stand the ridicule of some scoffing, sneering, contemptible wretch, who would trample his mother's prayers, and feelings, and her Bible, and all of her precepts under his feet, and mock at the idea of his mother's God.

Time passes on. The hundred and twenty years have expired. The merriment increases. Noah has got his ark done. All the contracts are closed. During the past hundred and twenty years many a time has he stopped the work, perhaps, on the ark and gone out and warned his countrymen. He told them of the coming judgment. But they mocked the old man. They didn't believe him. But now the ark is finished. I don't know what time of the year it was finished; perhaps it was in the spring. In that spring Noah did not plant any thing.

"Now, surely he will come to want. Every year he has planted, like others he has provided for the future, but now he has not planted any thing. He is preparing to go into that ark. He says that this is the last year. The world is going to be destroyed. What an absurdity." When we talk now about God's burning up this world men scoff at the idea, "God destroy the world! He is not going to do any thing of the kind. The world

is improving, growing better all the while. What is God going to destroy the world for if the world is growing better, and if men are getting on so well, accumulating wealth and great fortunes. Away with such a delusion! God in not going to burn up the world. There is no God of Judgment. God is not going to judge the world for sin. To be sure they put His Son to death. But then he just winked at that. He is not going to hold them responsible for that. It is all a delusion." That is the talk of the world to-day. That is the cry.

I can imagine when the last year expired—the one hundred and twenty years were up, and the day of grace was closing, those men just increased in their scoffing and their infidelity.

Noah at last moves into the ark. That was just the climax of the whole thing. A most absurd thing. Why didn't he wait until the storm began? There was time enough to move; then to build an ark on dry land, as if the storm was going to get up there; and if it did, do you think that thing would float? They made all manner of sport of it, and ridiculed it. Visitors came to look at it. You can see them looking around; going up into the different stories of it. If they saw Noah around, they would say, "That's him, that's him there!" They would just point the finger of scorn at him, "deluded man." The business men of that day undoubtedly said that ark was not worth as much when Noah got it done as the nails they put into it. If it was put up at auction it would not bring any more than what it was worth for kindling wood. It was not good for a house to live in, and you could not make a barn of it. Yet that man had put all his wealth, probably, in that ark. For years he had gathered up all he had and put it in that ark. The world looked upon it with scorn and contempt, but God

called him in, "Come, thou and all thy house, into the ark." And, thank God, his children went in with him. Noah lived so that his children had confidence in his piety. I have great admiration for Noah. If a man could live in that dark day, with those scoffers and unbelievers all about him, and command his children so that they followed him, he must have lived right at home. He must have been a true man, and he must have walked with God Almighty. And after they had gone God gave the earth seven days more of grace. He added seven days to the hundred and twenty years. Undoubtedly he gave them that time to repent. If they had repented then they might have been saved. But they did not repent. They mocked at the idea and they said to Noah when he told them that he had built that ark so large that he might preserve his seed upon the earth, the fowls of the air and animal creation, they mocked at the idea. "How are you going to get the wild fowls and beasts of the desert into that ark? How are you going to get the wild animals from their caves and dens into that ark?" And they went on mocking at the idea. It was a most absurd idea.

I can imagine that the first thing that alarmed and aroused them was one morning to their surprise they saw the heavens black with the fowls of the air, coming from the corners of the earth, two by two, mated by God, and as they came to that ark Noah took them in. And the animals came in from their dens and caves, from the corners of the earth, and they came up to the ark two by two. The lion and the lamb passed in side by side, and as they looked down at the earth they could see little insects creeping up towards that ark two by two, as if pushed up by some unseen hand, and they cried out, "Merciful God, what does this mean?" They are alarmed now. That was the first thing, probably, that

woke them up. Would to God they had repented then and cried for mercy. But undoubtedly their wise men said, "We don't exactly understand it, but there is no danger. Our astronomers tell us there is no sign in the heavens; the old sun shines as it did two thousand years ago, and the stars shine at night as bright as ever; the lambs are skipping on the hill sides as usual, the cattle are grazing on a thousand hills; business was ever more prosperous. The world never looked more promising. There is no sign of a coming storm. We don't understand this strange thing; we admit we can't understand it, but then there is no sign; be quiet." If some one was alarmed they would say, "He is weak minded." That is what young men say of their mothers now; that they are weak minded women, deluded, carried away. Religion may be a good thing for women and weak minded people. O, may God forgive the young man that speaks of his mother in that way.

It may be the next thing that took place God shut the door. Noah did not shut it. The Almighty shut the door. The last year had come, the last month, the last week, the last day, the last hour, the last minute had come. When God shut the door the day of grace was over; the day of mercy was ended. When once the master of the house is risen up and shut the door, there is no hope. You may cry for mercy then, but it is too late A man said that when he died, he would go to heaven and he would knock and ask for Mercy, and Mercy would let him in. A man said you need not ask for Mercy there; for Mercy has not been at home for eighteen hundred years. Mercy is abroad in the earth. It is too late to ask for mercy." This is the day of mercy. This is the day of grace. This is the acceptable time of the Lord. This is the day the door is wide open. God says, "Come in." God calls you in out of the coming storm and out of the coming judgment.

I can imagine some of you say, "Moody, you don't believe there was such a thing as a flood, and God shut that door?" I believe it just as much as I believe that Jesus Christ came into this world. Listen to what the Son of God has to say: "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the coming of the Son of Man; they were eating and drinking and marrying and giving in marriage, until the flood came and took them all away." It came suddenly. Jesus Christ believed in the flood. But when once the Master of the house had risen up and shut the door, it was too late.

Men say, "I can repent any time." Do not deceive yourself. There is such a thing as a man sinning away the day of grace. There is such a thing as a man going on rejecting and rejecting the Spirit of God, until the last hour and the last moment has come, and it is too late.

Those antediluvians found it was too late. The door was shut. I don't know when the storm broke upon them. It might have been in the night. And what a night it was! Did this world ever witness such a night as that?

I can imagine as the sun went down, little did they think it was the last time they were to look upon it, as it shone upon that ark and the door was closed. The day of grace was ended. The day of mercy was over, and there was no hope. Their doom was sealed. The door that shut Noah and his family in shut them out. That night, perhaps at midnight, they could hear in the distance the thunder. The sound grew louder and louder, until the storm broke upon them. Perhaps the scoffers and the triflers in those days began to mock and say, "Well, now Noah will say this is his flood. Noah, now in the ark will begin to rejoice and say this is what he was telling us about." But by-and-by their mocking was all

gone. There could not be a scoffer found. And do you know there is a time coming when there cannot be a scoffer found on the face of the earth? There is a time coming when these men that are mocking at the Gospel of Jesus Christ will bow the knee to the Lord Jesus. They will cry—we have the prayer on record—"They will call upon the mountains and the rocks and the hills to cover them from the wrath of the Lamb." Their cry for mercy will be too late.

I can imagine that the springs of the earth began to send forth the water. The springs began to bubble up, and the heavens were black with clouds, and they emptied their contents upon the earth, and the old earth reeled and tottered like a man under the influence of liquor, or it rocked like a cradle, and the foundations of the deep were broken up, and the sea had been held by its chains broke its bars and began to swell and to rise higher and higher. The people in the low lands said, "We will go to the higher lands and get on the mountain peaks." The wise men told them, probably there was no danger. And perhaps those in the high lands said, "There may be a freshet take those in the low lands, but we are perfectly safe." You can see them coming up from the low lands. You can see the vile reptiles and beasts coming up from their dens and caves—man and beast coming up the mountain side to escape from the deluge—children and parents. You can hear a wail going up from many. The flood rises higher and higher. By and by a father is washed away and a mother and a child, and you can see the dead bodies floating all around. That scene no tongue on earth can picture. Do you know that no man saw it? It was so horrible God would not permit even Noah to see it. He had that ark built so there were no windows to look out to see the flood. Only one window was made and that was

made to look up towards the God of judgment. There was not one solitary man left to tell the story.

And the last man—think of the last man. All had been swept away but one solitary man, and he stands on yonder mountain peak and points to that ark of Noah's floating away safely upon the bosom of that water. I tell you my friends, that storm had not raged twenty-four hours before Noah's ark was worth more than all the world. Men looked upon it with scorn and contempt one day, and the next it was worth more than all the world. The time is coming when Jesus Christ will be worth more than ten thousand worlds like this. Jesus Christ is the ark that God has provided. Then, friends will you come into the ark or will you die outside of it? That is for you to settle. Men may cavil as much as they are a mind to and say they don't believe these things, but do you know the average life of man is only thirty-three years? It is very short. It is an inch of time and eternal ages roll on. It is but a shadow, a vapor and we are gone. Will you die inside of the ark or outside? That is the question. Will you this night, father, come in and take your family in? It is the father's place to move in first. God addressed himself Noah, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." And, if you have come in father and mother are your children in? I think we are living in a dark day. How we need our children under the wings of the Almighty! How they need his care and his protection. If God spared not the angels when they fell from their first estate and cast them out; if God spared not Adam, would not allow him to live in Eden, and turned him out; if God spared not those antediluvians and would not let them live; if God spared not the Jews and cut them off because they rejected Jesus Christ, and he became the sinner's substitute, do you think he will spare you if you reject this

salvation and reject this offer of mercy. The door of the ark stands open. God calls you in, "Come thou and all thy house." Move up towards the ark to-night. Let there be a moving up to the ark to-night. Let us get in and then let the storm come. Death is busy sudden around us. Did you ever hear in your life of so many deaths as you have in the last few weeks? I never did. You cannot take up a paper hardly but you read that some man has gone;—went to bed well; found dead in his bed. Death is on your track and mine. It may be that I may be speaking to some one here to-night, who is spending his last year on earth. In a large assembly like this many will be gone. Inside of twelve months many of us will be gone. If it is your last year are you going to die inside the ark or outside? That is the question.

I will get a little nearer home. Some of us are probably spending our last month on earth. Before thirty days are gone some one may be picked out of this audience. Is not the best thing we can do to get into the ark? The Lord bids us to come to Him now. This is the day of grace; this the day of mercy. This is the day when He is saying, in pity and love, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Mother, don't you want that little child in? Father, don't you want that son of yours in? Think of the darkness in the world. Think of the pitfalls. Think of the temptations. Think of the work of Satan—how he is deceiving and leading astray our children. Oh, may God help us all to come into the ark to-night!

WHY HALT YE?

You will find my text in the 18th chapter I. Kings 21: "And Elijah came unto all the people and said, how long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word." He asked them a question that they were not willing to answer. I venture to say if I should put that question to each one of you here to-night, a good many, if not half of this congregation would refuse to answer. I heard of a gentleman here last night, who said he would like to ask me some questions. If that man is here to-night I would like to ask him a question. "How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him; if Baal, follow him?" It is a fair, square, practical thing, isn't it? If these things are true that are written here in this book, the quicker we find them out and believe them the better. It is certain we cannot serve God and Baal. That is out of the question. Another thing is certain, and that is we serve the one or the other. No man stands on neutral ground in this matter. "He that is not for me," says Christ, "is against me." A great many men take the ground that they are not on either side. That is out of the question. Some take the ground that they are on both sides. That is out of the question. If there is any one character above another that we detest —now, I am not talking about sinners; we love sinners, —if there is any one character that we detest above another it is the man who tries to be on both sides, who

agrees exactly with the last man he meets. If you make a statement, "Yes, those are my views exactly; I agree with you, sir." A man comes along with just the opposite view — "Those are my views, exactly; yes."

There is not a person in this house to-night but has a perfect dread of such people. You detest a character of that kind. During our war there were, in the border States, some of those people. They kept two flags. When the southern army came along they would run out the Confederate flag; then when the Northern army came along and they thought they were going to be in town some time, they would pull in the Southern flag and run out the Union flag, the star spangled banner. Do you know that those people suffered more than any other people. The Southern army would strip them of every thing they had, and if they hid any thing from the Southern army and accumulated anything, when the Union army came along it would strip them of every thing. Both armies detested them. We like to have men one thing or the other. You cannot serve God and mammon. You cannot have two masters in this matter. "He that is not for me is against me."

Now, the question is to-night, whose side are you on? I read of a king in ancient time who married a heathen wife. He wanted to please his wife, and so he put up two altars. One altar was to a heathen god, and on the other he tried to serve Jehovah. Do you think he did it? There is not a child in this audience but that knows very well he could not do it.

Now I would like to press the question home upon you, who is your God to-night? If I understand it correctly, the God of our soul is the one that we think the most of. Is it the god of pleasure? Is it the god of fashion? Is it the god of the world? Or is it the God of the bible — the God of Elijah? Now, it is Baal or

Jehovah. Which is it? I know men will try to dodge the question and say it is not either. But that is impossible. Christ has settled that question forever. You cannot serve God and mammon.

Mark Antony, the great Roman general, yoked up two lions and used to drive them through the streets of Rome. But there are two lions we read of in this book that cannot be yoked together. They never go together. The lion of the tribe of Judah and the lion of hell will never be yoked together. You cannot serve the two. You cannot put them together. It is one or the other, and it is for you to settle which. God gives us that privilege. That is just where free agency comes in. You can have Baal or you can have the God of the bible. I believe to-night there is not perhaps one in this audience but that means to decide some time; but it is so hard to get them to the point of decision. It is so hard to get them across that line. They halt one day too long.

When there is a great question before us, we have really no peace until the question is settled. If we are unsettled on any very important subject, there is no real rest to our minds. There cannot be. Here is the great question of questions. I will venture to say that there is not any one in this church who will not admit that. We know very well that our life is too short. It is but a vapor; it is soon gone. If these things are true they are eternally true. They not only concern us in time, but they concern us in eternity. In a few days or months or years you and I will be gone. Life is ebbing fast away. The sands of time are running out. If the God of Elijah is true, then we certainly ought to know it, and follow him.

Now, the men that have left the deepest foot-prints upon the shores of time have been men of decision.

Leave out the religious question. If they have been great rulers, they have been men of decision. Do you know why so many of our generals failed in the late war? They could not decide. They lacked decision of character, and at the very time they ought to have decided and pushed on to victory, they deferred and lost the victory.

Some one asked Alexander how he conquered the world, and he said he conquered it by not delaying. If this question is going to be conquered we cannot delay. Many a man has come up to the line, and he has halted and wavered and delayed it until one day too late. He did not decide.

You have a good deal more admiration for a man of decision than for a man that is vacillating. That is what we like about Daniel so much. What makes his character so beautiful? It shines out upon the page of history to-night brighter than it did when he lived. He has been gone twenty-five hundred years, and yet his fragrance is throughout the whole world. When he went down to Babylon, before he was twenty years old, he purposed in his heart whom he would serve, Those Chaldeans soon found out whose side he was on. He was a man of decision. It was that that made him so mighty and such a wonderful man. Many a young man comes up to Cleveland from a country home, who has a vacillating character, and he has not decision enough to do the right thing—to act up to his conscience. He is convinced in his mind he ought to do it, but he vacillates, and he halts, and he is influenced by the world around him, and he does not decide to do the right thing at the right time. Decision of character is what made Joseph so wonderful. It was that very thing that made Paul such a mighty man. When God called him he decided. He did not confer with flesh and blood. He did not stop to reason. God called him. That was enough. He decided. He leaped

into the race-course and leaped over the highway, right on up to glory—never stopped. Cold churches and false brethren, perils in the wilderness, chains, persecutions, stripes never stopped him. He was a man of decision. Oh, I would to God we had a thousand such men in this country to-day! That is what we want.

Look at that vacillating Balaam. In profession he would be a servant of the Most High God; but in practice he bowed down to Baal, because he wanted the applause of the world. Look at Agrippa—almost persuaded; but he lacked moral courage to be altogether persuaded, such as Paul. Felix got so far as to tremble; but he said, "Go thy way for this time." He was not willing to decide then. And how many men since Felix have said, "Go thy way for this time; I will decide this question some other time.

Three years and a half before this thing occurred on Mount Carmel, Ahab, one day, was startled by a strange-appearing man. I don't know how he got by the guard at the door, into the presence of Ahab, but all at once Elijah stood there right before him, and the first thing he said was, "As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, there shall be neither dew nor rain until it comes by my word," and then fled. I suppose Ahab thought he was some lunatic. If they had insane asylums in those days, he would probably have thought he had just come out of some asylum. He was strangely dressed. His garment was made of the skin of a camel. He had a leathern girdle around his loins. He might have had a staff in his hand. And away the man went. I will venture to say Ahab didn't believe a word he said; but the next morning there was no dew. They didn't have any beautiful fogs coming up, such as you and I see down in the valley of the Connecticut River Valley, moistening every thing. There was no fog, and there was no rain.

They looked. There was not a cloud as large as a man's hand to be seen for months. By-and-by the springs dried up, and the little brooks that came rippling down the mountain side, were all dry. At last there was a wail heard in the land, A famine was coming on. Now this king inquired, "Where is this man that came into my presence, and said there would be neither dew nor rain. We must find that man. Why, he has the keys of heaven." Search is made from one end of the land to the other, and they can't find him. Ahab then goes to the nations all around, and takes an oath from them that they have not this man hid away. A whole year passed and not a drop of dew; every thing is as dry as Gideon's fleece.

The second year comes and no rain. The people begin to move off. Many of them move off into other lands, and there is great suffering from one end of the country to the other.

The third year comes and there is neither dew nor rain. A half year more passes and at last Ahab says to Obadiah, "We must go and find something to keep our beasts alive; they are dying." It had reached the palace now. The king began to suffer. And he says to Obadiah, "You go that way and I will go this, and we will see if we can't find grass for our beasts." They started. I don't know how far Obadiah had got from the palace—not a great ways—when whom should he meet but Elijah. The voice of God had come to Elijah up there in the other country, and told him to go and meet Ahab. What must have been that prophet's feelings as he passed over the line and passed into his own native country. Desolation was on all sides. There were the bones of animals bleaching on the mountain side; the streams all dried up; the earth all dried and cracked open. As he passed through every little vil-

lage he could see funeral processions bearing away their dead. Many had died while he had been gone. There was ruin and desolation from one end of the land to the other. He passed through the land a stranger. They did not know that he was the man that held the keys, the man they had been looking for so long. He comes up, and what must have been Obadiah's feelings when he saw him. He sees Elijah turn around the corner and he comes down the highway, and he cries out, "My Lord Elijah, art thou here? Is it possible you have come? Art thou here?" He says, "I am. Go and tell your master that I am here." Then he says, "What have I done that you want to bring ruin upon me? Have you not heard while you have been gone how I have taken care of the Lord's prophets—how I have hid them by fifties in caves to keep them so Jezebel would not murder them." "Yes, I heard all about it," says Elijah. "Go and tell the king I am here." Obadiah says, "If I go and tell the king thou art here, as soon as I am gone from thee the Spirit of the Lord shall carry thee whither I know not; and so when I come and tell Ahab, and he cannot find thee, he shall slay me." Elijah says: "As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will stand before Ahab to-day." It is not very often subjects send for a king, you know. But Obadiah went, and he says to Ahab, "We have found Elijah." "What do you say? That prophet, that Tishbite? Have you found him?" "Yes." "Where is he?" "He is down the road." "Why didn't you bring him?" "Why, he wouldn't come. He told me to come and bring you." "Well, I will go and see him; I would like to see him." And he comes towards Elijah full of rage, nothing but malice in his heart, and he walks up to the prophet. "Art thou the man that has been troubling Israel?" "No," says he. "I am not; you are the man.' Ahab

was not used to having people talk in that way to him. "I am not the man; you are the man; it is you and your house; it is you and your iniquity; it is you and your sin; you have brought this ruin upon the country; I warned you. "Now," says he, "let us have this thing tested, and let us find out who is the God of Israel. You summon Israel up on to Mount Carmel, and we will go up there and we will have the thing tested; we will find out who is the true God." And Ahab obeys him as if Elijah was king. Israel is summoned upon Mount Carmel. What must have been the feelings of Ahab's messengers as they went from village to village, from town to town, to tell the people to come up on Mount Carmel? When men's pockets are touched they are always excited, and now it is going to touch their pockets. If they can get rain they will not lose their land, and they can live. The whole country is excited and stirred. Talk about people not being excited! I will venture to say that country was as much excited as this country has ever been. Excitements are not bad sometimes. I have known men to get terribly excited if corn went up five cents or cotton ten cents; but if people would get worked up about their soul's salvation, "Oh, that is false excitement. That is wild-fire. You must be careful, now." I will venture to say that country was stirred from end to end when they heard Elijah had got back.

And on the day appointed you can see the crowd moving up towards Mount Carmel. They come from every town and village. The chief men of the nation are all there. Their leading men, their magistrates and their elders move up towards Mount Carmel, and at last you can see those eight hundred and fifty prophets, four hundred prophets of the grove and four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal. They move in solid column up that

mountain side with their long flowing robes. It must have made a great impression on the people—eight hundred and fifty of them moving up toward Mount Carmel. Not only that, but with that company of priests comes Ahab with his escort and his chariots. The influence of the whole royal family was on the side of Baal. The whole nation, to the outward eye, had gone over to the service of Baal. They had backslidden and left the God of the Bible. They had left the God of Israel. They had left the God of their fathers.

That is just what this nation is doing now. Many are going over to Baal. Many are now beginning to tear that book to pieces, and they are doubting whether God is true or not. They are in the balances, halting and wavering between two opinions. At last you can hear the people wondering if Elijah would be there. Where is he? They don't care so much about these prophets of Baal. They had seen them for these three years and a half. They had got quite well acquainted with them. But where is the prophet that had been holding the keys so long, and been keeping back the rain and the dew—this man that had such mighty power with God? Where is he? At last Elijah makes his appearance alone. He has no Ahab. He has no royal court around him. He wears no flowing robe. He has on the same old coat made of camel's skin; a leather girdle around his loins, and his staff in his hand. He moves up that mountain like a giant. Every eye is upon him. Talk about sensation! I venture to say there was a sensation when Elijah appeared. There was not any man asleep then. There was not a man asleep on Mount Carmel when he appeared. They were looking right at him. He came to the people, and he said, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him." And the people answered him

not a word. "Now," says he, "let us have the thing decided to-day. Let the prophets of Baal build an altar right here, and then let them put a sacrifice on that altar and let them call upon their God, or Gods, and if their God answers by fire and consumes the sacrifice, then that settles the question. If their God don't and my God does, let Him be the God. The God that answers prayer. In other words, let Him be God. The God that answers by fire let Him be God." And the people said, "That is well said. That is very well put. You could not do any better than that." And there were the priests. I don't think they thought it was going to be put in that way, or else you would not have caught them there. But the people said: "It is well said." They built an altar, slew an animal, and put it on the altar; and about nine o'clock in the morning they began to cry to Baal to come and consume the sacrifice. And if the Lord had not withheld Satan, I don't know but they would have got a spark out of hell to kindle a fire and burn it up. But the Lord did withhold Satan. They did not have that power. And they cried, "O, Baal! O, Baal!" and they cried for three hours. You could hear their cry, probably, clear off to the [illegible]. It was a very earnest meeting. People say it does not make any difference what a man believes if he is only sincere. They say you can believe in Baal as well as the God of the Bible, if you are only in earnest. I never read of more sincere men in my life than those eight hundred and fifty men. They got so sincere that before noon they jumped on the altar and took knives and cut themselves until the blood just covered them from head to foot, and they cried at the top of their voices. About noon Elijah says, "Cry louder! Your god must be on a journey somewhere, or he has gone to sleep! Cry louder!" Elijah might have said, "If your

god answers prayer, why didn't you call for rain while I was gone? If your god now will come and give you fire; I should have thought you would have called for water while I have been away. If your god answers prayer, why didn't you cry for rain? Why didn't you call for Baal to help you?" They prayed on till three o'clock in the afternoon—six long hours. I will venture to say they got so hoarse they could hardly speak to be heard. They halloed and yelled and cried to Baal, and no answer came.

At three o'clock, the time of the evening sacrifice, Elijah says, "Now, I will build my altar." He would have nothing to do with Baal's altar. We just want to let Baal's altar alone. Keep away from it! He built an altar of his own. There is separation for you, on Mount Carmel. Elijah took stones and built his altar. He took twelve stones to represent the twelve tribes. He put on the wood and got every thing ready. He slew the beast and put it on the altar.

Now, he is not going to have those men say that he had some fire concealed there. Says he, "Go and bring me four barrels of water." He dug a trench all around that altar. Says he, "Pour the water on." They did that. "Bring on four barrels more," and they put on eight barrels. It ran all around the trench. "Bring on four more," and they put on twelve barrels of water, until the trench was full. Every thing was all dripping with water. There is his dripping sacrifice.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the time of the evening service, Elijah drew near to the altar. Every eye is on him. There stand the elders of Israel. They are looking at him. Great things are at stake this afternoon. And now he does not call upon Baal, but he begins his prayer, "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in

Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me O, Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their hearts back again." He did not get any further than that; just commenced his prayer; had not prayed a minute, when lo! Look yonder! See! Fire coming down; it leaps on the altar, it burns up the sacrifice, it burns up the wood, burns up the stones, burns up the dust, licks up the water, and the people fall on their faces and cry, "The Lord, he is God. The God that answers prayer, he is God." My friends, Baal never answered a prayer yet. You that are serving Baal never got one answer to prayer. The God of your mother, the God of that Bible—He answers prayer. Then Elijah prayed again, and he prayed that there might be rain; and he sent his servant to see if there was any sign of rain. And the servant came back and said "There is no sign." He bowed his head on Carmel and prayed again, and sent his servant, and he came back and said, "There is no sign." He sent him seven times. When he came back the seventh time, he said he saw a little cloud about as big as a man's hand coming out of the sea. And Elijah said, "Ahab, make haste and get home. You will get wet if you don't. There is rain coming." He had got the heavens opened. What brought that cloud out of the sea? What brought the rain down? Elijah's prayer. Elijah was a man of like passions with you and me. My friends what is a God good for that don't answer prayer? If you have a God that don't hear your cry when you have a son that has gone astray, what is that God good for? Baal don't answer prayer. Why not turn back to the God of the Bible? Why not turn back to the God of Elijah?

But I can imagine some of you say, "If I had lived in the days of Elijah, and had witnessed that scene, I

would have believed." Well, seven or eight hundred years after that, on another mountain, not far from Mount Carmel, a scene took place a good deal more wonderful than that which occurred on Mount Carmel. You and I live this side of Calvary. Those men did not have the light we have. I tell you the scene that took place at Mount Calvary is a thousand times more wonderful than the scene that took place at Mount Carmel. Look at the Son of God, going up that mountain bearing His own cross; nailed to that cross to put away your sins and mine. When He perished on that cross His humanity died. This earth shook. There was a terrible earthquake, and the rocks were rent, and the very dead came up out of their graves and went back to Jerusalem and met their friends. Jerusalem was filled with men that came up out of their graves with Him as trophies of His resurrection, as witnesses of the victory that He had won. Yes, not only the resurrection, but our Lord and Master has gone up on high, He has led captivity captive, He is at the right hand of God to-night, and He hears prayer. What more proof do we want? O, let this question be decided to-night. Let the God of your mother and the God of your father be your God. Let the God of Elijah be your God. Let us decide that we will follow him and that we will not follow Baal. Let the decision be rendered right here to-night. Look at that poor, vacillating Pilate that we were reading about to-night. He was convinced in judgment that Christ was true. His own treacherous heart told him that Jesus Christ was true. His own conscience told him that Christ was true, but he lacked moral courage to take his stand and decide for Jesus Christ. He perished for the want of decision. I believe hundreds and thousands are going down to eternal death just for the want of decision. They lack moral courage to decide this question. My friends,

let it be decided right here to-night. Let it be decided now. Let us say, "to-night and this hour I will settle this question. If the God of Elijah is ready and willing to receive me I will come to him." He is, my friends. He has forever settled that question by giving Christ to die for us. Christ never would have come into this world and perished on the cross if he had not been willing to save perishing sinners. And now what you want is to let Him save you. Let Him save you here to-night. "Him that cometh unto me," He says, "I will in no wise cast out." He will not cast you out; but He will receive you this very night if you will come.

Now, let me say, if that Bible is not true the quicker you and I find it out the better. If there is no God to condemn sin let us find it out. If there is no God to lift us up or cast us down let us find it out. Let us decide this question one way or the other, God or Baal. Let us not vacillate between two opinions. If Christianity is a myth and a farce, as some people tell us, let us take our Bibles and burn them. I tell you it is a farce to go on spending money for churches if this Bible is not true. Look at the money spent in building this church. Look at the money spent in publishing the bible and sending it to the nations of the earth. If it is not true let us come out like men and fight it. I have a great deal more respect for those atheists who come out and fight the bible and churches than I have for those people who pretend to be on both sides, who pretend to be friends of Christianity, and are all the time stabbing it in the dark. Let us be one thing or the other. I am in hopes of living to see the day that we are going to have Christians and infidels out and out. Let the line be drawn. He that is for God let him take his stand. He that is against God let him take his stand. Let us know who they are. Let us have the line drawn. Let us not pro-

fess to be what we are not. If the bible is not true let us take it into the street and make a bonfire and burn it. If Christianity is not true, if it is a myth and a farce, let us bury it, and get upon the tomb and say, "there is no Christianity; there is no heaven; there is no hell, there is no hereafter, it is all a fiction, it is all a delusion." If it is so, let us take our stand and let us build a monument to Voltaire and Paine. Let us honor those men that have been fighting that book if it is a lie. But, if it is true, let us take our stand by it. Let us come out like men and decide this question. Let us decide it at once You can decide it to-night if you will; and the quicker it is decided the better. You know if Satan can get you to put this thing off until to-morrow that is all he wants.

I believe more men are lost in this country by delaying than from any other one thing. They mean to be Christians some time. They mean to settle this question some time; but they say, "Not to-night. Not to-day. To-morrow." To-morrow! To-morrow! To-morrow! Satan knows very well that to-morrow never comes, and if this questson is ever going to be decided, we have got to decide it in the light we have now. Behold, now is the accepted time, and now, right here to-night, this 7th day of November, 1879, is the day of salvation with you.

I remember one night in Chicago—I had been preaching upon the life of Jesus Christ for five Sunday nights in a large hall that had been built down in the heart of the city; I had taken Him from his cradle and had gone right along toward the grave with him; and the fifth Sunday night I had got Christ into the hands of Pilate, and I gave that audience one week to decide what they would do with Him. I have made some mistakes in my life. I consider that one of the greatest. I would just

as soon to-night give that right hand as to stand up here and say to you what I said to that audience. I said, "Now, we want you to take this question home with you. We want to have you decide what you will do with God's Son." I gave them Pilate's question, "What then shall I do with Jesus, which is called Christ?" Pilate had Him on his hands, and he had to decide the question. The world has God's Son on its hands, and you have got to decide what you will do with him. You have either got to say, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" or receive him—one thing or the other. I said to this audience, "Now, I want you to decide it in the course of the week, and next Sunday night I want to have you come and let us know what you will do with God's Son." I closed that meeting, and while I was closing it a bell began to strike within half a block. When I heard that church-bell to-night I wondered if it was a fire-bell. The great city bell tolled out, you might say, the death knell of Chicago that night. It sounded out a general alarm. I paid no attention to it. That is quite common in Chicago. And while I was giving those people a week to decide that question, Chicago was burning up; and before twelve o'clock that hall was in ashes; before two o'clock the church where I worshiped was in ashes; before three o'clock the house that I lived in was in ashes; and inside of forty-eight hours from that time a hundred thousand people were burned out of house and home. It was estimated that a thousand people burned alive that night; and right around that hall a good many perished. One man crawled into a great water-pipe for refuge and roasted alive. I don't know but that very man heard me that night when I gave that audience a week to decide that question. I never have met them since, probably never will on the shores of time. And do you know the last hymn that Mr. Sankey sung that night was

"To-day the Savior calls;
For refuge fly.
The storm of vengeance falls
And death is nigh."

It was almost prophetic. His never was heard in that hall again. We never met on that platform since. You say, "I have time enough to decide this." We separate now. This is the last time, perhaps, my voice will ever be heard in this church. Just before we close, take a look round. See how that choir looks. Take a look at these ministers sitting on this platform. See how this audience looks. We break up in a few minutes, and we shall never meet again this side of eternity. Shall we meet there at the right hand of God? That is the question. You can decide it to-night. You can set your faces like a flint toward heaven. You can settle this question, if you will. But if not, if you reject the Son of God, and go down to the dark caverns of eternal death, I believe you will remember this night. You will remember how this audience looked. You will remember these ministers on this platform praying for you. Their hearts have been going up to God while I have been preaching. I have heard their sighs. You are here among friends; a praying circle, perhaps, all around you; their silent prayers going up to God that you may decide this question. Dear friends, I want to leave it with you. What will you do with Jesus? Will you accept him, or reject him? Will you say with the Jews, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" or will you say, "Come into this heart to-night and dwell with me?" Come, young man, what will you do with this question to-night? How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him. Let the decision be made to-night. Let the news go up on high that you will take Jesus Christ as your Savior.

SON, REMEMBER.

Son, Remember. Luke xvi. 25.

There is just one thing that this man that we have read of to-night in this chapter took away with him, and that was his memory. I think it teaches us that memory is immortal; that we are going to take memory with us into another world. We often hear that passage of scripture quoted about the books being open. I think that the "books" we read of are the books of memory. I do not know how a man is to give an account unless it is from memory. We read that every man shall give an account, and if he is going to give an account, if his account has not been blotted out by the blood of Christ —if he has to give an account of his record, how is he going to do it unless he does it from memory? Lord Bacon says that there is no thought that ever passed into our minds that really is forgotten. We may think we have forgotten it; it may have passed, as we say, from memory, but the time is coming when it will come back again. I believe that memory is "the worm that dieth not" that we read of in the scripture.

We hear people talk about certain men having wonderful memories. I was reading to-night of a man that had a wonderful memory. It is said of Cyrus, the Persian general, that he had such a memory that he could call by name all the private soldiers in his army. I have read of a literary man that could repeat everything that he had ever written. Some of us complain about our short memories, but I think memory will be long enough when God says, "Son, remember!" When conscience

is thoroughly aroused and we are thoroughly awake, then we cannot help but remember. Memory will do its work. Memory is God's officer, and when God touches the secret spring and says, "Son, daughter, remember," tramp, tramp, tramp will go the whole life before us. Men may plunge into the world, and into amusements; men may drink and drown their consciences, and drown memory; but the time is coming when we cannot forget; the time is coming when memory will do its work, and we cannot for a moment forget the past. We talk about the recording angel that is keeping men's records. I think every man is keeping his own record; we are writing up our own biography. God makes every man and every woman keep his own records. And each one of us to-day has been writing his own record. Day after day that record is being written. Some men are very anxious that their biography should be written, but every man is writing his own biography. He don't need any one else to write it. The time is coming when God will just change his countenance and send him away and tell him to go and read his own record; read his own life. I don't believe that God is going to condemn us; I think we will condemn ourselves. We will not need any one to condemn us; our own record will condemn us.

That man that we read of that was at the wedding feast was speechless. Men talk now very fluently and flippantly about their sins and their life record, but the time is coming when God shall say, "Son, daughter, remember!" and they will be speechless. There will be no apology for the past; no amount of tears and prayers can wipe out the past. Man may forgive himself and have a good opinion of himself, and say that his record is all right, but that don't help the record after all. It is there. It is written, as it were, with a pen of iron.

I have been twice at the point of death. I was once drowning. I had gone down for the second time, and was just going down for the third time, and was probably within a few minutes of eternity. Although I have never been able to explain it, and I can't understand it to-day, in the twinkling of an eye, in a second of time, every thing that I had done, every thing that I had said, every thing that I had thought from the cradle up came flashing into my mind; my whole life came before me. How all my life could be crowded into a second of time I don't understand. It is gone and I can't recall it again at the present time. I have not any doubt that when the time comes, and God says, "Son, remember," it will all come back again.

There was a man a few years ago in one of our insane asylums, walking up and down in the mad house and his cry was "If I only had," "If I only had." That was his cry from morning to night in all his wakeful hours. His story was this: He was employed by a railroad company to take care of a swing-bridge, and he got a dispatch from the Superintendent that an extra train was going to pass over the road and not to turn the bridge until the train had passed. One after another came and tried to have him open that swing-bridge, and he refused to do it. At last a friend came and over-persauded him, and he opened the bridge. He had no more than got it open before he heard the train coming. There was not time enough to close it, and he saw that train leap with all its living freight into that abyss of death. His reason reeled and tottered upon its throne, and the man went mad. His cry was, "If I only had! If I only had!" I cannot but believe to-night that there is many a man in the other world whose cry is "If I only had! If I only had!" Memory is at work. They have taken

their memories with them. This is clearly taught in this passage that we have here.

I have been very much interested in reading the papers during the past forty-eight hours. There is one man away across the sea that my heart aches for. He is a stranger to me. When I took up the papers and read about that man's confession across the sea—how he confessed that he killed a man in Cleveland in 1872, my mind went over those six years and I said: "How much has that man suffered during the past six years." Memory had done its work. He covered up the sin. He thought it was concealed. He thought it would never come to light. Six years and upward have rolled away, and the thing has not been brought to light; but at last his own conscience, if the report is true, has turned witness against him.

You very often take up the papers and you read, "Murder will out." What does that mean? Memory has become aroused. There is a man sitting on this platform to-night that was telling me this afternoon of a case right here in Cleveland of a man he went to visit in the jail. He was there awaiting his trial. He was accused of murder; but hardly any one believed that he was guilty. But in that cell he confessed to this minister that is on this platform that he had done the deed; and when this minister went out and told his friends, they said it was impossible; he could not have done it. He went back, and the man told him he did the deed and explained how he did it; and the reason that he made that confession was; he said he wanted to get away from himself. That is it. He wanted to get away from himself. That means that he wanted to get away from that past record. It was black; it was dark; it was vile. How it is that men dare to sin, and laugh at sin, and mock at sin, with eternity opening up before them, is one

of the greatest mysteries of the day. They talk about the mystery of godliness, but that men will trifle with sin, and mock and laugh at sin, is a greater mystery.

It was not long ago that I read in the paper of a deacon who was on his way to church to worship; and a young man came out of a drinking saloon, mounted his horse and rode up to the deacon, and said to him, "Can you tell me how far it is to hell?" in a sneering, scoffing way. The deacon felt it so keenly he did not answer. The man rode on, turned the corner and went out of sight. But when the deacon came to turn that corner he found that the young man had only gone a few rods around the corner. The horse had thrown him and he had gone into eternity.

O, how men mock at hell! How men mock at God! It is a mystery to me. "Son," God says "Remember," O, that memory may do its work to-night—that our consciences may be thoroughly aroused!

I want to ask this congregation one question. Do you believe that Cain has forgotten that sin that occurred outside of Eden? Do you believe that Cain has forgotten that cry of Abel? Do you believe that all these six thousand years Cain has forgotten how Abel looked when he plead with him not to take his life? Do you believe that Cain has forgotten that cry that came from that brother that loved him to spare his life? Do you believe that Cain has forgotten how the first murdered man looked? Do you believe he has forgotten how that human blood looked? These six thousand years have rolled away, and I believe that Cain has not forgotten it. He has taken memory into the other world with him.

Do you believe those antediluvians have forgotten now Noah plead with them, and when he preached righteousness now they mocked and scoffed and ridiculed?

Do you believe Judas has forgotten all these long years how Christ looked at him when he said, "Judas, betrayest thou the Master with a kiss?" I believe that is what makes hell terrible to Judas. He can remember the words of the Lord Jesus. He can remember how Christ looked at him. He can remember the kindness and love he had received from that loving Savior.

You go down here to yonder prison and ask those men in the cells of that prison what makes that prison so terrible to them, and they will not tell you it is the narrow walls; they will not tell you it is those iron grates; they will not tell you that it is because that they are deprived of their liberty; they will not tell you that it is the prison garb and prison food. That is not what makes prison life so terrible. It is memory. It is memory! I preached seven month to the prisoners in the Maryland penitentiary, and I talked with a great many of them. A number of them told me that what made life so terrible there was memory. Their minds went back to their early childhood; they remembered their loving parents; they remembered their home, and they remembered what they might have been—how their hopes and prospects in life were all blasted. That is what makes prison life so terrible to these men. And what makes life so bitter to many in this assembly? It is the record that is behind them. They try to drown it. They try to forget it. But, my friends the time is coming when God will say, "Son, remember." And you can't get away from that record. You can't get away from memory. It will live. You may be very forgetful now. I may be talking to some libertine in this house to-night that has ruined some fair young lady, like the one we read of in Cincinnati. He may go on unpunished. He laughs at the law. The law can't touch him. But bear in mind there is a God sits there in

heaven—a God of equity, a God of justice; and by and by he will say to that young man, "Remember how you blasted the life of one that was fair and beautiful, how you led her from the path of virtue and purity;" and God will bring him into judgment, "Son, remember." You may go on in your pleasure; you may go on in your amusements, laughing and scoffing at God and the bible; but there is a God in the heavens and his eye is going to and fro through the earth, and he marks the man of iniquity. Don't think for a moment these things can be covered up, and that they will not overtake you. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

I was reading not more than a month ago of a man in your neighboring state of Pennsylvania. In 1866 there were two men that had a falling out at a dance, and soon after one of them was missing. Search was made, and he could not be found. A number of years after the one that survived him went mad, and he went up into a mining district where there was a shaft down in the earth, and as he would look at that shaft he would cry, "There! There! There he goes! See him!" And they took him to the mad house and locked him up, and he died. A little while ago they found the skeleton of a man down in that pit, and it is supposed that he pushed him in. Memory began to do its work and it drove the man mad. Don't think that you can go on sinning day after day, that it is a light matter that God is not going to bring you into judgment. It is a terrible thing. Sin is an awful thing. The longer I live the more I am convinced that we do not preach against sin enough. May God help us, as ministers of the Gospel, to preach against sin that is marring so many lives, that is blasting so many bright prospects, that is taking the fairest young men that we have to-day into crime, that is going to make their lives dark and bitter,

and that is going to make them curse the day that they were born. They laugh at us now when we warn them. They mock and they ridicule. But young man, I tell you to-night as a friend, if you take warning you will thank us for warning you, and if you take not warning to-night, but go on in your sin, you will regret this night. You will regret it. The time is not far distant. In some unguarded moment, perhaps in some drunken spree, you may commit an act that will blast your life for time and eternity. You may not intend to do it, but when Satan has possesion of a man how he leads them on from step to step until he has ruined him! And I want to say to you men and you women who are out of Christ that it is very easy for you to come here into this tabernacle to-night and sit here and ridicule and make light of every thing that you hear. You may listen to the sermon, but in a few minutes after this sermon is preached and you get up and go out you can laugh at and ridicule every thing you have heard. To me one of the most painful things that I have to endure is after a solemn meeeting, when it seems as if God Almighty is in our midst, as if God was just at work, to go out and to hear the levity and the jokes, and to hear people laughing away the impression. O, may God impress us to-night for eternity! May the work be deep and thorough, so that we cannot get the arrow out of our hearts! I want to say to you that have friends that love you, friends that pray for you, and friends that care for your eternal welfare—treat them kindly. You will not have them with you in the other world. There will be no Savior in that world you are going to. There will be no praying mother that will plead for you and plead with you, and pray for you. There will no praying mothers there. There will be no godly, praying, sainted wives in that world you are hastening to. You may

make light of them here. You may mock at their prayers and ridicule all their offers of mercy, but bear in mind there will be no godly, praying wife in that world you are going to; no Savior coming to offer you salvation; knocking at the door of your heart for admittance. He does not pass that way. You may come here and hear that beautiful hymn. "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By." But He does not pass that way. You may hear this beautiful hymn, "Waiting and Watching," and you may know that now you have an opportunity to join that heavenly throng, but the time is coming when that gulf will be fixed, and there will be no such thing as your meeting those loved ones that have gone into that world of light and love and joy. Yes, it is a solemn thing to come into a place like this, and to have Christ offered to you, and the claims of the Gospel pressed upon you, and you are urged to accept salvation and you reject it.

I remember a few years ago in one of our meetings in Chicago the Spirit of God was at work. There were some inquiring the way of life, and there was a man in the assembly I had been anxious for for a great many months, and when I asked all those who would like to become Christians to rise, this man rose. My heart leaped in me for joy, and when the meeting was over I went to him, took him by the hand and said to him, "well, now you are coming out for Christ, ain't you?" "Well," said he, "Mr. Moody, I want to be a Christian, but there is one thing that stands in my way." "What it that?" "Well," says he, "I have not the moral courage"—and I believe in my soul to-night that is the thing that is keeping men from coming to Christ more than any other one thing. They lack the moral courage to come out from their scoffing, sneering friends. "Well," I said, "if heaven is what it is represented to be, it is

surely worth your coming out and confessing Christ, and being laughed at for a little while down here." He dropped his head and said, "I know it, I believe it, but"—naming a certain friend of his—"if he had been here to-night I should not have risen, I looked around to see if he was here, and when I found he was not I rose for prayers. I am afraid if I meet him, and he finds out I have risen, he will laugh at me, and I will not have the courage to stand up for what is right; and I know I can not be a Christian unless I deny myself, and take up my cross and come out." I said, "you are quite right." The poor man was trembling from head to foot. I thought surely he would come out on the Lord's side. Like Agrippa, he was almost persuaded. I thought surely that night he would settle the question, perhaps in his own home, and the next night I would find him rejoicing in the Savior. But he came back the next night, and I found he was in the same state of mind. The Spirit was still striving with him. He was almost persuaded, but not altogether. The next night he came again, and I found him in the same state of mind. And the only thing that man gave as an excuse for not becoming a Christian, was that he had not the moral courage.

John Bunyan describes one coming up to the gate of heaven—and there was a side way down to the gate of the pit, and many of them took that side way. It seems this man came to the gate of heaven and one step more would have taken him across the line. But this man-fearing spirit kept him from taking that step. Almost, yet not altogether. Well, weeks rolled away and the impression seemed to pass away. You know that is the thing they bring against these special meetings. They say it hardens some people. That is quite right. The gospel proves a savor of life unto life, or a savor of death unto

death. Every time you hear the gospel of Jesus Christ preached, and Christ is offered to you, and you reject him, the hardening process is going on. Every time you turn your back upon this offer, your heart is becoming hard. Many a man in this congregation would have been impressed ten years ago by a sermon which makes no impression on him now. The hardening process has been going on. They have become not only neglectors of salvation, but they dispise it. They not only refuse it but they despise the God of salvation. Well, the hardening process went on with this man. He used to come to church every Sunday morning, but now he dropped off and did not come at all. He would be at work Sunday, and if I met him coming down the street he would slip off down some other way, ashamed to meet me, afraid I would talk with him. At last he was taken sick and sent for me. I went to see him and he said to me, "Is there any hope for a man to be saved at the eleventh hour?" I told him there was hope for any man who really wanted to become a Christian. I preached Christ to him — explained to him the way of life —told him how he could be saved. I went down to see him day after day. Contrary to all expectations the man began to recover. When he got up from that sick bed, I went down one day and found him convalescent, sitting in front of his house. I took my seat beside him and said, "Well, now you will be well enough to come up to church in a few days, and when you are well enough you are coming out to confess Christ and take your stand for Christ." "Well," says he, "I have made up my mind to become a Christian, but I am not going to become one just now. Next spring I am going over Lake Michigan and I am going to buy me a farm and settle down, and then I am going to become a Christian; but there is no end of my talking of becoming a Chris-

tian here in Chicago. I can't do it. I have so many bad associates I can't live a Christian life in Chicago." "Well," I said, "my friend, if God hasn't got grace enough to keep you in Chicago, He hasn't got enough to keep you in Michigan. What you want is not a change of associates, but a new heart, and the grace of God to keep you. He is able to keep you." I plead with him not to postpone this great question any longer. I tried to arouse him up. At last he got a little worried and a little cross at me, and says, "Mr. Moody, you can just attend to your own business, and I will attend to mine. I don't want you to trouble yourself any more about my soul. I will attend to that." I said "you can't afford to put this thing off." "Well," he says, "if I am lost it will not be your fault. You have done every thing you can. I don't want you to trouble yourself any more." When I hear people say in these meetings, "I don't want you to trouble me," it sends a pang into my heart — when we try to do you good and bring you a blessing, to have you to turn your back and say, "I don't want Christ. I have no desire for Him."

This man said, "I will take the risk." I was telling him he could not afford to take the risk, he said, "I will take it." I would like to ask if there is a man in this house to-night that will take the risk of his soul's salvation for twenty-four hours. Dare you say, "I will take it?" It was a number of months he was going to take it. When he got over to Michigan on his farm and got settled down, he was going to become a Christian. I tried to arouse him; he got angry and I left him. If ever I left a man with a sad heart it was when I left that man. I remember the day of the week. It was Friday. It was about noon that I left him. Just a week from that day I got a message from his wife. She wanted to have me come in great haste. I went to the house and

I met her at the door weeping. I said, "What is the trouble?" "My husband has been taken down with the same disease. We have just had a council of physicians and they have all given him up to die."

I said, "does he want to see me," knowing how angry he was only the week before. She said, "No. I asked him if I should not send for you, and he said no, he did not want to see you." "Well, why did you send?" "Well, I can't bear to see him die in this terrible state of mind." "What is his state of mnd?" "He says his damnation is sealed, and that he will be in hell in a little while." I went into the room where he was, and the moment he heard the door open he looked and saw who it was, and he turned his face to the wall. I went to the bed and spoke to him, and he did not answer. I said, "Won't you speak to me?" I went around to the foot of the bed where I could look at him, and said again, "Won't you speak to me?" He turned and looked at me—and what a look it was! He said, "You need not talk to me any more, sir. My damnation is sealed. There is no hope for me." I tried to tell him there was, but he ridiculed the idea that there was any hope for him. Memory had begun to do its work. His whole life came up before him, and he said, "I have done nothing but sin against God all my life; and a week ago when you were here and I thought I was going to get well, I turned away from God. He came knocking at the door of my heart. I told Him, if He would spare my life, I would let Him in. And He took me at my word. But the moment I got up I turned my back upon Him. There is no hope for me. You need not talk to me. You need not pray for me. You cannot save me, sir. There is no hope for me. I have got to die in my sins. There is no chance for my soul." I tried to tell him there was. He pointed his finger at the stove

and said, "My heart is as hard as the iron in that stove. There is no hope for me." I went to get down on my knees, and when he saw me kneel he said, "Mr. Moody, you need not pray for me. You can pray for my wife and children. They need your prayers and sympathies. You need not spend your time praying for me. There is no hope for me." I tried to pray for him, but it seemed as if my prayers did not go higher than my head. I got up and took his hand, and it seemed as if I was bidding farewell to a friend that I never would see again in time or eternity. The cold, clammy sweat of night was gathering on that hand. I bade him a final farewell. I left his house about noon. He lingered until the sun went down behind those western prairies, and his wife told me that from the time I left him until he died, all she heard was, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." You could hear his cries all over the house. Just as the sun was going down, he was sinking away into the arms of death, and his wife noticed his lips quivering. He was trying to say something. She bent over and all she could hear was that awful lamentation of the prophet, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved," and he passed away. He lived a Christless life; he died a Christless death; we wrapped him in a Christless shroud and laid him in a Christless coffin. How dark! How sad! The sin of procrastination!

O, my friends, this night be wise. Ask God this night and this hour to forgive you. Make up your minds that you will this night settle this question for time and eternity.

BE NOT DECEIVED.

THE SERMON.

You will find my text this evening in the sixth chapter of Galatians, the seventh and eighth verses: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."

When Mr. Sankey was singing that hymn to-night about sowing the seed, I thought of a meeting we had in Chicago three years ago this month. There was a poor man came into that meeting discouraged, disheartened. He had run away from his friends in the hope that he might come to Chicago and die in the gutter. He had given up all hope of becoming a sober man. He was the son of a good man, he was the husband of a lovely wife; he was the father of two beautiful daughters. But he had become such a slave to strong drink that he had given up all hope. That night he came into the Tabernacle because it was cold and he wanted to get into a warm place. He went up into the gallery and got behind a post, and he said, as the people came in well dressed and looking so happy, he looked down upon them and gnashed his teeth, and cursed the day that he was born. At last Mr. Sankey struck up that hymn, "Sowing the Seed." The man said he did not take any interest in the singing until he came to the third verse, and that was the verse that reached him. And when

Mr. Sankey was singing to-night I was in hopes it would reach some one else. Let me read you the verse that God used to rouse that man.

"Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame!
O, what shall the harvest be?"

Three years have rolled away. One of the most efficient workers to-day in Chicago is that man. I have seen him move an audience as I think I never saw an audience moved. God reached very low when he picked him up. His wife and children are with him now—a happy home. I hope God will arouse some one here to-night. I hope there will be some one aroused to-night by the Spirit of God. And I want to say to you Christians that if you pray and are looking right up to God for power to-night there may be some one convicted. The sermon is not going to convict anyone. It is the Spirit of God that convicts men of sin. Man has not the power to rouse men. He can speak to the outward ear, but God has got to speak to the ear of the soul. God has got to make these dead souls live. What we want is the Holy Ghost power here to-night.

I remember the first time I ever preached from that text was in the city of Boston. I commenced, "Be not deceived," and I pointed down in the audience and said, "Young man," 'be not deceived!'" and a man had been coming there for two weeks—he had just come, he said, out of curiosity. He had lost all hope. He was a poor prodigal turned out of his own home, and a wanderer in the city of Boston. But God had just used these words, "Be not deceived," and he waked up to the fact that he had been deceived. From his childhood all along up he had been deceived, and that young man became

a Christian, and when I was at Cooper Institute two weeks ago to-night, I found him clothed and in his right mind. He had been working for Jesus Christ all these months, and now he is a very efficient worker.

My friends, let us pray to-night that the text may do its work. The sermon is of very little account after all. It is the text we want. The sermon is just to drive the nail. And now, never mind the sermon, but pray God to carry the text down into the hearts of the people. Infidels and skeptics tell us the word is not true; but who can deny that text, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." We can see that all about us. A man is doubly blind that cannot see that fulfilled every day. These gray-haired men know that; they have lived long enough to see men reaping to-day what they have sown. "Be not deceived!" It is a decree of high heaven that a man must reap what he sows. These farmers, when they sow, expect to reap. A man learns a trade. He is learning that trade because he expects to reap, by and by a harvest. A man that is toiling hard to get a profession—you take some of these lawyers that have toiled for ten or fifteen years; they expect to reap by and by a harvest. They expect it. That is what they are sowing for. You take some of these medical men; they commence practice, and they have hard work for years to get a-going; and some people say, "Why don't you give it up?" "Why," they say, "I expect to reap by and by." They are looking forward to the reaping time. They are just laying the foundation—sowing the seed, but they say, "I expect to reap by and by."

Then there is another thing. A man expects to reap the same kind of seed that he sows. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If a man sows wheat he does not look for watermelons. If a man

plants potatoes he does not look for grapes; he expects to dig potatoes. If he sows wheat he looks for wheat; he does not look for oats; he does not look for anything else but wheat. He expects to reap the same kind of seed that he sows.

Well, now, that is true in the natural world, and, my friends, it is true in the spiritual world. A young man says in a flippant, fluent way, that he is just sowing his wild oats; he is a young man. He forgets that it is a decree of high heaven that he has got to reap those wild oats. It is no laughing matter. It is astonishing just to see men hold their heads up with a scorning look and say, "Oh, well, we are young men now, and you know we must have our time sowing our wild oats. We must have a little of the world and see a little of its pleasures;" but they seem to forget that if they sow to the wind they must reap the whirlwind.

And you will find that this runs all through life. You let me be a deceitful man and let me deceive others, and I will be paid back in my own coin—others will deceive me. You let me teach my children to disobey God, and they will turn around and disobey me. Many a man has got a broken heart because he taught his children to be disloyal to God, and they have turned around and been disloyal to him. God knows that, and He tells us to train our children to honor Him so they may honor us in our old age. I have a case in my mind now where a man reaped just the same kind of seed that he sowed. He was a wealthy man. He was what the world would call a prosperous man. He had a good bar, and right near him lived a widow with an only son, and that son was enticed into that place night after night, and at last he came home drunk. When the widow waked up to the fact that her only son was becoming a drunkard she went to that rum seller and begged him not to sell her

boy any more liquor; and he told her to mind her own business, and he would mind his; that he would sell to whom he pleased; he had a license, and he would go on selling. And he did continue selling to that boy until at last he went down to a drunkard's grave; and that gray-haired mother is now tottering upon the brink of the grave with a broken heart. But it was not five years before that rum seller's only son, in a drunken spree, put a revolver to his head and blew out his own brains; and that father went down to his grave with a broken heart. He had to reap just what he sowed. If I sell another man's son rum and ruin him, some one will ruin my boy. That is a decree of heaven. You cannot get around it. It is madness for a man to shut his eyes to these facts. You can close up the Bible and see this constantly carried out.

I remember reading in history that in the days of Louis XI., he had a cruel, wicked bishop that was persecuting some of the saints of the Most High God; and the king wanted to know how he could make their punishment more cruel and bitter. "Well," said the bishop, "make them a cage, and have it so short and narrow they cannot lie down, and so low they cannot stand straight, and they will have to be in a bent position all the while." The king ordered the cage made, and the very first one that went into that cage was the bishop himself. He had offended the king before he got the cage finished; and for fourteen long years the king kept him in that cage. He had to reap what he sowed.

Another thing: When a man sows he expects to reap more than he sows. You sow a handful of grain, and you will reap a bushel. Some men think that it is pretty hard to have to reap more than they sow. But, then, you ought to think of that when you are sowing. That is a law of nature. You must reap more than you

sow. Why, many a man has brought ruin upon himself and his whole family by one act—for just one night's pleasure; and he has blasted his reputation, his character and the hopes of his friends—all gone. Sometimes a man has to reap when he sows; it comes quick; judgment follows right on after the act, as in the case of Judas, and of Cain. Sometimes, as I said last night, sentence is delayed, but it is surely coming. There is one thing a man can always count on, and that is that his sin will overtake him.

The Bible says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." A man may laugh at that and say, "I will cover up my tracks so they cannot find me out. I will bury the deed so deep that it shall never have a resurrection." Young man, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." You may sow it in darkness, and you may say that no eye has seen you; but God has seen you. His eyes go to and fro through the earth. He knows what the sons of men are doing, and you cannot deceive him. I will venture to say there is not a man or woman in this audience tonight but has been deceived. You know what it is to be deceived. You have been deceived by some of your neighbors. You have been deceived and "taken in," as you call it, by some stranger that has come along. You know what it is to be deceived. There is not a man or woman in this audience but what has been deceived. You have been deceived by some bosom friend—by some brother or first cousin, perhaps. But more than that, you have been deceived by your own heart. I will venture to say we have been deceived more by our own treacherous hearts than anything else." The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Therefore, if a man is guided by his own dark mind and dark heart, he will be led astray. What we want is not to

be deceived by our own heart. God does not deceive us, and He does not want us to attempt to deceive him. "Be not deceived. God is not mocked." When man sins it is known. God knows it. It is blindness and folly for him to think it will never come to light. It may be twenty years afterwards, but sin will overtake him as it did Jacob. Look at those sons of Jacob, when Joseph was taken and thrown into prison. "We do remember our fault this day, how our loved brother Joseph pleaded." Twenty long years had rolled away and their sin had overtaken them in a strange land. Be sure that your sin, young man, will find you out. It may be this very day you took out of your employer's till twenty-five cents. Perhaps last week you took fifty cents and went to the theater with it. But you say, "I will put it back some time." That is the way these defaulters begin. That is the way men that become forgers begin. Men don't go to a precipice and jump down. They come down step by step. It is these little things—twenty-five cents or a dollar. You say, "I can replace that any time; that don't amount to anything." Ah, my friends, "Be not deceived." A man that steals twenty-five cents is just as much a thief as one that steals $5,000. He has made his conscience guilty. He is not the man he was before he took it. He is laying a bad foundation, and if he attempts to build on that foundation the structure will fall.

When we were in New York City a man came up from the boat to the Hippodrome. He was out of money, had no friends, and was a perfect stranger. He was a fine looking young man, and I said to him, "How is this? How is it you come over here, a perfect stranger; without money and without friends?" The poor fellow took me off to one side and told me the story. He said he had held a high position in England, but one night

he was out gambling with his employer's money; he was the confidential man and carried the money that belonged to his employers; these men that were gambling with him got him drunk, and he gambled away all his employer's money, and the only thing for him to do was to go to prison or escape—flee to this country. I talked with him and found he had left a beautiful wife and a beautiful family of children, I said, "How is it, do they know where you are?" "No," says he, "they don't." I said, "was not that pretty hard?" The poor man wrung his hands and says, "I am broken-hearted; not only my own character gone, but brought ruin upon my wife and children." Ah, just one night's pleasure, one night in that gambling den, and he was stripped of all. There was a stain and he could not wipe it out. God in mercy may forgive him, but at the same time a man has got to reap what he sows. I can imagine I hear some one say, "I would like to hear you explain that—if Jesus Christ forgives, how is it a man has got to reap what he sows?"

You know the Bible tells us the penalty of sin is death—the soul that sinneth, it shall die. Now Christ will meet that penalty because He will save my soul; but, at the same time, if God forgives me, I have to reap what I sow; for instance, I send a man out to sow wheat and he gets mad at me and sows thistles. When the reaping time comes I ask him, "Do you know anything about these thistles?" and he says, "Mr. Moody, I got mad at you that day when you sent me out to sow wheat and I sowed thistles; I am very sorry, will you forgive me?" I will forgive you, but I tell you when you reap that wheat you will have to reap thistles too. God may forgive a man, but at the same time he has got to reap what he sows. One act may make me reap all the rest of my days with sorrow, with shame. God may forgive

me, yet I have to reap. I think I can make that still plainer. When we were preaching in the Tabernacle in Chicago one night, a young man came into the inquiry room, a fine looking young man. The minister tried to talk to him, but he did not seem to open up. The minister said to me, "I wish you would come and see this young man." I went down and sat down by his side. The poor fellow trembled. He was greatly agitated. I could not talk with him as much as I would like to, so I said, "I wish you would come to-morrow at 1 o'clock at the close of the noon meeting." At 1 o'clock that young man was there. He was from Ohio, not far from Cleveland. He went on and told me his history. He told me he was a telegraph operator. The boys in the express office where they officed and himself used to meet nights and play cards. One night they suggested they would break into the express office out of fun. He said at last they broke into the express office. He was arrested, tried and acquitted. When they found him innocent they took him right up in their arms and carried him out in the street and just cheered and cheered. He said it went like a hot iron into his soul. He said he was guilty, and for seven months he had not known what peace was. Now, says he, "I would like to know if I can become a Christian without giving myself up to the law and confessing my guilt." I said, "I never like to advise a man to do what I would not do myself, and I don't know what I would do if I was in that situation. But it is always safe to ask God. Let us get down and pray about this matter." We got down and I prayed, and the minister that was with us prayed, and then we asked this young man to pray. He said, "No, sir." Said I, "Why not?" "I know what that means; if I pray I have to give myself up to the law." Said I, "My friend, it is always safe to do what God wants you to do.

You had better ask Him for guidance." At last the young man opened his lips in prayer. After prayer he said, "Well, gentlemen, I thank you for the interest you have taken in me. My duty is very plain. I will submit to the law. I am going down to Ohio to give myself up." He took the train that afternoon. When he got about fifty miles out of the city he sent me back a dispatch that he had set his face to do right, and God revealed Himself to him and the Lord blessed him on the train. And he came down home. I wish I had the letter he wrote me. I think I never wept so much over a letter as I did over that. He had a Christian mother down here, not far from Cleveland, and father, and there were eight brothers and sisters. When he got home they were all glad to see him. They had not seen him for seven months. He said that evening, after they had all got in the house and quiet, he just told them how God had met him, and how he was then coming home to confess his guilt. His father and mother and family thought him innocent up to that night; but he said: "I stole that money, and I am a perjured man; I am on my way now to give myself up to the law." He says to his father: "I know I have brought disgrace upon you. I have done wrong. I want you to forgive me." The old man says, "Yes, I will forgive you." He says to his mother: "Can you forgive me, can you forgive your boy?" The mother says: "Yes, I will forgive you, my son," and the brothers and sisters all said they would forgive him. Then he got down and prayed—the first prayer he had made, except the one he had made there in Chicago. The next morning he left that home of weeping and gave himself up to the law. He was tried at Akron and sent to the penitentiary. His mother was taken down some time after with typhoid fever and the boy could not go to see the mother. Tell me that he did not have to reap what he sowed. Tell me that the

reaping was not fearful! That godly, praying mother dying in his own State and he could not go and see her Though God in His infinite mercy had forgiven him yet the boy had to reap what he sowed. He had sowed the wind and he was reaping the whirlwind. Don't make light of sin. Sin is a fearful thing. It makes life so dark. At last the father was taken down with typhoid fever and it was thought he was dying, and some Cleveland men went to the Governor of the State and the first pardon your present Governor granted was for that young man. When he got out he telegraphed me that he had got his release and went home to nurse his father, and, [redacted] he supposed, to see him die. But the father recovered. Then a brother was taken down. He watched over that brother and the brother died. At last this young man was taken down and when he was given up to die, he asked that the Christians of that town should come to his bedside to pray with him; and he lifted up his voice in prayer, and in a little while he passed away and he is in the world of light to-night. The poor boy has had to reap. Do you think he ever forgave himself? God forgave him, but he did forgive himself. It is a fearful thing to sow wild oats. You may laugh at it now, but the reaping time is coming by and by, and there will be no laughing when the reaping time comes. Cain would like to have changed places with Abel when the reaping time came. Do you think Ahab would not like to take Elijah's place? If a man goes on sowing he has got to reap. If he don't reap here he has got to reap hereafter, because it is a decree of high heaven, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that he shall also reap."

O, friends, I beg of you to-night be wise and turn from sin; hate it with a perfect hatred; ask God this night to forgive you and help you to do right, because he wants you to do right.

BIBLE READINGS.

PEACE.

Our subject to-day is peace. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth."—Is. lii. 7.

Now the Gospel of Jesus Christ, is a Gospel of peace. He comes to bring peace to the earth; that is to bring peace to those who love Him.

Now I have often heard people say, "I don't understand then, what that means in the tenth chapter of Matthew and thirty-fourth verse, 'Think not that I am came to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword.'" But it is peace to them that have it, but a sword to them that have the sword. They that live in the flesh cannot live there that live in the spirit.

There is a war between nature and grace. There always has been and always will be. The spirit of God and the spirit of the natural man never agreed and never will. There is as much difference between them as between oil and water or day and night. You cannot unite them.

One of the wildest young men in Chicago was converted two years ago and he has become a very devoted Christian. He went to one of his old associates in sin and spoke to him about becoming a Christian. The man turned on him with great rage and said, "If you ever speak to me on that subject again I will knock your head off." "That is strange when I speak to you, and

want to do you good, you get angry and say you will knock my head off." "Well, I ought not to have said it; I don't know what made me say it." "I know what made you say it, it is the devil in you and grace in me. They never have agreed and they never will."

When you lay down the sword there is peace. He wants you to get peace. He came for that very purpose. If we will have Christ then there is peace, but if not, who is to blame. If there is war it is not because He did not bring peace, but it is man's own corrupt nature, his own black heart.

It is impossible to plant peace in this world without war. That is clear. The world is at war with God. It don't want Him. When we are willing to have peace we can enter into it. Christ brought it. He says in the sixteenth chapter of John, thirty-third verse, "These things I have spoken unto you that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer. I have overcome the world."

A great mistake people make is that they are looking for peace in the world. It is not to be found in the world. We are going to have it by and by in that millennium reign. Now is the time of Christ's rejection. But by and by He is coming back, "and righteousness shall be the girdle of His loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox." That day has not come. Some people tell us we are living in the millennium. I don't see any signs just now of a millennium with all these standing armies. "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth

shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek and his rest shall be glorious." That is the millennium. That is not the present day. While men are lifting up their voices against God they cannot have peace.

Now there are some enemies to peace. Every sin is an enemy to peace. God turns the ways of the wicked upside down. There is no peace for the wicked. In the twenty-second chapter of Job you will find this passage; "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee." Get acquainted with God and you will get peace. He is the author of peace. The way to get peace is to feed upon the blessed Word and find out what God is to us. Then we must have righteousness. Righteousness comes before peace. Without right living we cannot have peace. He wants every one of his children to have it. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." But it is not read in that way. It is read, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on himself."

Now, in the fourteenth chapter of John twenty-seventh verse: "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

A great many people are all the time trying to make peace without entering into the conditions we enter in.

Toward the close of the war there was a proclamation sent out that no more Southern soldiers would be received in the Union army. There were some in the Southern army that hadn't seen the proclamation and a rebel deserter came up to the Union army but the Union army would not have him. There he was between

those great armies. He would not go back for fear of being shot as a deserter, so he took to the woods and hid himself and lived on roots and herbs. At last he had to get food or die. One day he met a man riding on horseback and he said if that man didn't help him he would kill him. The man said, "What is the trouble?" Then he told him the trouble. "Why, says he, don't you know that the war is over and peace has been declared." "What! peace declared?" "Yes."

Ah, poor man! All he had to do was to enter into it. Thank God peace has been declared. Jesus Christ has made peace. He has not left it for me. All I have to do is to enter into it.

ASSURANCE.

Our subject for this meeting is assurance. We have said considerable upon this subject, but I think a good deal more is needed to be said in order that the children of God may know that they are saved through Jesus Christ. There are some people that will not know that they are saved because they are not. I think there are some who want the assurance that they are saved that have not been born of the spirit. A person may unite with some church, go through all the forms, be a formalist—and know nothing about the grace of God—be a stranger to the new birth. If a person has not been regenerated by the power of the Holy Ghost he will not have assurance and should not have.

Then there is another class—people who are living in some sin, not living by the light that God has given them, of course they will not have assurance.

The next class is professed Christians that are not willing to do anything for Christ. I don't believe that they will have assurance. When we are ready and will-

ing to do what He says I think there will be no trouble about our assurance.

Now, Paul says in the first chapter of Colossians, twelfth verse, "Giving thanks unto the Father which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son; in whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

Now, in those twelfth and thirteenth verses it says "hath" three times; "hath made," "hath delivered," "hath translated." Not that He is going to do it, but that He *hath* done it. It is a very nice study to take up that little word "hath" all through Christ's teachings. It don't mean something that we are going to have at the end of life. "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life." Wherever you can find a truth repeated three times you may know it is a very important truth, and He wants us to understand it.

It is to me one of the most comforting things in the Scriptures that I have got eternal life; that when I was born—born out of God—that is the true rendering of that—that I got eternal life, and that means life without end. If it was only life for six months, or six years, it would not be everlasting life, would it? It would not be eternal life. And if I did not get eternal life at the new birth, if I did not get eternal life when I accepted of Jesus Christ, what did I get?

We need not be left in darkness about our having this eternal life, because if we look into the Bible we can find over and over again where he gives us tests that we can put to ourselves. For instance, if I love the brethren, that is a sign that I have got Christ's spirit. If I love my enemies, that is a better sign. Now, it takes the grace of God—it takes the love of God—nothing but the

love of God will enable me to do that. To love a man that slanders me; to love a man that would tear down my character; to love a man that would ruin and blast my life, takes some thing besides human love. You cannot do that of yourself. It is not in the power of man. You go out and preach to the world—tell men to love their enemies; they will say, "I ought to, but I hate them. I just hate them." If a man had come to me and told me before I was born of God to love my enemies, and pray for them that persecute me, he might as well have gone and talked to the wind. It was not in my power to do it. But when I was born of God I got a new principle planted in me—the power to love my enemies; and the first impulse of the young convert is to love. I remember when I was converted I loved every person on the face of the earth. All bitterness had been taken out. To love a man that loves me, or a man that is lovely, takes no grace at all. The natural man does that. But to love those that do not care for you takes the love of God. Have you got that love? Let us put that test to ourselves. If we have, that is a sign that the Holy Ghost has shed abroad the love of God in our hearts, and we have the Spirit of Calvary. Because the very moment Jesus Christ was being put to death on the cross, that very hour when they were mocking and deriding Him, He was praying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." If we have Christ's spirit, it seems to me we don't want any more evidence.

We are told over here in Peter's Second Epistle, first chapter and fourth verse, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: That by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." When I was born of my parents I got the first Adam nature. When I was born of God I got the second Adam

nature, which is different. You ask me why God loves. I don't know. You ask me why the sun shines. I don't know. I suppose God loves on the same principle—He can't help it. He is love. If I am partaker of the same nature I will have that love. "And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity: For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that you shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, how can we add to all these graces if we have none to add? If we don't know that we have a foundation to build on, how are we to add to it? It is impossible. We must first know that we have a foundation. We must first know that we have passed from death unto life. That we have been translated into the kingdom of His dear Son.

There are two kingdoms, and we belong to the one or the other. We are either saved or we are not saved. God didn't come down and forgive me and leave me to perish. Christ died for me and He will not bring anything against me, and God justified me and He certainly will not bring anything against me. "Who shall lay anything to God's elect?" Satan may bring on his charges, let him bring up my whole life. If God has forgiven me what do I care?

There was a man in England at one time that was tried for his life. He had committed the crime of murder and he was convicted. One thing that amazed the court and the spectators was the coolness of the prisoner. He seemed to be quite unconcerned. When the jury brought in a verdict of guilty it didn't seem to stir him at all. He was the most unconcerned man in the court room.

When the judge came to read him his sentence that he was to be hanged, the man put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a pardon, laid it down on the judge's bench and went out of the court a free man. Sin has condemned us to death, but Christ is here with a pardon. I am not going to be condemned because God has justified me. The whole thing is blotted out. God says, "there is nothing in His ledger against us." God justifies the believer, therefore we have nothing to fear. "Ah," but you say, "I have sinned since I became a believer; that is what is troubling me." Now God has made provision for the believer's sin. If he had not I think the whole of us would be lost. Who has not sinned since he has believed? But I tell you what the Lord wants us to do: He wants us to confess our sins. Now, John says that if we confess our sins, and that is written to believers, "He is just and faithful to forgive our sins." I think the "Believer's sins" would be a good text for a sermon. There are a great many believers that have got discouraged about sin. Now, the difference between a Christian and one that is not a Christian, is that the Christian confesses his sins, and the other does not. The true believer will go right to the Lord Jesus Christ and confess his sins. There was a time that I could sin and it didn't hurt me. If I did the same things I once did it would break my heart. I could not do it. What we want is to go to the Master and tell it all to Him. "He is just and faithful to forgive." When your children do wrong and show true signs of contrition how glad you are to forgive them. You delight to forgive them. They say "Short accounts make long friends." What we want is to keep short accounts with God. Just square up the account every night before you go to bed. If you have done wrong confess it and ask God to forgive you and He will put it away. He de-

lights in forgiveness. When we do wrong we want to take our sins right away to Him, confess them and believe that He has put them away. It is very dishonoring for us to go lugging up our sins to the cross that have been put away. I think I can make that plain. Suppose I go to Chicago next week and my little boy comes to me and he says, "Do you know when you were down in Cleveland I done some thing you told me never to do? I told a lie." I am very sorry to hear it. "I am very sorry myself but I want you to forgive me." I saw the poor boy's heart was broken. It was true contrition. I take him to my bosom and tell him, "Yes, I will forgive you." The next day he comes to me and he says, "I wish you would forgive that lie." "I have forgiven you, but to gratify you will forgive you again." And the third day he comes and brings it up again. And the fourth day brings it up again, and week in and week out does the same thing. Don't you think we are grieving God if he has forgiven us, by continually bringing up the same sins and asking Him to forgive them? If God has blotted out my sins that is enough. Satan may bring up the record, but the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.

Now, assurance is taking God without any "if's." There is a story in the life of the Emperor Napoleon that has been published a good many times, and that illustrates the point as well as anything I know of. Napoleon was out one day viewing his army, accompanied by his body guard, when his horse became frightened and ran away at great speed. A private soldier, seeing the peril of his commander, stepped out of the ranks and, at the risk of his own life, grabbed, the horse by the bit of the bridle and thereby saved the Emperor's life. "Thank you, *Captain*," said the Emperor, and the soldier instead of taking his usual

place in the ranks took his place as captain at the head of the Emperor's body guard. The commander of the guard not knowing of the occurrence disputed his right to the position when told that he was a captain, and asked him who said it. His reply was, "The Emperor." That settled it. So when the devil comes and says you are not a Christian, tell him who says it, the Lord Jesus said it. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." All the devils in hell can't make me believe that I don't believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. I do believe. "Well," but you say, "You don't love Him enough." No, I don't, I wish I loved Him a thousand times more. But I believe Him and I want to love Him more and more, and better and better. There is one thing I am sure of and that is, He is mine and I am His, and when you just get there my friends, then you can go right out and go to work. Really there is no comfort; there is no peace; there is no joy without assurance. Oh, may God give us this assurance!

THE PROMISES.

We have for our subject to-day, "The Promises." I am not going to talk much, but I want to have the friends all to be ready to give a promise. I remember a few years ago, in our church in Chicago, we wanted a little more life in the prayer meetings, and we just gave out, instead of having prayer meeting the next Friday night, that we would have a promise meeting, and wanted everyone in the house to bring a promise. We were so afraid the whole Bible would not be read through that we gave each man a book to read, and we got the sixty-six books read through in one week. One man found a promise in Job. I didn't know there were any promises in Job. We had promises from all parts of the

Bible. I think if the people would just feed more on the promises of God that we would not have so many gloomy Christians. That is what the promises are for —to help us in this wilderness journey. I don't believe there is a man can get into any position in this world—trouble, darkness, gloom, despondency—but God has some promise that will help him out if he will only hunt it up. But we have to hunt for it.

A man said to me, "What promise do you think the most of in the Bible?" "Well, I could not tell. I have three children, and I could not tell which I like the best, but, I suppose, if I had ten it would be the same thing." The promises of God are all good.

But, we want the promises rightly divided. Satan has some promises, and there are a great many people can't tell the difference. They are living on the Devil's promises and wondering why they don't grow—why they don't get spiritual power. When Satan makes a promise he may fulfill it and he may not. He don't care whether he does or not. Then he has not the power to make all his promises good.

Then there are promises that are made by man. They are, perhaps, good, and perhaps not. But when God makes promises they are good—God's promises are all good.

I remember, a few years ago, I went to work for a man in Chicago—it was quite a number of years ago. But time goes so fast in the Lord's service, it don't seem to be but a few days—my employer said, "I am going to send you out into the country collecting." The day before I started, he went to the safe and took out a large number of bills and notes, and spread them out on the table, and there he was at work. He would take his pencil and mark on the margin of the bills and notes, and I didn't understand what it meant. I was to start

off on the ten o'clock train, at night. Before I started he said to me, "I want you to sit down and I will explain to you about these notes." Said he, "When you come to a note and find "D" written on it, that is doubtful. Get all the collateral you can on that note. When you come across a note with "B" written on it, that means bad. That, settle up if you can. Then there is another class of notes you will find "G" marked on That means good. No discount on them. They are worth one hundred cents on the dollar. It was the same promise. The notes all read the same. Four or six months after date, "I promise to pay." All the difference was in the one that signed it. So when you come to these promises of the Bible, you want to find out whose they are. If it is some promise man has made, it may not be worth that (snapping his finger.) If it is a promise of the devil, I would not give THAT for it. He is an old liar and has been from the foundation of the world. But when God makes a promise, you can write down g-o-o-d on that promise every time. I think the people of the church are really dividing them into three classes. A great many people take some of God's promises and mark them "B," bad, and think God is not going to keep them. Then some they mark "D," doubtful. And then there are a few they have seen fulfilled, and when they can't get around it, they mark them "G," good. When we come to one of God's promises, let us put down "good." There is no discount on any promise God ever made. Then we must bear in mind who the promise is made to. If the promise is made to pay this country one hundred million dollars, it would not help me pay my private debts. The nation might be worth one hundred million dollars more and I not be worth a cent. The promise of a nation is one thing.

We want to get a little closer to some promises that are to us. There are some promises that are to the church. They are very good. Then there are promises to individuals. Those are the promises we want to hunt up. Then there are promises made to Abraham; some to Adam; some to Noah; some to Moses; some to Elias, and to Gideon. Now I could not take a promise that was made to Gideon. If I should take three hundred men to meet the great army of the Midianites, I would get most outrageously beaten and driven back, because that promise was not made to me, but to Gideon. When we study these prophecies, we want to find out that they are for "me." I know there are some for me, and I can lay hold of them from the fact that they are mine.

Now, I am going to give you one or two promises I think a good deal of, and then I will throw the meeting open for others to give promises. John, First Epistle, second chapter, twenty-fifth verse: "And this is the promise that he hath promised us even eternal life." That means *me*. That promise was for *me*. God offers it to me, the promise was eternal life. Life without end. That is something I can appropriate. I can lay hold of that. Then turn to the forty-second chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah, sixth verse, you will find another promise: "I, the Lord, have called thee in righteousness and will hold thine hand and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people for a light of the Gentiles."

We read in the tenth chapter of John and twenty-eight verse, "And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." No one "shall pluck them out of my hand," neither devil nor man. Some one has said we might slip through His fingers. But we can't slip through his fingers because we are a part of His body. He has not

only promised me eternal life, but he has promised to keep me. The keeper of Israel never sleeps. He will keep all them that put their trust in Him.

In the forty-first chapter of Isaiah, tenth verse, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: Be not dismayed; for I am thy God; and will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee. Yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Thirteenth verse, "For I, the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, fear not; I will help thee.

In the thirteenth chapter of Hebrews, last part of the fifth verse, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." So that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

Then I turn over into the twenty-third chapter of Joshua. We find there that Joshua was old and weary, and going to rest. If you want to get the real testimony of a man you don't want to take it in the middle of his life. Joshua was one hundred and ten years old when he gave this testimony. He had tried God in the brick kilns of Egypt making brick without straw. Talk about the hardships we have to go through. We don't know anything about it. You want to go back six thousand years and see what those men endured. He found God's word was true. This is his testimony: "This day I am going the way of all the earth; and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing has failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you." Oh, let us drive these devil's lies back into the pit whence they came. God will fulfill all his promises. There is a man that tried him one hundred and ten years and found him true.

I knew an old lady that marked in the margin opposite the promises T. P., T. for tried and P. for proven. What we want is to try the Bible and see if it is not true.

CONFESSING CHRIST.

Our subject to-day is "Confessing Christ," and I want to call your attention to two characters. They both lived in Jerusalem at the time Christ was here. One of them, you might say, stood on the very bottom round of the ladder. He was not only a blind man, but he was a beggar. The other stood in the very highest position. He was a very rich man. I want to call your attention to how those two men confessed Christ, and how in his sphere in life each did what the Lord would have him do, and what he would have every one of his disciples do. This ninth chapter of John is a most extraordinary chapter. I have not time to read the whole chapter. Here are forty verses given to an account of this one blind beggar; and it is just an account of his confession. We would have it all in two or three verses were it not for his confession. It was grand and bold, that man standing up there in Jerusalem confessing Christ. The Lord sent him to the pool of Siloam to wash. He went and came back clean. And the first thing we hear is a dispute about this man. The neighbors and those who had seen him before said, "Isn't this the blind man that used to sit and beg?" Some said it was he. Others said he looked very much like him. If he had been like some people at the present time, he would have said, "Well, I've got my sight. What do I care. There will be trouble about this if I don't keep still." But, says he, "I am he." It is a good thing when young converts get their lips open, if it is only to say, "I am he." That was all he said. You will find that in the ninth verse. "Some said, This is he: others said, He is like him; but he said, I am he. Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened?" Now he begins to tell his experience. "He answered and said, a man that is called Jesus

made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam and wash: and I went and washed, and I received sight." A straightforward story. It is not the most flippant and fluent witness that has the most influence with the jury. It is the man who tells the truth, and tells it in his own language; don't need any polish; just testifies what he knows. "Then said they unto him, where is he? He said, I know not." He did not tell more than he knew. "Then again the Pharisees also asked him how he had received his sight. He said unto them, He put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed, and do see." He told his experience twice. He was not ashamed to tell it over the second time if he could do any good. "Therefore, said some of the Pharisees, this man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day. Others said, how can a man that is a sinner do such miracles? And there was a division among them." I am afraid if we had been there we would have kept still. We would have said, "There is a storm coming. I will keep out of it. I will not take sides. I will be neutral. They say unto the blind man again, "What sayest thou of Him, that he hath opened thine eyes?" He might have said, "I haven't seen him. I don't know. When I came back he was gone. I didn't have my eyes when he met me." He might have dodged the question. He might have said, "There is a storm brewing. I am going to get out of this storm. It is very unpopular to confess Jesus Christ now. There is a hiss going up against Him." He might very well have said, "Well, I don't know. I have not made up my mind. I have not seen him. I would like to talk to him." That would have been the expression of most of us. But this man, if you will allow me the expression, had backbone. He stood up and said, "He is a prophet." He did the best thing a young convert

could do—told what the Lord had done for him, then confessed Him, and then began to talk about the Master. "But the Jews did not believe concerning him, that he had been blind, and received his sight, until they called the parents of him that had received his sight. And they asked them, saying, "Is this your son who ye say was born blind, how then doth he now see?" His parents answered them and said, "We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind, but by what means he now seeth, we know not; or who hath opened his eyes we know not; he is of age; ask him; he shall speak for himself." I have great contempt for those parents. It was a downright lie. They knew their boy did not lie. They cast a reflection upon their son. They had not the moral courage to come right out and take their stand with their boy, and say, "Jesus of Nazareth did it." They were afraid they would lose their position. An edict had already gone forth that if any one should confess that he was Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue. It was a pretty serious thing to be cast out of the synagogue then. If a man is turned out of one church now, another church will take him. If the Presbyterians won't have him, the Methodists will take him in. If the Methodists won't take him in, perhaps the Baptists will receive him. "He is of age; ask him." Do you know that is the trouble to-day? There is many a time when we could put our testimony in for Jesus Christ that we dodge the question. We haven't the moral stamina to confess him when we have the opportunity. These parents never had such an opportunity, but they missed it. My friends, let us not miss an opportunity to speak for Jesus Christ. "These words spake his parents, because they feared the Jews, for the Jews had agreed already, that if any man did confess that he was Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue.

Therefore said his parents, "He is of age; ask him." Then again called they the man that was blind, and said unto him, "Give God the praise; we know that this man is a sinner." He answered and said, "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." All the Jews in Christendom could not beat that out of him. All the Pharasees in Jerusalem could not beat that out of him. "Don't I know? I have been following my way through the world these twenty odd years. Don't I know it?" And if we belong to God, shall we not know it? Can infidels and skeptics talk it out of us. Has He not given us a new life, a new nature, a new principle?

You see he did not tell what he didn't know; but he stuck to what he did know pretty well. They could not move him. He stood there like a man. "Then said they to him again, what did He to thee? how opened He thine eyes? He answered them, I have told you already, and ye did not hear; wherefore would ye hear it again? Will ye also be His disciples?" There is faith for you. He thought he was going to convert those old Pharisees on the spot—those men that Christ could not reach. That is what we want—young convert's zeal. He was a young convert worth having. If you had a few converts like that, your church would be worth something. "Then they reviled him, and said, 'Thou art His disciple; but we are Moses' disciple. We know that God spake unto Moses; as for this fellow, we know not from whence he is.' The man answered and said unto them, 'Why, herein is a marvelous thing, that ye know not from whence He is, and yet He hath opened mine eyes. Now we know that God heareth not sinners; but if any man be a worshiper of God, and doeth His will, him He heareth. Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was

born blind. If this man were not of God, he could do nothing." There is not a theologian in this town that could preach a better sermon than that. If he had been at Princeton four years and sat at the feet of Dr. Hodge or any one else, he could not have got the theology that young [redacted] had. Most extraordinary young convert! He preaches like a saint. He preaches as though he had been sitting at the feet of Christ for twenty years. Wonderful argument! Couldn't get around it! He stood right there and preached Jesus Christ. And that is what we want to do as witnesses. Christ has left us down here to confess Him—to stand up for Him in this dark, unbelieving age. And if we stand up for Him, he will stand by us and help us. This man's testimony was so clear and so keen that they didn't like him. People talk about their having to leave the world. I tell you if you love Jesus Christ, and stand up for Him, you won't have to leave the world; the world will leave you. "They answered and said unto him, thou wast altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us? And they cast him out." And where did they cast him? Right into the arms of the loving Saviour. I tell you it is a good thing when our testimony is so clear for Jesus Christ that the world casts us out. The world can't separate us from the Master. The very next thing we hear in this story of this [redacted] is that Jesus heard of it; and he went out and found him. It pleased the Master. I will venture to say He did not find a man in all Jerusalem that pleased Him more than that poor, blind beggar. He was a prince among men—a man that could stand up against such an opposition as he stood against among those proud, haughty Pharisees, and confess Christ as he did. How it has come along down the ages. I want to see that blind beggar when I get to heaven. I want to shake hands with him, and thank him for that testimony.

Jesus heard that they had cast him out, and when He had found him he said unto him, dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Of course he did from the way he had been talking. No man could talk as he did if he didn't believe. "He answered and said, who is he Lord, that I might believe on Him? And Jesus said unto him, thou hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee. And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshiped Him." We have him right there at the feet of the Savior. We could not have him in a better place. "And he worshiped Him."

The next character I want to call your attention to is Joseph of Arimathea. I will not take up much time, although it is worth a whole day. John tells us that Joseph was a secret disciple of Jesus. Joseph and Nicodemus did not act very well while Christ was alive, I will admit. It was his death that brought them out. Nicodemus did not just cast his lot right in with those fishermen and follow Christ from village to village, but he kept his place in the synagogue. He stood up faintly for him. But when Jesus Christ died, Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus stood up boldly, no longer secret disciples, and when the other disciples left him, Joseph came out boldly and begged the body of Jesus Christ. The Sanhedrim had already said that if any man should confess that he was Christ, he should be cast out of the synagogue. Joseph was a man that stood high. He was a counseller; but we are told that he never gave his consent to the death of Jesus Christ. He was a rich man, an honorable man, a just man. But the only thing that Joseph did that has come along down the ages was to confess Jesus Christ. When the news came that Jesus was dead, he went in boldly to Pilate. He took his stand and identified himself with this despised Nazarene, that had died the death of a common criminal, that

had died the death of one of the most notorious criminals, for only the very worst criminals died the death of the cross. Joseph of Arimathea goes boldly into Pilate's judgment hall begs that body; and he and Nicodemus take it down, wash it in clean water, wrap it in fine linen, and lay it in Joseph's sepulcher. Sweet act! Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, all tell it. It touched their hearts to think that Joseph should have done that act for the Master. Joseph had a good execuse for not doing it. He might have said, "He is dead. He is gone. If I confess him now, I will lose caste in Jerusalem. I will let him go." Nicodemus and Joseph might have done that; but they just took their stand. And how it has lived! It was the best act that Joseph ever did. And don't you think he lay down in that sepulcher all the more sweetly and cheerfully to think that Christ came up out of it? What a privilege! To lie in the sepulcher that Christ came out of. He might have given thousands of dollars of money and not told it. But that one act he did for Jesus has outlived it all. So when we do any thing for Him with the purest motives, He will bless us. That widow, perhaps, did not know what she was doing when she put those two mites into the treasury. But how it has come along down the ages! That woman that brought that alabaster box brought it for the Master. There is as much fragrance to that alabaster box now as there was when she broke it. It has filled the earth all these eighteen hundred years.

O, my friends, let us confess Jesus Christ in season and out of season. Let us give no uncertain sound. Let Let the world know that we are on the Lord's side. Let every particle of our influence be on the Lord's side. When I went to Europe, in 1867, I was introduced to a wealthy merchant in Dublin, a gray-haired, fine looking man. Said he to the London merchant

who introduced me, "Is this man all O. O.?" The London merchant colored. "I don't know what you mean by that." "Is he out and out for Jesus Christ?" I have never forgotten the two O's. I would rather be D. L. Moody, O. O., than D. L. Moody, D. D. or LL. D. What we want to-day is to be on His side, out and out.

PRAYERS BY MR. MOODY

Our Heavenly Father, we come to wait on Thee for the gift of Thy Spirit for service. We want it above everything else. O, God, give us the Spirit! Empty us of self, of self-seeking. O God, bring us down into the dust before Thee, so that we may be filled with the Holy Ghost, so that we may have power with God and with man! O, thou God of Elijah, we pray that a double portion of Thy Spirit may come upon us to-day, that we may be anointed to do the work Thou hast for us to do! We know that we have but a little while to stay here. In a few months or years, at longest, we will all be gone. O, God, help us to bear fruit while we live! May we no longer be living in this lukewarm state. May we no longer be toiling day after day and month after month, and seeing no fruit. O, Jesus, Master, Thou hast gone up on high; Thou hast led captivity captive; Thou art at the right hand of God, and Thou hast power. O, give us power! Thou canst impart power. Thou canst quicken us into new life. Thou canst give us a fresh anointing. We pray that Thou will do it to-day. We pray that Thou wilt breath upon us a breath from heaven. Grant that we may know what it is to have the Holy Ghost resting upon us for service. We pray for these ministers that are going to stand up in their pulpits on the coming Sabbath. O, may there be a new man in every pulpit in Cleveland! May the power of God rest upon them and upon their ministry! Bless, we pray Thee, the elders, the deacons, and the church officers, the stewards and the wardens.

O, God, breathe upon them the breath of life! and may there be a quickening in every gospel church in Cleveland. We ask it all in the name and for the sake of Thy blessed Son. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, help us now to realize that we are in Thy presence. Help us to realize how holy and pure Thou art, and how impure we are. We would take the place of the Publican to-day, and we would smite upon our breasts, and cry, "God be merciful to us sinners!" We are not worthy of Thy love; we are not worthy of Thy mercy, but Jesus has bid us come in His name, and make our wants known. O, Blessed Heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, bless every soul in this hall to-day! We pray that there may not be one that shall leave this hall to-day with the spirit of the Pharisee! May we not go out of here thanking God that we are not like other people! O, may we take our place in the dust, and may our cry be, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Or may our cry be like that of the Syro-Phœnician woman, "Lord help me!" Or like that of Peter, "Lord, save or I perish!" If Thou dost not save us, Blessed Master, we will perish, and so we come to Thee for salvation. We come to Thee for help to-day, and now we pray that Thou wilt give us help. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the privilege we have this beautiful Sabbath day of coming together within these walls, to worship Thee, and we pray that Thou wilt give us to-day the spirit, for we read in Thy Word that they that worship Thee must worship Thee in spirit and in truth; so we ask that Thou wilt give us to-day freely of the spirit that we may know how to approach Thee; that we may know how to come to Thee

with all our wants; that we may know how to make our requests known unto Thee. And we pray that to-day, as we attempt to lift out thoughts to Thee in prayer, Thou wilt hear and answer our prayer and give us to-day a token of what we are to have in this city in this coming month. We pray that this may be the best month that this city has ever seen; that there may be days of the right hand power of the Son of God. We pray that there may be a blessed and mighty work of Christ in this city. All our expectations are from Thee. We know that man has not the power to reach the human heart; but we pray that the spirit may convict of sin, that the Holy Ghost may do his office work, and that the work may be deep and thorough; that it may not be the work of the flesh; that it may not be the work of man; that it may not be like the morning cloud that shall soon pass away; but may it be deep and thorough; may it be the work of God Almighty; and we pray that each one of us may take our places in the dust before Thee, and that we may humble ourselves under Thy hand, so that Thou canst shine and speak through us, who bear the name of Jesus Christ.

May the day be not far distant when there shall be streams of salvation going forth from this city that shall make the towns and villages throughout this great State glad. We pray that there may be power in all these meetings that the power of the Lord may be present to heal those that shall gather within those walls.

And we pray for the careless and indifferent that have come here this afternoon out of idle curiosity. O, that there may be power here to-day to convict them of sin and to convert them, that they may become children of God and heirs of heaven.

We pray for those who have gone to the other meeting. May the spirit be there in mighty power, and may

those that may speak, speak with power from on high, and may the power of God be not only upon the speakers, but upon him who shall sing the songs of Zion.

We pray that Thou wilt bless the singing of these Gospel hymns; and as our brother shall sing from day to day here, we pray that the spirit may carry the truth down into the hearts of the people; that there may be many that shall be blessed by hearing the Gospel sung.

Now, Heavenly Father, wilt Thou give us all the spirit of prayer and supplication, and while we are here together to-day may there be one wave of united prayer going to the throne of grace, for the power of God to be felt here; and Christ shall have all the praise and glory. Amen.

EVENING SERVICE.

Our Heavenly Father, we look again to Thee for Thy blessing upon this waiting congregation. We pray that Thou wilt this night help us as we wait upon Thee. Help us to call our wandering thoughts in from the world, from its cares, from its troubles, and from its pleasures, and may our thoughts be centered upon heaven and heavenly things to-night, and may every heart in this assembly receive the Word of God; may that word be preached with power, and may it find its way to many a heart; may very many have the moral courage given them to stand up and confess the Lord Jesus Christ in their homes or in their places of business, and wherever their lot may be cast. Lord, help each one of us that professes to be thy disciple to be bold and fearless. May we not be ashamed of the cross of Jesus Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation. O, may each and every one of us be ready at all times and in all places to confess Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. O, God, we now look to Thee for Thy blessing upon those that have come in here out of mere curiosity. May the

Spirit of God touch their hearts to-night. May the scales be removed from their eyes. May they believe the record of God's Son. May they believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. May this be the night of their salvation. May this be the night we have prayed for—the night when God shall make bare His arm to save. May there be a great salvation of souls to-night. We pray Thy blessing to rest upon the men's meeting in yonder church. Son of God go with us as we go from this building to that meeting. May there be many drawn to that place; may there be many that shall stand on the Lord's side, and we shall give Christ the praise and glory in this life and in the life to come. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father we now look to Thee for Thy blessing upon the hymns that have been sung, and upon the word of God that shall be read, and the remarks that shall be made. We pray that the Spirit of God may be here to-night, carrying home the truth to our hearts and consciences, and may the blind eyes be opened that they may see their need of Christ; that they may see their need of the blessed Savior that has come into the world to seek and to save that which was lost, for Thou knowest how sin has blinded many and how Satan has deceived thousands, and how the world is luring men away from heaven and from eternity and from eternal things. O, Thou God of all grace, let Thy power be felt here to-night. Give us, we pray Thee, freely of the Spirit. May the Spirit of God do its office work, and may there be many that shall be led to inquire what they shall do to be saved to-night.

Bless our brother who shall preach in the adjoining church to-night; let Thy blessing rest upon him. May very many be born of the Spirit, born again, born from above, that we may meet them in Thy kingdom. We ask it in the name and for the sake of Thy beloved Son. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for Thy blessing and precious Word, for the privilege we have this evening of reading the words that fell from the lips of our God and Master while here upon earth. We pray that Thou wilt teach us to understand the lesson that Thou wouldst teach us by this miracle. Lord, help us that we may cast away all unbelief. We pray that there may be many in this city of Cleveland sitting at Thy feet clothed and in their right minds with the evil spirt cast out of them. Son of God, manifest Thy power in this place to-night. Make this place awfully solemn on account of Thy power. Give us a message from on high. May the word sink deep into our hearts. May much good be done here this night. We pray that thy blessing may rest on each and every one of us that profess to be disciples of the Son of God. May we hunger and thirst until we are filled with righteousness, with faith and the Holy Ghost. We pray that Thou wilt remember in much mercy the Christian workers gathered here to-night. May they have fresh power given them—a new life, a new power. We pray for all these church officers, for the deacons, the elders, the church wardens and stewards gathered here to-night. We pray for every Sabbath-school superintendent and Sabbath-school teacher. Give them to understand the worth of souls. May they awake to their great responsibilities. O God, help us to realize the responsibilities resting upon us. Grant that during the next thirty days in this city we may see them coming by scores and by hundreds into Thy kingdom, and Thy name, blessed Savior, shall have the praise and glory. Amen.

Our Heavely Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest upon the words that have been spoken in weakness May they be carried home to our hearts with power, and

grant that there may be many a heart stirred here to-night to go out into the vineyard and work for Thee. O Lord help us as parents to labor for the salvation of our children, that they may be with us in glory and not one of them shall be missing when Thou comest to make up Thy Jewels.

Wilt Thou spare them as a man spares his own son. May we have the joy of seeing them come in the morning of their lives and give themselves to Thee.

And now we pray for these Sabbath-school teachers. May their hearts be burdened this night for their scholars, and may they not rest, but may they go to their homes and may they plead with them to come to Christ. May they bring them to the meeting, and may we have the joy of seeing them coming out and taking their stand on the Lord's side. O, Father! for Jesus Christ's sake wilt Thou hear our prayer and wilt Thou answer our petition; and grant that this night the answer may come. May we not rest day nor night until we see those that are about us brought to the kingdom of God, and Thy name shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we praise Thee for this blessed gospel that brings such news. We thank Thee that Thou didst send Jesus Christ into this world to save it. And we thank Thee, blessed Savior, that Thou didst leave that upper world—that world of light—and come down into this dark world, and that Thou hast lit it up by Thine own light; that Thou now dost come and offer to dwell with us.

Oh, that men may be wise to-night! Oh, that they may make room in their hearts for Jesus Christ! Oh, that they may say now from the depths of their heart, "Lord Jesus, come and dwell with me!" May they invite Him to their hearts and homes as Martha and Mary did at Bethany.

Oh, Spirit of God! wilt Thou work mightily, and grant that many this night may be born again, born of the Spirit, born from above, that they may this night take Christ to be their way, their truth and their life, and Thy name shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, open our eyes to night that we may know whether we are building on the rock of ages or not. If we are building on a sandy foundation, may our minds be opened to-night by the Spirit of God so that we may know, and that we may be led to build upon that rock that Thou hast laid in Zion, that precious corner stone, that tried stone, the stone that has been rejected by the builders, that has become the head and the corner stone. May we build all our hope upon that rock and that alone. Amen.

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